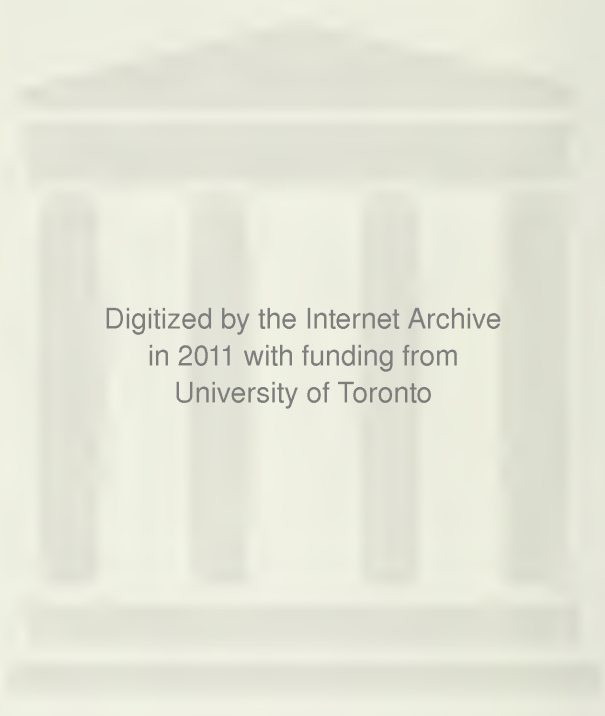




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OF

COLLECTED WORKS

OF

W. J. FOX.

VOL. VI.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS,

POLITICAL, LITERARY, CRITICAL, AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

FROM THE

"Retrospective Review," "Westminster Review," "Monthly Repository," "Morning Chronicle," &c.

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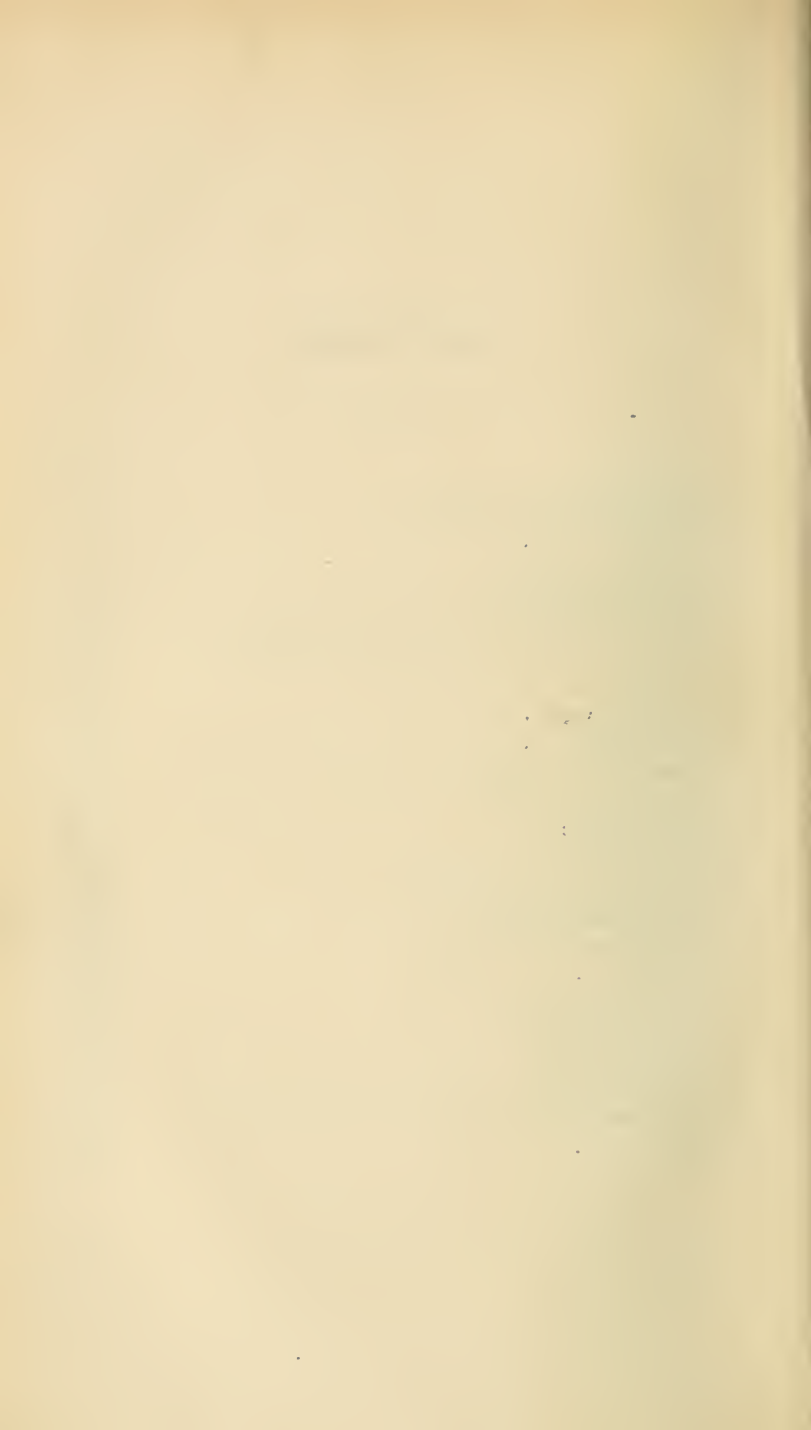
FROM THE

*“ Retrospective Review,” “ Westminster Review,” “ Monthly
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THE
COLLECTED WORKS OF W. J. FOX.

ANDREW FLETCHER.*

[*Retrospective Review*, vol. iv. pt. i. p. 100. 1821.]

ANDREW FLETCHER, of Saltoun, was a steady and ardent, though not always a discreet, patriot, a forcible speaker, and an ingenious political speculator. His public life lasted through a long and very interesting period both of Scotch and English history, and he was connected, in a greater or less degree, with most of the illustrious personages, arduous struggles, and important changes of that period. These are claims for more attention than has been generally directed towards him, but not for more than this little volume is calculated amply to repay.

Although Fletcher was an active partisan from the time when he first became known as an opponent of the Duke of Lauderdale's administration, in the reign of Charles II., to the extinction of the Scottish parliament by the Union, it was only during about five years, towards the close of his career, that he appeared as an author. The first article in this collection was printed in 1698, and the last very early in 1704. He was the same man in composition as in debate and action. He battles as vigorously with pen and press as he had been accustomed to do with sword and tongue. One could have wished that he had taken to writing sooner, and that more of his romantic history—for such it seems to have been, by the scanty notices in the Earl of Buchan's *Essays on the Life of Fletcher and Thomson*, published in 1792—and of the particulars of his intercourse with the

* *The Political Works of Andrew Fletcher, Esq.* London, 1732.

great actors of his times had been preserved ; but still we take up with interest whatever was written by so extraordinary a man as he really was—by one who had studied so intently, and thought so freely, and felt so strongly—who was at once so accomplished a scholar and so bustling a politician—whose family was so noble, and whose principles so levelling ; for his mother was descended from the stock of Bruee, and every beating of his republican heart sent royal blood rushing through his veins—who was one of the only two Scotchmen admitted to the confidence of Lord Russell's Council of Six—who accompanied the unfortunate Monmouth on his desperate undertaking—who was the associate of Sir Patrick Hume and the other illustrious refugees at the Hague, by whom the Revolution of 1688 was concerted—who never asked nor received any honour or emolument from the sovereign whom he had helped to raise to the throne, but regarded his measures with the same jealous patriotism he had manifested towards others—and who, in the Scottish parliament, fought vigorously and splendidly the last battle of his country's independence. The relics of such a man must be regarded with reverence.

There is a contemporary character of him prefixed to his works, which so well epitomises his history, and is so good and true in itself, that we insert it. It is taken “from a Ms. in the library of the late Thomas Rawlinson, Esq.”

“Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, is a gentleman of good estate in Scotland, attended with the improvement of a good education. He was knight of the shire for Lothian to that parliament where the Duke of York was commissioner, in the reign of King Charles II., and openly opposed the designs of that prince and the fatal Bill of Accession, which obliged him to retire first to England, and then to Holland.

“The Duke of York could not forgive his behaviour in that parliament ; they summoned him to appear at Edinburgh, which he not daring to do, was declared traitor, and his estate confiscated. He retired to Hungary, and served several campaigns under the Duke of Lorrain. He returned to Holland after the death of King Charles II., and came over to England with the Duke of Monmouth, had the misfortune to shoot the Mayor of Lime after his landing,

and on it returned again to Holland, and came over at the Revolution with the Prince of Orange.

“He is so zealous an assertor of the liberties of the people, that he is too jealous of the growing power of all princes—in whom he thinks ambition so natural, that he is not for trusting the best of princes with the power which ill ones may make use of against the people; believes all princes were made by, and for the good of, the people, and thinks that princes should have no power but that of doing good. This made him oppose King Charles, invade King James, and oppose the giving so much power to King William, whom he never would serve; nor does he ever come into the administration of this queen, but stands up a stout pillar for the constitution of the parliament of Scotland.

“He is a gentleman, steady in his principles, of nice honour, with abundance of learning; brave as the sword he wears, and bold as a lion; a sure friend, and an irreconcilable enemy; would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it. His thoughts are large as to religion, and could never be brought within the bounds of any particular sect. Nor will he be under the distinction of a Whig or Tory, saying that these names are used to cloak the knaves of both.

“His notions of government, however, are too fine-spun, and can hardly be lived up to by men subject to the common frailties of nature; neither will he give allowances for extraordinary emergencies: witness the Duke of Shrewsbury, with whom he had always been very intimate; yet the duke coming to be Secretary of State a second time, purely to save his country, this gentleman would never be in common charity with him afterwards. And my Lord Spencer, now Lord Sunderland, for voting for the army, was used by that man much after the same manner.

“He hath wrote some very good things, but they are not published in his name. He hath a very good genius. A low, thin man, of a brown complexion, full of fire, with a stern, sour look, and fifty years old.”

The publications here referred to are, we apprehend, those collected in this volume. The character is very accurately drawn, and the failings which it ascribes are fully certified by both the life and writings of Fletcher.

He was, in truth, of a fiery, impetuous, and overbearing disposition—a thing not very uncommon with great reformers, or those who aspire to be or to be thought so. So generally are they of this temperament, that it may almost be taken as an essential part of the character. It cleaves to them from Martin Luther down to William Cobbett. Nature seems seldom to have bestowed the exact portion of irritability which would make a man a sturdy opponent to public wrong, and yet an amiable and unassuming companion, and gentle master of those whom he commands. The hatred of subordination—that is, of the individual's own subordination to others, not of theirs to him—is often mistaken for the love of liberty; but where there is every reason to believe the latter most sincere and fervent, it has too often been alloyed by an impatience of any obstacle in the theories or conduct of others. We must very often take heroes and patriots, as well as horses, with all faults—glad of whatever good they may do in the world, admirers of the formidable energies they display, but not at all disposed to desire their daily companionship in place of the less daring, but more accommodating and gentle, spirits who bless our quiet hours.

Another fault of Fletcher's, and, as to the success of his political efforts, a more serious one, is hinted at in the character just quoted, on which we must also suffer a verdict of guilty to be taken and judgment to pass,—and that is, his entertaining “fine-spun notions of government,” or, in plain words, his republicanism. Not that it is any fault—whether it be folly is another question—to consider a republic the most perfect form of government; nor is such a speculation, if it be only a speculation, at all inconsistent with being a good and faithful subject under a monarchy, and even doing the state some service. Nor is it at all to be complained of, but rather to be praised, if in some great convulsion, when the foundations of society are broken up, and its elements mingled in chaotic confusion, such convictions should inspire an effort to rearrange them in the supposed best of all possible modes. But for one born and living under a settled monarchy, professing allegiance to the government, and holding a public station of the highest importance—that of a legislator—and who, in virtue of that profession, is continually aiming to effect alterations

in existing laws,—for such a one to act and reason on principles peculiarly republican, and by argument or ridicule strive to bring monarchy into contempt, is something worse than injudicious, and must bring after it, not only the failure of attempts at reform which might otherwise have succeeded, but the disapprobation of every sound mind on the inconsistent reformer. Fletcher has exposed himself to this censure. Buchan tells the following anecdote of him: “Fletcher used to say, with Cromwell and Milton, that the trappings of a monarchy and a great aristocracy would patch up a very clever little commonwealth.” Being in company one day with the witty Dr. Pitcairn, the conversation turned on a person of learning, whose history was not distinctly known. “I know the man well,” said Fletcher; “he was hereditary professor of divinity at Hamburgh.” “*Hereditary* professor!” said Pitcairn, with a laugh of astonishment and derision. “Yes, doctor,” replied Fletcher, “hereditary professor of divinity. What think you of a hereditary king?” This is rather a specimen than evidence, of which the reader will find abundance in some of the measures which he advocated—such as transferring the disposal of all offices, of the control of the army, &c., from the sovereign to the parliament; and in many of the reasonings by which these and other schemes were advocated, as in the “Conversation concerning a right Regulation of Governments for the common Good of Mankind,” where he sarcastically demonstrates even limited hereditary monarchy to be “a mad kind of government.”

We are, however, beginning at the wrong end, and commencing our sentence with the qualifying *but*, which should have come afterwards, when the laudatory clause had been fully expressed. This might not do in contemporary criticism; but we Retrospectives are privileged, and it may naturally happen, that in looking back we observe that first at which the regular traveller by the road would arrive last. It is true the journals of the day have an excuse for censure which we cannot plead, as it behoves them to notice whatever comes out, good, bad, or indifferent; while we can pick and cull from the stores of all ages. If an old book be not worth reading, it is not worth our while to tear it from its grave to review it; but still the best are not perfect, and our vituperations may afford a little consolation

for the victims of modern critics, and pour balm into the wounds made by their lashes.

Fletcher's works consist of Speeches in the Scottish Parliament in the years 1701 and 1703; political discourses on "Government, with relation to Militias;" on the affairs of Scotland; on those of Spain; and "An Account of a Conversation concerning a right Regulation of Governments for the common Good of Mankind."

So far as the claims of an orator to excellence in his art can be decided by printed speeches, those of Fletcher entitle him to considerable eminence. They are chiefly characterised by vehement reasoning. He was as argumentative as Fox,—whose eloquence, it has been justly said, was his logic,—and as fiery and impetuous as Lord Chatham. But he did not usually reason, like Fox, upon great principles; or, if he did, they were principles by no means universally received, and not less obnoxious to his opponents than the conclusions at which he aimed. Nor did he, like that illustrious man, breathe such a spirit of philanthropy into his opposition to power, as made hatred to the oppressor, if it appeared at all, only subordinate to and necessarily flowing from pity for the oppressed, and benevolence to mankind in general. Fletcher seems rather to patronise the victim because he hated the tyrant. His benevolence towards the many is more the effect than the cause of his animosity to the few. He is tremendously vituperative. Every sentence is an argument, and every argument an impeachment. His words are blows. Yet he was less formidable than Lord Chatham, for he wanted that continuous intensity of passion and that regality of a domineering will which clothed some of his effusions with the awful desolating splendour of a flood of burning lava. The one only attacks; the other commands and crushes. The one makes good hits at his antagonists; the other drives furiously over them. The whole of the "Speech on the State of the Nation" is illustrative of Fletcher's power, and of the limits of that power; of his resemblance to our greatest orators, and of his distinctive inferiority. The following extract from his censure of the Partition Treaty will show as much of what we mean as can well be done by so few sentences:

"The letter of this treaty tells us of preserving the peace of Europe by dismembering the Spanish monarchy;

but the spirit throws it entirely into the family of Bourbon, entails an endless war upon Christendom, breaks the balance that has preserved its liberty for two hundred years, and will consequently banish all remains of freedom, both civil and religious, from among men. This treaty is like an alarumbell, rung all over Europe; pray God it may not prove to you a passing bell! Poor helpless Spain, rather than divide the child, chose to give it entire to the harlot, to whom it did not belong. And she has got it, for the Solomon who commanded to divide the child did it not in order to do justice. Instead of the preservation of the peace of Europe—for no great mischief was ever designed but piety was still pretended—Europe must from this time be either in a posture of war, and so consumed by taxes, or in actual war, wasted by bloodshed and rapine, till she be forced to hold out her hands to the shackles and submit to a worse condition. These are the glorious works of such governors as the world thinks they cannot be without—perhaps too truly: I mean those who are to execute God's judgment upon them."

There is more of allusion in this passage than Fletcher was accustomed to employ. We suppose it "laid in his way, and he found it." What there is, however, is there for annoyance, not for ornament. If he stoops, it is not to gather flowers to adorn himself, but nettles to sting others. A better specimen of his usual style is the conclusion of his proposal for a general arming of the people, as a sequel to his favourite bill for offering the crown, on the death of Queen Anne, with such conditions as would fully secure the independence and liberty of Scotland.

"Other nations, if they think they can trust standing armies, may by their means defend themselves against foreign enemies. But we, who have not wealth sufficient to pay such forces, should not, of all nations under heaven, be unarmed. For us, then, to continue without arms is to be directly in the condition of slaves; to be found unarmed in the event of her majesty's death would be to have no manner of security for our liberty, property, or the independence of this kingdom. By being unarmed, we every day run the risk of our all, since we know not how soon that event may overtake us; to continue still unarmed, when by this very act now under deliberation we have put a case which, by happening, may separate us from England,

would be the grossest of all follies. And if we do not provide for arming the kingdom in such an exigency, we shall become a jest and a proverb to the world."

The peroration of his speech on the Limitation Bill itself is in a higher strain; it closes some energetic argument by this appeal:

"If, therefore, either reason, honour, or conscience have any influence upon us—if we have any regard either to ourselves or posterity—if there be any such thing as virtue, happiness, or reputation in this world, or felicity in a future state—let me adjure you by all these not to draw upon your heads everlasting infamy, attended with the eternal reproaches and anguish of an evil conscience, by making yourselves and your posterity miserable."

It is only with the two great men just mentioned that Fletcher can be brought into comparison. He had little in common with the other distinguished parliamentary orators of the last reign, to whom we look as models—with that race of giants, now extinct, who had no predecessors, and seem likely to have no successors. He had nothing of the consummate art, exquisite arrangement, and sonorous periods of Pitt; nor of the argumentative metaphor which Grattan poured forth, like a torrent leaping from rock to rock, and not flowing but bounding to the end of its career; nor of the subtle analysis, profound speculation, and mingled refinement of thought, and homeliness of illustration, which give such a zest to Windham's speeches; nor could his genius kindle up, like Burke's, into a sun radiant alike with truth and fancy, its beams glancing over heaven and earth, here playing on a planet, and there glittering in a dewdrop. Yet the absence of these powers was often more than compensated by the tone of sincerity, earnestness, and determination in which he spoke. He never played, or seemed to play, either with his subject or upon his hearers. He went steadily to his object, and used the most direct, honourable, and efficient means for the accomplishment of his purpose. He came into the field apparelled for battle, and not for tilt or tournament. His speeches teach not the tricks, or even the graces, of oratory, but the principles of freedom and the facts of history. There are no episodes in them. You can make no elegant extracts from them, which any body may read and enjoy

who neither knows nor cares about the events of that time and country, or of any other time and country. You may commence fine-passage hunting; but that chase is soon abandoned for a more interesting one: you plunge into the deadly Union conflict, and at last feel defeated and disgraced by the triumph of imbecility, corruption, and servility, and shut the book with execrations on the Hamiltons, Queensburys, Montroses, and Banffs of the day. This is much the same effect as is produced by the orations of the great master Demosthenes, whom we read at school with no great pleasure: he was so very business-like, every thing was so much to the purpose, and a purpose in which we had little concern, and there was such a lack of the adventitious ornament, the beautiful painting, and the imposing description to which we had been used in Cicero. The thing was too good for us. The reader who really enjoys the speeches of the Athenian demagogue will not be disappointed in those of the Scottish patriot.

The political treatises in this volume are quite as good in their way as the speeches, and display a mind thoroughly imbued with historical and classical literature, ardently attached to the cause of liberty, and honourably devoted to its promotion. Fletcher well deserves Thomson's praise of Sydney; he, too, was

“By ancient learning to the enlightened love
Of ancient freedom warmed.”

The philosopher of Malmsbury never made a greater blunder than when he translated Thucydides in order to disgust the English people with the republican form of government. He was deceived as to the impression by his own constitutional cowardice. He reckoned on blowing out the flame of faction, and actually gave undesigned aid towards fanning it into rebellion. To men of sterner stuff, the contests which terrified him were a scene of pleasurable excitement. Slaves, unless nature has formed them and art trained them well to be cowardly and contented slaves, should never read the classics; not the historians and orators of antiquity, at least—no, not even in castrated editions. They are full of dangerous matter. Nor is the love of liberty which they engender always exactly of that sort which the rational friend of his country and of his species will regard with

complacency. It is too apt to fix itself on forms which, after all, are of comparatively little moment; to disregard the moral character of means; to attempt that by violence which, to be really valuable and permanent, must be accomplished by reason; and to sacrifice to the projected freedom of the whole too much of the real liberty of the individuals or classes which make up that whole. Something of this in Fletcher often mixes a little pain and blame with our admiration of one who was so immeasurably superior to the unprincipled sycophants and hypocrites to whom he was opposed, and who are fixed as the eternal shades of his picture in the history of Scotland.

He was a great schemer: project after project rises upon us all through the volume. There is first a magnificent plan for superseding standing armies by universal training; then for relieving the dreadful distresses which at that time prevailed in Scotland by reviving domestic slavery, though in a very modified and mitigated form; next, a system of agricultural improvement; after that, his provision for the security of Scottish Independence by annual parliaments, &c.; and, finally, a Utopia on a larger scale, for the benefit of all Europe at least. The practical politician will laugh at all this, and deserve to be laughed at himself when he has done. Let him stick to his last, and cobble up matters as he can with his temporary expedients: no statesman was ever good for much who had not some propensity for theories; and he is most properly said to be guided by experience who is familiar with history,—which is the recorded experience of all nations and ages,—and who thence derives wisdom and courage to employ extraordinary means for the accomplishment of extraordinary and benevolent purposes, either of reformation or improvement for existing evil, or provision for future good.

The “Discourse of Government with relation to Militias” deserves an earnest recommendation to that timid race of men, who, in their apprehension of danger to their persons or properties, from internal commotion or external assault, overlook the manifold mischiefs of a complete, or something approximating to a complete, separation of the characters of soldier and citizen. Fletcher has luminously shown how essential their union is to the freedom of a state; how effective it is for defence; nay, how consistent it may be made

with the grandest schemes of conquest. He has accurately marked the great change which took place in the governments of Europe, about the end of the fifteenth century, from limited to arbitrary monarchy; traced the circumstances which obstructed its progress in England and Scotland, and connected it with the transfer of the power of the sword from the aristocracy to the sovereign. So long as the feudal system remained, and royal armies were made up of the retainers of inferior chieftains, holding lands by the tenure of military service, the king and the barons were mutually dependent, and essential to each other's security and consequence. The impoverishment of the nobility, the emancipation of vassals, the extension of commerce, and consequently increasing importance of the inferior orders in states, destroyed this equipoise. Lands were alienated, and military service ceased. Soldiers were hired, and war became a trade; and the sovereign who had once obtained money to purchase such instruments soon felt their power to enable him to obtain more. Standing armies and despotism thus came in together. The manly remonstrances of the barons prevented this result in Scotland; and in England the Commons had previously possessed themselves of the purse-strings of the nation. We think Fletcher has greatly underrated the worth of this check on the encroachments of prerogative. The sole right of the Commons to levy taxes, sometimes so clearly recognised by the monarch, and at others so vainly and even fatally contested, has in fact preserved the power of the sword, in this country, to the subject. And if the Commons possess it not so completely as the barons, still we must remember that they hold it on behalf of the whole community, with which they are identified in interest, while the barons only limited the sovereign for their own-advantage, and thought their own paternal care an ample provision for their vassals. Should the Commons cease to be what their name implies, the representatives of the people, all check on their behalf, of course, ceases too, and England loses her proud exemption from the general lot. But although the evil of a regular soldiery be thus materially diminished, there can be little doubt that Fletcher's plan is far more favourable to freedom. Generally, at least, the regular soldier is but ill qualified to act the part of a good citizen. His habits of

implicit obedience and absolute command are fatal to those feelings which should be strongest in the bosoms of the subjects of a free state. A soldier for life, and one who only is called to bear arms on emergency, and for a limited period, and who then returns to mingle in the mass of citizens, are very different beings; and the military skill of the one is as friendly as that of the other is hostile to the liberties of a nation. In fact, necessity has always been pleaded for standing armies. Fletcher demonstrates the delusiveness of the plea by various cases, in which even a hastily raised and ill-formed militia, animated by that sense of right and justice, without which, whoever bears arms is only a hired murderer, have beaten veteran troops and able officers. He also appeals to the history of the nations most celebrated for retaining their liberty.

"The militia of ancient Rome, the best that ever was in any government, made her mistress of the world; but standing armies enslaved that great people, and their excellent militia and freedom perished together. The Lacedemonians continued eight hundred years free, and in great honour, because they had a good militia. The Switzers are at this day the freest, happiest, and the people of all Europe who can best defend themselves, because they have the best militia."

We have intimated that one of Fletcher's schemes was the revival of domestic slavery, and it would be very unjust to leave this without a little explanation. We think he was decidedly wrong, but not so wrong as the bare mention of the plan may lead the reader to suppose. It is contained in his "Second Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland," published in 1698, when three years of scarcity, almost amounting to famine, had produced the most frightful distress. There were, "besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church-boxes, with others who by living upon bad food fell into various diseases, two hundred thousand poor people begging from door to door." The country was in a state of the greatest misery and consequent demoralisation. "Now, what I would propose," says our author, "upon the whole matter is, that for some present remedy of so great a mischief, every man of a certain estate in this nation should be obliged to take a proportionable number

of those vagabonds, and either employ them in hedging and ditching his grounds, or any sort of work in town and country; or if they happen to be children and young, that he should educate them in the knowledge of some mechanical art, that so every man of estate might have a little manufacture at home, which might maintain those servants and bring great profit to the master, as they did to the ancients, whose revenue by the manufactures of such servants was much more considerable than that of their lands." Abuses he thought would be sufficiently guarded against by the following regulations:

"First, then, their masters should not have power over their lives, but the life of the master should go for the life of the servant. The master should have no power to mutilate or torture him; that in such cases the servant should not only have his freedom (which alone would make him burdensome to the public), but a sufficient yearly pension, so long as he should live, from his said master. That he, his wife and children, should be provided for in clothes, diet, and lodging; that they should be taught the principles of morality and religion; to read and be allowed the use of certain books; that they should not work on Sundays, and be allowed to go to church; that in every thing, except their duty as servants, they should not be under the will of their masters, but the protection of the law; that when these servants grow old, and are no more useful to their masters (lest upon that account they should be ill-used) hospitals should be provided for them by the public; that if for their good and faithful service any master give them their freedom, he should be obliged to give them likewise wherewithal to subsist, or put them in a way of living without being troublesome to the commonwealth; that they should wear no habit or mark to distinguish them from hired servants; that any man should be punished for giving them the opprobrious name of slave. So, except it were that they could possess nothing, and might be sold, which really would be an alienation of their service without their consent, they would live in a much more comfortable condition (wanting nothing necessary for life) than those who, having a power to possess all things, are very often in want of every thing, to such a degree that many thousands of them come to starve for hunger."

Now all this really is much more humane than the

schemes which have recently sprung out of the Malthusian philosophy, for turning the poor absolutely adrift, and telling them that they may go hang or starve, for the poor rates have reached a maximum. And there must be thousands in the United Kingdom for whom such a provision, slavery though it be, would, as to the supply of all animal wants, be incalculably more comfortable than any thing they can do for themselves. Still, it *is* slavery. Fletcher shall reply.

"But they must pardon me if I tell them that I regard not names, but things; and that the misapplication of names has confounded every thing. We are told there is not a slave in France—that when he sets his foot upon French ground he becomes immediately free; and I say that there is not a freeman in France, because the king takes away any part of any man's property at his pleasure; and that, let him do what he will to any man, there is no remedy. The Turks tell us there are no slaves among them, except Jews, Moors, or Christians; and who is there who knows not they are all slaves to the Grand Seignior, and have no remedy against his will? A slave properly is one who is absolutely subjected to the will of another man without any remedy; and not one that is only subjected under certain limitations and upon certain accounts necessary for the good of the commonwealth, though such a one may go under that name. And the confounding these two conditions of men by a name common to both has, in my opinion, been none of the least hardships put upon those who ought to be named servants. We are all subjected to the laws; and the easier or harder conditions imposed by them upon the several ranks of men in any society make not the distinction that is between a freeman and a slave."

This distinction is good as far as it goes; but for its completion it is certainly necessary to inquire, Who makes the laws? for unless they are "the state's collective will," submission to them is but slavery after all,—though it is a species of slavery which many think very right and reasonable who would start with horror from that which Fletcher proposed to establish. Such are they who maintain that "the people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them."

The evils of his scheme, as relating to the condition of

its objects, are, that it would be continually deteriorating into a system of intolerable oppression; the masters would make and execute the laws, with no other check on the dictates of cupidity and cruelty than fear of an insurrection, which, as they would scarcely trust arms in other hands than their own, would not be very powerful; and also that the great spur to industry, the prospect of bettering their position, would be wanting; for a slave would scarcely think of obtaining freedom by exertions which would make him more valuable as a slave. The fact that the poorest man may rise to opulence, with the conspicuous examples which occasionally happen of such elevation, has made thousands industrious, comfortable, and useful members of society, who yet have never emerged from the station in which they were born.

But religion has well taught us that "man shall not live by bread alone." The consciousness of freedom is a source of dignity and enjoyment, for which no improvement in the quality of food or clothing is a compensation. Had not Fletcher been blinded for a moment by his reveries he would have admired, instead of reprobating, that hatred of the very name of slave, from which he anticipated the chief obstacle to the execution of his plan.

"But these things, when once resolved, must be executed with great address, diligence, and severity; for that sort of people are so desperately wicked, such enemies of all work and labour, and, which is yet more amazing, so proud, in esteeming their own condition above that which they will be sure to call slavery, that, unless prevented by the utmost industry and diligence, upon the first publication of any orders necessary for putting in execution such a design, they will rather die with hunger in caves and dens, and murder their young children, than appear abroad to have them and themselves taken into such a kind of service."

And had they been but "vagabond" Greeks or Romans instead of Scots, he would have applauded them "to the very echo" for such a determination. Or had his own scheme but been an English measure, how would he have thundered! Such is human nature. How differently he felt and reasoned as to the Union! Had he been convinced that all the commercial advantages which the warmest supporters of that measure anticipated would infallibly have been realised, how little would his antipathy have abated!

He well knew that national independence and personal liberty were not mere words, but well worth "riches finelless;" and perhaps only on this occasion, and on the latter subject, did he forget his principles in any thing which he deliberately advocated.

Passing over various speculations, we shall just notice that contained in the "Conversation concerning a right Regulation of Governments for the common Good of Mankind;" an end for which it is pretty clear that they are not very uniformly regulated, as things were then, or are now.

The project is to take about twelve of the principal cities of the three kingdoms, and, having proportionally divided the land, to constitute each city the sovereign of the adjacent country, all the little states thus formed being federally united under the authority of delegates, or of a monarch, as might be deemed most expedient; and by a similar division and union obtaining in Europe or all the world over, according to the great boundaries which the hand of nature, or similarity of language, manners, or religion, has prescribed! It is argued that such an arrangement would annihilate many of the greatest evils by which the world has been afflicted.

First, the interests of distant or subordinate provinces would no longer be sacrificed to the pride or selfish policy of a dominant state—as were those of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the American Colonies, to England. Each of these instances is adduced by Fletcher, and he thus states the effects of the union of the two crowns on the condition of his own country:

"I desired to inform him that the trade of Scotland was considerable before the union of the two crowns; that as the increase of the English trade had raised the value of their lands, so the loss of our trade had sunk the rents in Scotland, impoverished the tenant, and disabled him in most places from paying his landlord any otherwise than in corn,—which practice has been attended with innumerable inconveniences and great loss; that our trade was formerly in so flourishing a condition that the shire of Fife alone had as many ships as now belong to the whole kingdom; that ten or twelve towns which lie on the south coast of that province had, at that time, a very considerable trade, and in our days are little better than so many heaps of ruins;

that our trade with France was very advantageous, by reason of the great privileges we enjoyed in that kingdom; that our commerce with Spain had been very considerable, and began during the wars between England and that nation; and that we drove a great trade in the Baltic with our fish, before the Dutch had wholly possessed themselves of that advantageous traffic. Upon the union of the crowns, not only all this went to decay, but our money was spent in England, and not among ourselves; the furniture of our houses, and the best of our clothes and equipage, was bought at London; and though particular persons of the Scots' nation had many great and profitable places at court, to the high displeasure of the English, yet that was no advantage to our country, which was totally neglected, like a farm managed by servants, and not under the eye of the master."

Notwithstanding the loss of America, all the lessons of experience, and all the increasing lights of the age on the subject of political economy, this evil is not yet worn out altogether, and in part it is evidently irremediable, unless by some such plan as this of Fletcher's. Even supposing the legislature of a large empire to make the wisest and most impartial laws as to commerce—or, what is perhaps still better, to make no laws at all—still, if there be any good in the gradations of society, any advantage in the existence of a class of superior rank, wealth, and education, their general diffusion over the face of a country, the expenditure of their revenues in the neighbourhoods where those revenues are raised, and the influence of their acquirements and superiority on those who are condemned to toil that they may be great and wise, is evidently more useful, as well as more just, than their collection into splendid masses to adorn a court.

Secondly: as under this arrangement the capital of each state would be but of moderate size, an end would be put, or at least comparatively narrow limits would be fixed, to the vice and suffering inseparable from crowding together such immense multitudes as form the population of London, for instance; where the inducements to crime, from example, necessity, the chance of secrecy, the aid of combination, and the absence of that neighbourhood which makes every man feel that he has a character to sup-

port, are so very much greater than they could be if the same number of people were distributed into several cities or towns; and where, too, so much larger a quantity of wretchedness may exist without exciting the attention of the benevolent, or being, when noticed, so easily alleviated. By the moralist, at least, a great city has always been considered a great evil.

Thirdly: in such a form of society there would be little war; for while the confederated states were powerful for defence, they would be feeble for attack, and to hold conquests in common would be scarcely practicable.

Thus did

“ His ardent mind
Shape goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty : wild dreams,—but such
As Plato loved ; such as, with holy zeal,
Our Milton worshiped.”

Even the reveries of great and original thinkers are not only worth preserving, but worth studying. However inadequate the means or unattainable the end may be, in the Utopian speculations of such men there is still this advantage, that we see their notions of the causes of the numerous evils which afflict society: and though the proposed remedy may be unavailing, it is still something to become acquainted with the origin of the disease. A great service would doubtless be rendered to the human race by ascertaining how much of what we endure results from the constitution of our nature, and is essential to our condition, and how much, being merely the fruit of unwise institutions or erroneous principles, may be removed by persevering and well-directed efforts. The various schemes of perfect governments and new states of society which have been offered to the world may be advantageously used as aids in the prosecution of this important inquiry; nor can such men as Plato, More, Harrington, Fletcher, Wallace, Hume, and Godwin have laboured, or even sported, on the subject, without contributing, and that largely, towards supplying materials for a rational conclusion. The last-mentioned author called forth the most imposing attempt which has yet been made to prove that, while man exists, oppression, vice, misery, and war must exist also. But even this philosophy of despair has been

gradually modified in successive editions, by the introduction of moral restraint as a check on that tendency of population to increase which is represented as the source of "all our woe," and the enlarged sphere assigned to its operations. Our hope for man now appears to have been only drugged with opiates, not absolutely poisoned, and she begins to revive from her slumbers. So should it be, for there is nothing more deadly, than despair of man, to all honourable, patriotic, and philanthropic exertions. The *aliquid immensum infinitumque* floating before the mind is as needful for the inspiration of the patriot as of the orator. Christianity has directed him who would shine in moral worth to "go on unto perfection;" and Fletcher, and men like Fletcher, have done, and will do, not all they wish, indeed, but more of good than, without such glorious visions, they would ever achieve, by striving to make a Utopia of their country.

CUDWORTH'S INTELLECTUAL SYSTEM.*

[*Retrospective Review*, vol. vi. pt. i. p. 47 ; 1821.]

How seldom does it happen that the actual productions of the pen are answerable to the conceptions and intentions of an author's mind ! Either the style displeases, or the argument is felt unsound ; or some inadvertencies in statement, some frustrations of beauty, some sinkings from the heights of his aspirations, make him wish some parts unsaid, and all said better ; and some things introduced which have been passed by forgotten. But if there be nothing to displease in quality, there is oftentimes a sad deficiency in quantity. *Ars longa, vita brevis*, weigheth down the mind that museth on many things. The sighings of the author are not for more worlds to conquer, but for a longer period of being to gather the abundance which nature hath spread for him, to enlarge the basis of his fame, and to fill up the measure of his thoughts. So that, besides the legacy of his works which the writer leaves to posterity, there is also left an inventory of intentions, and a catalogue of projected labours. Thus it has been with Ralph Cudworth. The ponderous work, of which we propose to give an analysis for the benefit of those who, before they undertake the task of journeying through it, may wish to have some directions concerning the road they are about to travel, is but part of the scheme with which he set out. In his preface, he tells us :

“ I acknowledge that, when I engaged the press, I intended only a discourse concerning liberty and necessity, or, to speak out more plainly, against the fatal necessity of all actions and events ; which, upon whatsoever grounds or principles maintained, will, as we conceive, serve the

* *The True Intellectual System of the Universe*, wherein all the Reason and Philosophy of Atheism is confuted, and its Impossibility demonstrated, &c. By Ralph Cudworth, D.D. ; 2 vols. 4to, 1743.

design of atheism, and undermine Christianity and all religion, as taking away all guilt and blame, punishments and rewards, and plainly rendering a day of judgment ridiculous ; and it is evident that some have pursued it, of late, in order to that end. But afterwards we considered that this, which is indeed a controversy concerning the true intellectual system of the universe, does in the full extent thereof take in other things ; the necessity of all actions and events being maintained by several persons upon very different grounds, according to that tripartite fatalism mentioned by us in the beginning of the first chapter. For, first, the Democritic Fate is nothing but the material necessity of all things without a God, in supposing senseless matter necessarily moved to be the only original and principal of all things ; which therefore is called by Epicurus the physiological, by us the atheistic fate. Besides which, the Divine Fate is also bipartite : some theists supposing God both to decree and do all things in us (evil as well as good), or by his immediate influence to determinate all actions, and so make them alike necessary to us. From whence it follows, that his will is no way regulated or determined by any essential and immutable goodness and justice ; or that he hath nothing of morality in his nature, he being only arbitrary will omnipotent. As also, that all good, and moral evil, to us creatures, are mere thetical and positive things ; νόμῳ, and not φύσει, by law or command only, and not by nature. This therefore may be called the Divine Fate, immoral and violent. Again, there being other divine fatalists, who acknowledge such a Deity as both suffers other things besides itself to act, and hath an essential goodness and justice in its nature ; and consequently, that there are things just and unjust to us naturally, and not by law and arbitrary constitution only ; and yet nevertheless take away from men all such liberty as might make them capable of praise and dispraise, rewards and punishments, and objects of distributive justice ; they conceiving necessity to be intrinsical to the nature of every thing in the actings of it, and nothing of contingency to be found any where ; from whence it will follow, that nothing could possibly have been otherwise in the whole world than it is. And this may be called the Divine Fate moral—as the other immoral—and natural—as

the other violent ;—it being a concatenation or implexed series of causes, all in themselves necessary, depending upon a Deity moral, if we may so speak, that is such as is essentially good and naturally just, as the head thereof—the first contriver and orderer of all. Which kind of Divine Fate hath not only been formerly asserted by the Stoics, but also of late by divers modern writers. Wherefore, of the three fatalisms, or false hypotheses of the universe, mentioned in the beginning of this book, one is absolute atheism ; another, immoral theism, or religion without any natural justice and morality—all just and unjust, according to this hypothesis, being mere thetical or factitious things, made by arbitrary will and command only ; the third and last, such a theism as acknowledges not only a God, or omnipotent understanding being, but also natural justice and morality founded in him, and derived from him ; nevertheless, no liberty from necessity any where, and therefore no distributive or retributive justice in the world. Whereas these three things are, as we conceive, the fundamentals or essentials of true religion : first, that all things in the world do not float without a head and governor ; but that there is a God, an omnipotent understanding being, presiding over all. Secondly, that this God, being essentially good and just, there is *φύσει καλὸν καὶ δίκαιον*, something in its own nature immutably and eternally just and unjust ; and not by arbitrary will, law, and command only. And, lastly, that there is something *ἐφ' ἡμῖν*, or that we are so far forth principals or masters of our own actions, as to be accountable to justice for them, or to make us guilty and blameworthy for what we do amiss, and to deserve punishment accordingly.”

Our author's design was, then, the establishment of these three points : but the first part of the work grew beneath his hands, and spread itself into an unanticipated extent. To overthrow the principles of atheism it was necessary to state them fairly, to present all the several shades and bearings and doublings of the atheistic argument : and this was not to be done without quotations, and these quotations were to be translated, and these translations to be defended as accurate, and the inferences from them to be established as fair and legitimate. There was need to examine the writings of philosophers and of poets

of every description, gay or grave, dull or ingenious; to unravel the tangled web of sophistry, to hold up to the light the various logical deformities of the atheistic school, to disperse the mass of misty words, and look for some residuum of meaning. Cudworth lived in times when there was no opportunity of quoting quotations; it was necessary that he should really read what he would seem to have read. In those days it was no easy task to make a book, and no light work to read one. Reading was then an employment, not merely a recreation. It consisted of something more solid than the flippancies of chit-chat, and the bandying of truisms in the shape of paradoxes. Books were written in the study, that they might be read in the study; and, for the most part, the readers were better paid for their trouble than the writers. But the latter had their reward in the consciousness of having laboured for the information and improvement of society, and in the anticipation of names that should live.

Authors, however, even then had their share of mortification and disappointment and narrow-minded opposition. Will it be believed that the honest and studious author of the *True Intellectual System of the Universe* could not escape the shafts of calumny, but that his sincerity was called into question?—that, instead of receiving the well-merited praise which his refutation of atheism demanded, he should be accused of entertaining those very principles which he opposed, and that this very accusation should be founded on his having fairly stated those doctrines which he as fairly overturned? That this, however, was the case appears from a few passages which we shall extract from a brief memoir of the author, prefixed to Birch's edition. After speaking of some objections made by a Catholic divine to the view which Cudworth had taken of the pagan idolatry, his learned editor proceeds:

“But let us now see in how severe a manner he was treated even by a Protestant divine, Mr. John Turner, in his *Discourse of the Messiah*. He tells us, ‘We must conclude Dr. Cudworth to be himself a tritheistic; a sect for which, I believe, he may have a kindness, because he loves hard words, or something else, without either *stick* or *trick*, which I will not name, because his book pretends to be written against it.’ And again, ‘that the most that

charity itself can allow the doctor, if it were to step forth and speak his most favourable character to the world, is, that he is an Arian, a Socinian, or a Deist.'

"Mr. Dryden likewise tells us, that our author 'has raised such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence, that many think he has not answered them.' And the late Earl of Shaftesbury, in his *Moralists, a Rhapsody*, has the following passage: 'You know the common fate of those who dare to appear fair authors. What was that pious and learned man's case, who wrote the *Intellectual System of the Universe*? I confess it was pleasant enough to consider, that though the whole world were no less satisfied with his capacity and learning than with his sincerity in the cause of the Deity, yet was he accused of giving the upper hand to the atheists, for having only stated their reasons and those of their adversaries fairly together.'

"Such was the treatment which our great author received for his immortal volume; wherein, as Mr. Warburton says, with a boldness uncommon indeed, but very becoming a man conscious of his own integrity, and of the truth and evidence of his cause, he launched out into the immensity of the *Intellectual System*, and at his first essay penetrated the very darkest recesses of antiquity, to strip atheism of all its disguises, and drag up the lurking monster to conviction: where, though few readers could follow him, yet the very slowest were able to unravel his secret purpose—to tell the world that he was an atheist in his heart, and an Arian in his book. However, thus ran the popular clamour against this excellent person. Would the reader know the consequence? Why, the zealots inflamed the bigots.

'Twas the time's plague, when madmen led the blind.'

The silly calumny was believed; the much-injured author grew disgusted; his ardour slackened; and the rest and far greatest part of the defence never appeared."

We have made these extracts as testimony to the matter of fact; and though we have represented Warburton and Shaftesbury as sympathising with the fate of Cudworth, we would guard against any insinuation that the author of the *Intellectual System* had any sympathy of sentiment with the

paradoxical bishop or the sceptical and arrogant peer. All that these three men had in common was a deep and original habit of thought, accompanied with a boldness in stating their opinions, and a recklessness of the consequences which might be deduced from them. But Cudworth never went out of his way for the sake of paradox, never degenerated into affectations for the purpose of displaying originality,—was content to be full of his subject, instead of making his subject full of himself; it was not his aim to wrap himself in the clouds of conceitedness, and to make himself obscure to the multitude, but to render himself as intelligible as the subject would admit. His object was to seek for the truth wherever it might be found, and to communicate truth to whomsoever it was desirable. Warburton, indeed, in the above extract says, “few readers could follow him.” This is a piece of transparent commonplace vanity, a pleasant mode in which a man may advertise his own profundity, insinuating that himself is one of the favoured few who can see so much farther than the rest of the world. The fact is, that there is not, from one end of the *Intellectual System* to the other, a single section or train of reasoning which may not be well understood by any average degree of intellect, or by any one at all accustomed to abstraction. Herein is the great value and lasting beauty of the work: it is not like the *Divine Legation* by Warburton, that is merely admired for its author's ingenuity, but its merits are real and substantial. We do not rise from its perusal thinking that the author could equally well have advocated the opposite system, but we are satisfied that the mind has followed the leadings of conviction. Cudworth does not argue as a pleader who is engaged to make the best of a cause, but sums up, at length, the evidence, like an honest judge who sees where the right lies.

But it is time we turn our attention to the work; which, though but a part of the author's intention, is whole in itself. The work is divided into five chapters: of which the first contains an account of the atomic physiology, as made the ground of the Democritic fate, which is one of the three false hypotheses of the *Intellectual System*. In this chapter it is shown that neither Democritus nor Leucippus were inventors of this doctrine of atoms, but that it had

a much more ancient origin, and is, so far as relates to the material universe, the true philosophy.

“And whereas,” says our author, “we conceive this atomic physiology, as to the essentials thereof, to be unquestionably true, viz. that the only principles of bodies are magnitude, figure, site, motion, and rest; and that the qualities and forms of inanimate bodies are really nothing but several combinations of these, causing several fancies in us—which excellent discovery, therefore, so long ago made, is a notable instance of the wit and sagacity of the ancients;—so do we, in the next place, make it manifest that this atomic physiology, rightly understood, is so far from being either the mother or nurse of atheism, or any ways favourable thereunto, as is vulgarly supposed, that it is indeed the most directly opposite to it of any, and the greatest defence against the same. For, first, we have discovered that the principle upon which this atomology is founded, and from whence it sprung, was no other than this—nothing out of nothing, in the true sense thereof: or that nothing can be caused by nothing; from whence it was concluded, that in natural generations there was no new real entity produced which was not before; the genuine consequence whereof was twofold: that the qualities and forms of inanimate bodies are no entities really distinct from the magnitude, figure, site, and motion of parts; and that souls are substances incorporeal, not generated out of matter. Where we have showed, that the Pythagoric doctrine of the preëxistence of souls was founded upon the very same principles with the atomic physiology. And it is from this very principle, rightly understood, that ourselves afterwards undertake to demonstrate the absolute impossibility of atheism. Moreover, we have made it undeniably evident that the intrinsic constitution of this atomic physiology also is such as that whoever admits it must needs acknowledge incorporeal substance, which is the absolute overthrow of atheism; and from whence alone it is certain to us, without any testimonies from antiquity, that Democritus and Leucippus could not possibly be the first inventors of this philosophy,—they either not rightly understanding it, or else wilfully depraving the same; and the atomic atheism being really nothing else but a rape committed upon the atomic physi-

ology. For which reason we do by no means here applaud Plato nor Aristotle, in their rejecting this most ancient atomic physiology, and again introducing that unintelligible first matter, and those exploded qualities and forms, into philosophy. For though this were probably done by Plato out of a disgust and prejudice against the atomic atheists, which made him not so well consider nor understand that physiology, yet was he much disappointed of his expectation herein; that atomology which he exploded, rightly understood, being really the greatest bulwark against atheism; and, on the contrary, those forms and qualities which he espoused, the natural seed thereof, they, besides their unintelligible darkness, bringing something out of nothing, in the impossible sense—which we show to be the inlet of all atheism. And thus, in this first chapter, have we not only quite disarmed atheism of atomicism, or showed that the latter, rightly understood, affordeth no manner of shelter or protection to the former, but also made it manifest that it is the greatest bulwark and defence against the same; which is a thing afterwards further insisted on.”

This extract from the preface contains the outline of the first chapter, and points out the basis and principle of its argument; and surely, if the atheist were to be confuted from his own notions, it was essential that these should be fairly and candidly stated. The second chapter, therefore, proceeds to state the several forms in which atheism has presented itself to the world. This enumeration is hardly worth our notice in this article, except to repeat that it is made fairly, as by one prepared to overthrow the several sophistries, and not sneeringly, or with exultation, as by one who wishes to raise more difficulties than can easily be removed.

The third chapter proceeds to a more minute and analytical inquiry into all the several forms of atheism, together with what our author calls a necessary digression concerning a plastic or artificial nature. We transcribe the first section of this chapter, wherein is stated the difference between the hylozoic and the atomic atheism.

“We have now represented the grand mysteries of atheism, which may be also called the mysteries of the kingdom of darkness; though indeed some of them are but briefly

hinted here, they being again more fully to be insisted on afterward, where we are to give an account of the atheists' endeavours to solve the phenomenon of cogitation. We have represented the chief grounds of atheism in general, as also of that most notorious form of atheism in particular that is called atomical. But whereas there has been already mentioned another form of atheism, called by us hylozoical, the principles hereof could not possibly be insisted on in this place, where we were to make the most plausible plea for atheism, they being directly contrary to those of the atomical, so that they would have mutually destroyed each other. For whereas the atomic atheism supposes the notion or idea of body to be nothing but extended resisting bulk, and consequently to include no manner of life and cogitation in it; hylozoism, on the contrary, makes all body, as such, and therefore every smallest atom of it, to have life essentially belonging to it—natural perception and appetite—though without any animal sense or reflective knowledge; as if life, and matter or extended bulk, were but two incomplete and inadequate conceptions of one and the same substance, called body. By reason of which life—not animal, but only plastical—all parts of matter being supposed able to form themselves artificially and methodically, though without any deliberation or attentive consideration, to the greatest advantage of their present respective capabilities, and therefore also sometimes by organisation to improve themselves further into sense and self-enjoyment in all animals, as also to universal reason and reflective knowledge in men,—it is plain that there is no necessity at all left, either of any incorporeal soul in men to make them rational, or of any Deity in the whole universe to solve the regularity thereof. One main difference betwixt these two forms of atheism is this, that the atomical supposes all life whatsoever to be accidental, generable, and corruptible; but the hylozoic admits of a certain natural or plastic life, essential and substantial, ingenerable and incorruptible, though attributing the same only to matter, as supposing no other substance in the world besides it."

The greatest blemish in the work we conceive to be the fanciful and superfluous digression concerning this plastic nature. It was well to prove that the atomic physiology

was not only consistent with, but actually required the acknowledgment of, a Deity; but it was superfluous to encumber the argument by the admission of the plastic nature, which introduces, as it were, another substance between God and the universe. It would have been better to have exploded the notion altogether, as a mere word invented to cover atheistic ignorance. The very ground and reason of its introduction are bad, for the same principle which requires this might, with a little ingenuity, be extended to the introduction or palliation of polytheism. It may be necessary to give the learned author's own words on this subject. We must content ourselves with a partial, though a long extract, for the whole digression occupies too vast a space to be transcribed entire.

“For unless there be such a thing admitted as a plastic nature that acts *ἔνεκά του*, for the sake of something, and in order to ends, regularly, artificially, and methodically, it seems that one or other of these two things must be concluded: that either in the efformation and organisation of the bodies of animals, as well as the other phenomena, every thing comes to pass fortuitously, and happens to be as it is without the guidance and direction of any mind or understanding; or else, that God himself doth all immediately, and, as it were, with his own hands, form the body of every gnat and fly, insect and mite, as of other animals in generations, all whose members have so much of contrivance in them, that Galen professed he could never enough admire that artifice which was in the leg of a fly—and yet he would have admired the wisdom of nature more, had he been but acquainted with the use of microscopes: I say, upon supposition of no plastic nature, one or other of these two things must be concluded, because it is not conceived by any, that the things of nature are all thus administered with such exact regularity and constancy every where merely by the wisdom, providence, and efficiency of those inferior spirits, demons, or angels. As also, though it be true that the works of nature are dispensed by a divine law and command, yet this is not to be understood in a vulgar sense, as if they were all effected by the mere force of a verbal law or outward command, because inanimate things are not commandable nor governable by such a law. And therefore, besides the divine

will and pleasure, there must needs be some other immediate agent and executioner provided for the producing of every effect; since not so much as a stone, or other heavy body, could at any time fall downward, merely by the force of a verbal law, without any other efficient cause; but either God himself must immediately impel it, or else there must be some other subordinate cause in nature for that motion. Wherefore, the divine law and command, by which the things of nature are administered, must be conceived to be the real appointment of some energetic, effectual, and operative cause for the production of every effect.

“Now, to assert the former of these two things—that all the effects of nature come to pass by material and mechanical necessity, or the mere fortuitous motion of matter, without any guidance or direction,—is a thing no less irrational than it is impious and atheistical. Not only because it is utterly inconceivable and impossible, that such infinite regularity and artificialness as is every where throughout the whole world should constantly result out of the fortuitous motion of matter; but also because there are many such particular phenomena in nature as do plainly transcend the powers of mechanism, of which therefore no sufficient mechanical reasons can be devised—as the motion of respiration in animals: as there are also other phenomena, that are perfectly cross to the laws of mechanism; as, for example, that of the distant poles of the equator and ecliptic, which we shall insist upon afterwards: of both which kinds there have been other instances proposed by my learned friend Dr. More, in his *Enchiridion Metaphysicum*, and very ingeniously improved by him to this very purpose, namely, to evince that there is something in nature besides mechanism, and consequently substance incorporeal.

“Moreover, those theists who philosophise after this manner, by resolving all corporeal phenomena into fortuitous mechanism, or the necessary and unguided motion of matter, make God to be nothing else in the world but an idle spectator of the various results of the fortuitous and necessary motions of bodies, and render his wisdom altogether useless and insignificant, as being a thing wholly enclosed and shut up within his own breast, and not at all acting abroad upon any thing without him.

“And as for the latter part of the disjunction, that every thing in nature should be done immediately by God himself; this, as, according to vulgar apprehension, it would render Divine Providence operose, solicitous, and distractions, and thereby make the belief of it to be entertained with greater difficulty, and give advantage to atheists,—so, in the judgment of the writer *De Mundo*, it is not so decorous in respect of God neither, that he should *αὐτοῦργεῖν ἅπαντα*, set his own hand, as it were, to every work, and immediately do all the meanest and triflingest things himself drudgingly, without making use of any inferior and subordinate instruments. Moreover, it seems not so agreeable to reason neither, that nature, as a distinct thing from the Deity, should be quite superseded or made to signify nothing, God himself doing all things immediately and miraculously; from whence it would follow also, that they are all done forcibly and violently, or else artificially only, and none of them by any inward principle of their own.

“Lastly, this opinion is further confuted by that slow and gradual process that is in the generation of things, which would seem to be but a vain and idle pomp, or a trifling formality, if the agent were omnipotent: as also by those *ἀμαρτήματα*, as Aristotle calls them, those errors and bumbles which are committed when the matter is inept or contumacious; which argue the agent not to be irresistible, and that nature is such a thing as is not altogether incapable, as well as human art, of being sometimes frustrated and disappointed by the indisposition of matter. Whereas an omnipotent agent, as it could despatch its work in a moment, so it would always do it infallibly and irresistibly; no ineptitude or stubbornness of matter being ever able to hinder such a one, or make him bungle or fumble in any thing.”

From these premisses the author concludes that there must be a plastic nature diffused throughout the universe, and acting like the principle of vegetation. Now, we must confess, that to us this seems to be the most unphilosophical part of the work, and that it savours more of heathen than of Christian philosophy. But it would be strange if a mind so occupied in poring over the confused mass of speculations and fancies which abound in the

writings of the Greek theists should not imbibe some of their spirit. Our author is obviously pleased with this conceit, and has made it a complete hobby; but this very thing is an argument in favour of his sincerity, and, though an excrescence, is not without its interest.

The fourth chapter, which is by far the longest, is occupied by an attempt to prove that the intelligent pagans generally acknowledged one supreme deity. This is the part of the work that called forth the animadversions of the Catholic above alluded to, who contended that the gods worshiped by the pagans were but deified men and women. They may be both right. The populace worshiped idols, and deified mortals, and personified operations of nature, *bonâ fide*, as real beings. The philosophers were sceptical as to the popular theology; and as their theism was for the most part speculative and philosophical, not practical and religious, there was nothing in their acknowledgment of a supreme *numen* that could render the Christian revelation superfluous, any more than if the whole mass of the pagan world were sunk into the grossest and most palpable idolatry. But in the illustration which our author gives of this part of his subject, there should have been a distinction made between those heathen writers who flourished before the time of Christ, and those who were acquainted with the doctrines of Christianity. His argument in this chapter goes to prove that the polytheism of the pagans is no objection to the naturalness of the idea of the unity and supremacy of God, because the more intelligent could discern and did acknowledge one Supreme. This point should have been confined to the writers who were unacquainted with the Christian scheme. It is very natural to suppose, that when the absurdities of pagan idolatry were made the subject of attack by the Christians, the advocates of that idolatry should endeavour to make out the best case that they could for themselves. Hence we find that the spirit of paganism was considerably changed by the introduction of Christianity, as the Roman-Catholic religion was somewhat softened by the influence of the Reformation. This, however, is abundantly obvious, viz. that if the idea of the supremacy of one God be not natural to man, yet, when proposed to the mind, it is readily recognised as conformable to truth. But

we pass by this subject, not desiring to enter into a discussion which rather belongs to theology than to criticism, and designing rather to give an account of what Cudworth has done, than of what he ought to have done.

This chapter brings into view the immense, the patient and accurate reading of its author, and yet it is not ostentatious withal. There seems to be an object, and that object kept steadily in view—there is no quotation which has not its palpable use in the argument; and though a hasty reader might be apt to imagine that less would suffice, yet it is felt in conclusion, that in all this abundance there is no superfluity; and it may be said of judicious quoters, as of the Israelites gathering manna in the Wilderness, “They that gathered little had no lack, and they that gathered much had none to spare.”

The fifth and last chapter is entitled “A particular Confutation of all the Atheistic Grounds.” From this part of the work have been drawn abundant diluted arguments on the subject of atheism: indeed, there is scarcely a single topic that has been overlooked. Those of our readers who are not intimate with the logic of the Epicurean poet will be diverted with the following extract concerning the logic of the atheists. After speaking of the evident traces of design which appear in the universe, he adds:

“Notwithstanding all which, the ancient atheists would undertake, by their wonderful skill in logic, to demonstrate that the frame of nature could not possibly be made by any intending cause, and for the sake of ends and uses; as, for example, that eyes could not be first of all made intentionally for the use of seeing, nor ears intentionally for the use of hearing, and so for the rest; because, forsooth, these things were all of them in order of time and nature before their several uses. The argument is seriously propounded by Lucretius, after this manner:

‘Nec fuit ante, videre, oculorum lumina nata,
Nec dictis orare, priusquam lingua creata est;
Sed potius longe linguæ præcessit origo
Sermonem, multoque creatæ sunt prius aures,
Quam sonus est auditus; et omnia denique membra
Ante fuere, ut opinor, eorum quam fuit usus.
Haud igitur potuere utendi crescere causa.’

Lucret., iv. v. 834, &c.

“To this sense there was no such thing as seeing before eyes were made, nor hearing before ears, nor speaking before the tongue. But the origin of the tongue much preceded speech; so likewise eyes and ears were made before there was any seeing of colours or hearing of sounds. In like manner, all the other members of the body were produced before their respective uses. And, therefore, they could not be made intentionally, for the sake of those uses. The force of which argument consisteth in this proposition: That whatsoever is made for the sake of another thing, must exist in time after the other thing for whose sake it was made; or, that for which any thing is made must not only be in order of nature, but also of time, before that which is made for it. Therefore, whosoever affirms eyes to have been made for the sake of seeing, must suppose, in like manner, there was some kind of seeing or other before eyes. But since there was no seeing at all before eyes, therefore could not eyes be made for seeing.”

Even this bauble of an argument does our author seriously set himself to confute—so that, in good truth, he leaves no stone unturned to effect the complete subversion of the atheistic hypothesis.

In this last chapter are many sound and sober remarks on the conceits of the philosopher of Malmsbury, but into these we have not now any intention of entering.

We cannot conclude this account of the *Intellectual System*, without noticing the sobriety of our author's expectations of the effect which his demonstrations would produce on the minds of the readers. In his preface, he writes:

“As for the last chapter, though it promise only a confutation of all the atheistic grounds, yet we do therein also demonstrate the absolute impossibility of all atheism, and the actual existence of a God. We say demonstrate, not *à priori*, which is impossible and contradictory; but by necessary inference, from principles altogether undeniable: for we can by no means grant to the atheists, that there is no more than a probable persuasion or opinion to be had of the existence of a God, without any certain knowledge of science. Nevertheless, it will not follow from hence, that whosoever shall read these demonstrations of ours, and understand all the words of them, must therefore of neces-

sity be presently convinced, whether he will or no, and put out of all manner of doubt and hesitancy concerning the existence of a God. For we believe that to be true, which some have affirmed, that were there any interest of life, any concernment of appetite and passion, against the truth of geometrical theorems themselves, as of a triangle having three angles equal to two right, whereby men's judgments may be clouded and bribed, notwithstanding all the demonstrations of them, many would remain at least sceptical about them."

WITCHCRAFT.*

[*Retrospective Review*, vol. v. pt. i. p. 86; 1822.]

THE titles placed at the head of this article may seem to the curious reader a promise of much amusement from the

* *The Discoverie of Witchcraft, wherein the lewde dealings of Witches and Witchmongers is notablie detected, the knaverie of Conjurors, the impietie of Inchanters, the follie of Soothsayers, the impudent falsehood of Couseners, the infidelitie of Atheists, the pestilent practices of Pythinists, the curiositie of Figurecasters, the vanitie of Dreamers, the beggarlie art of Alcumystrie, &c., are deciphered.* By Reginald Scott, Esq. 1584.

A Discovery of the Fraudulent Practices of John Darrel, Bachelor of Artes, in his Proceedings concerning the pretended Possession and Dispossession of William Somers, at Nottingham, &c. By Dr. Harsnett. 1599.

Demonologie, in form of a Dialogue. Divided into three books. Written by the High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of England, &c. Works. 1616.

Select Cases of Conscience touching Witches and Witchcraft. By John Gaule, Preacher of the Word at Great Staughten, in the county of Huntingdon. 1646.

The Discovery of Witches, in Answer to severall Queries lately delivered to the Judges of Assize for the county of Norfolk; and now published by Matthew Hopkins, Witch-finder, for the benefit of the whole Kingdom. 1647.

An Advertisement to the Jurymen of England, touching Witches, together with a difference between an English and Hebrew Witch. By Sir R. Filmer. 1653.

A Candle in the Dark: shewing the Divine Cause of the Distractions of the whole Nation of England and of the Christian World. By Thomas Ady, M.A. 1655.

The Question of Witchcraft debated. 2d ed. By John Wagstaffe. 1671.

The Doctrine of Devils proved to be the grand Apostacy of these later Times. 1676.

The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft, &c. By John Webster, Practitioner in Physick. 1677.

books themselves; but if our own experience may be relied upon, however they may "keep that word of promise to the ear," they will "break it to the hope," like the beings of whom they treat, and leave him with fatigued attention and depressed imagination, and a loathing, grieved, and humbled heart. This is not all, indeed, that the perusal is likely to accomplish; if it were so, our notice of them would be so like a malicious attempt upon the time and patience of the reader, in revenge for having lost our own, that the compact between us must be firm as that of witch and devil to hold us together afterwards. Had we so much of the very "lob of spirits" in us, as to beckon him to follow

"Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale, thorough flood, thorough fire,"

only to be tired, scratched, drenched, and burnt for his pains, our pages would well deserve to be exorcised and consigned to that rapacious gulf, that Red Sea of literature, the trunk-maker's warehouse. The tale of wise men's weaknesses, and good men's undesigned but cruel injustice, and of the abject superstitions of the vulgar, and the guilt of impostors, and the sufferings of the innocent, is melancholy enough; but there it is that we may successfully seek for sound instruction on the nature of man, and thence may we derive cheering hopes of the progress of mind; and while the polished periods of history are but a gliding over the surface of society, there may we inspect its materials, and learn more about the great mass of the people, their

Melampronœa; or, a Discourse of the Polity and Kingdom of Darkness, together with a Solution of the chiefest Objections brought against the being of Witches. By Henry Hallywell, M.A. 1681.

A Tryal of Witches at the Assizes held at Bury St. Edmond's, for the county of Suffolk, on the 10th of March 1664, before Sir M. Hale, Knt. 1682.

The Certainty of the World of Spirits, &c., fully evinced by the unquestionable Histories of Apparitions, Operations, Witchcrafts, Voices, &c. By Richard Baxter. 1691.

An Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft. By Francis Hutchinson, D.D. 1720.

Sadducismus Triumphatus; or, a full and plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions. By Joseph Glanvil, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to King Charles II., and F.R.S. 1726.

opinions, habits, apprehensions, miseries, than from all that ever has been or can be told of illustrious characters and great events. But the witches of our dramatists, and of Shakespeare especially, being as buoyant on the fancy, and floating on the top of men's minds as fatally for truth as, for themselves, their prototypes might have done on the waters,—by which all real witch-finders would have tried them,—it becomes needful to premise the kind of entertainment to which we are inviting our readers, and to tell them that “’tis no poetic feast,” where the divine cookery of genius, with an art beyond that of Dr. Kitchener himself, or of his renowned predecessor,—who conjured a bit of old leather into the most delicious viand that was ever tasted,—transforms garbage into celestial food, but that we only present the raw material, unwarmed by that Promethean fire. Ours is the mere prose version of the story; it is Plato's man, as defined practically in the plucked bird of Diogenes; but like that too, we trust, making some amends by a wholesome moral for a cruel operation and disgusting exhibition.

The cave of the Weird Sisters was no paradise, nor was it angel's food that they stirred in their boiling caldron; yet, with all the historical world of witchcraft before us where to choose, we have cast back many a lingering look to the scene of their incantations; and that caldron, with its hell-broth, has bubbled in our memories like one of the flesh-pots of Egypt. They are no vulgar witches. Their rags are picturesque as Roman drapery. They are “so withered and so wild in their attire,” that they “look not like the inhabitants o' the earth.” They are not of the earth, though they may be of hell. They call the fiends their masters, but rather like those who yield a voluntary deference to superior rank, than those who tremble at the rod. They are no base menials to do the devil's drudgery. They meddle in high matters, and promise crowns, though they wear none. The means they use is “a deed without a name,” an expression more awful than even their own incantations; and the feats they achieve are magnificently told by their tool and victim, by him whose soul was their sacrifice, his own ambition the infernal fire they kindled to consume the offering, and his ill-gotten diadem the garland for the fatal ceremony.

“ Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
 Confound and shallow navigation up ;
 Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down ;
 Though castles topple on their warders’ heads ;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
 Of nature’s germins tumble all together,
 Even till destruction sicken—”

How miserable to descend from such creations as these to the common parish witch, an old woman “ with a wrinkled face, a furred brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice or a scolding tongue, having a rugged coat on her back, a skull-cap on her head, a spindle in her hand, and a dog or cat by her side ;” pelted and persecuted by all the neighbourhood, because the farmer’s cart had stuck in the gateway, or some idle boy had pretended to spit pins and needles for the sake of a holiday from school or work ; harried by the witch-finders till, what with shaving all over to search for imp-marks, and half drowning by the trial of water, and walking her incessantly, and fasting for four-and-twenty or eight-and-forty hours to produce confession, they bewilder her into nonsensical talk ; and then, should she survive it all, preached to, sworn against, convicted, and hung at the next assizes ! Such was the witch of real life, at the time when, unhappily, witchcraft was most rife in England.

That time was from the commencement of the reign of James the First till near the conclusion of that of James the Second. It was only during that interval that witchcraft, properly so called,—for it must not be confounded with magic, conjurations, apparitions, possessions, &c., which, though *ejusdem generis*, are yet very different species,—was so abundant in this country as to make it a national superstition. Then was the art most common in practice amongst the ignorant, and its theory was brought to highest perfection by the learned. Then were the devil’s sabbaths held most merrily, as if his *infernal* majesty had taken a lesson from his *sacred* majesty, and issued a book of sports for his loyal subjects. Then were deeds and bonds of awful obligation so multiplied, as if the reprobate souls of all the lawyers of Christendom had been industriously labouring in their vocation in their new country,

and meriting, if not attaining, the highest honours of its government. Then was fought the great controversial battle on this subject, in which Scott gallantly led on the van of the rationalists to the attack, and Glanvil as gallantly fought in the rear-guard of the routed demonists. Witchcraft and kingcraft both came in with the Stuarts, and went out with them. The Revolution put to rights the faith of the country, as well as its constitution; aided by the Whigs for the one purpose, and by the Royal Society for the other. The information diffused by the band of philosophers, touched though many of them might be by the current prejudices and superstitions of the times, had a happy influence, and combined well with the efforts of those who more directly applied themselves to the matter in question. Several other causes coöperated for the healing of this mischief. The laws were more liberally interpreted and more rationally administered. The trade of witch-finding ceased to be reputable or profitable. The demon of fanaticism was exorcised, and the Separatists were dispossessed of their original enthusiasm. The wand of the Popish conjurer was also broken. Yet, after all, the decline of this diabolical empire was scarcely so rapid as had been its rise, which is not quite so easily accounted for. The publication of that silly compilation of exotic tales and fancies, the *Demonology* of James, together with the severe law enacted in his reign,—for laws have often made and multiplied crimes,—no doubt materially aided, though something had been done before by the statutes of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.

James assigns, as reasons for the publication of his *Demonology*, both the increase of witches, and the denial of their existence.

“The fearful abounding, at this time, in this country, of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me (beloved reader) to dispatch, in post, this following treatise of mine, not in any wise (as I protest) to serve for a shew of my learning and ingine, but only (moved of conscience) to preasse thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many, both that such assaults of Satan are most certainly practised, and that the instruments thereof merit most severely to be punished: against the damnable opinions of two princi-

pally, in our age, whereof the one called Scott, an Englishman, is not ashamed, in publicke print, to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft," &c.

In cap. 7 he again adverts to the comparative novelty of this kind of superstition :

"For, as we know, moe ghosts and spirits were seen nor tongue can tell in the time of blind Papistrie in these countries, where now, by the contrarie, a man shall scarcely all his time hear once of such things ; and yet were these unlawful arts farre rarer at that time, and never were so much heard of, nor so rife, as they are now."

His vigorous opposition, however, made them much more rife. It is as if the devil avenged on the episcopally christened Solomon of the west the insults he had sustained from Solomon of the east. The latter sent out of his country all the demons that could be found, safe packed in a vessel of brass, to be buried at Babylon ; and the former imported, by his book, all that were flying about Europe, to plague the country which was sufficiently plagued already in such a sovereign. But tradition makes the one the greatest of magicians, and authentic history declares the other to have been no conjurer.

The evil arrived at its greatest height during the civil war, and under the domination of the sectaries. Hutchinson says :

"In 103 years, from the statute against witchcraft, in the 33d of Henry VIII., till 1644, when we were in the midst of our civil wars, I find but about fifteen executed ; but in the sixteen years following, while the government was in other hands, there were an hundred and nine, if not more, condemned and hanged. In the five years following, before the late notions were well considered, I find five witches condemned, and three of them, if not all five, executed ; and three after, at Exeter, 1682. Since then, that is, in thirty-six years last past, I have not yet met with one witch hanged in England. In Scotland, indeed, and New England, several have suffered, but in England not one that I know of."

Witchcraft had flourished and declined in several countries of Europe, before it came over to England by royal invitation, to run here a similar career of frenzy, imposture, and bloodshed. The phenomena of its rise and

subsidence were very similar. Laws were enacted against it, commissioners or inquisitors were appointed, volumes of horrid and extraordinary tales were published, confessions were elicited by torture, or volunteered by insanity, the gibbet groaned, the stake blazed, and every body was either witch or bewitched. But presently the laws relaxed, the executioner grew tired, the commissions were dissolved, the books ceased to be read, and the world went on as it had done before—rather better, perhaps. Some little treasonable intercourse with “the enemy,” or suspicion of it, or hankering after it, there undoubtedly was, previous to this bustle; but still it is most evident that the degree of it which produced such laws and executions was trifling indeed in comparison with that which they, in turn, produced. They inflamed the public imagination, and tempted superstitious wickedness to embark on the ocean of crime, of which they published the chart; and superstitious weakness to fancy itself an unwilling, yet guilty agent, or a devoted victim; and gave imposture an opportunity for safely gratifying the most malignant propensities.

But little was heard of witchcraft, properly so called, till about the middle or latter end of the fifteenth century, when Pope Innocent VIII. directed a bull to the inquisitors of Almain, empowering them to discover and burn witches. From this time the frenzy floated from country to country, raging a short time in each, and then the persecution and the imagined crime ceased together. A few articles from Hutchinson’s Chronological Table will illustrate its trans-
itions, and the havoc which it made.

1485. Cumanus burnt forty-one poor women for witches, in the country of Burlia, in one year. He caused them to be shaven first, that they might be searched for marks. He continued the prosecutions in the years following, and many fled out of the country.

About this time, Alciat, a famous lawyer, in his *Parerga*, says, one inquisitor burnt a hundred in Piedmont, and proceeded daily to burn more, till the people rose against the inquisitor and chased him out of the country.

1515. Forty-eight were burnt about this time in Ravensburg, in five years; five hundred at Geneva, in three months.

1524. About this time, a thousand burnt in one year

in the diocese of Como, and a hundred per annum for several years together.

1580. In fifteen years, from 1580 to 1595, Remigius burnt nine hundred in Lorrain; as many more fled out of the country to save their lives; and fifteen laid violent hands on themselves, rather than endure the tortures that they put them to; and whole towns were ready to leave their habitations for fear of witches. Great numbers also were tortured and destroyed in Spain and Germany.

1590. Most of this winter spent in examination of witches and sorcerers in Scotland.

1594. In the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, "the crime of witchcraft was grown so common at that miserable time, that the parliament gaols would not hold the prisoners, nor had they judges enough to hear their causes. Their seats of justice were daily stained with their blood, and they hardly ever went home to their houses otherwise than astonished at the hideous and frightful things which the witches confessed."

1619. The author of *Cautio Criminalis* saith, that about that time the German princes finding no cure, but increase, by executions of witches, began to stay their hands, and fear they had done wrong.

1634. The celebrated possession of the nuns of Loudun.

1649. Great numbers burnt in Scotland in those unsettled times, estimated at about four thousand.

1670. Seventy condemned, and most of them executed, at Mohra, in Sweden, besides many children whipped.

1672. A very great number of shepherds and other people accused of witchcraft at Rouen; the proceedings were stopped by royal authority.

1678. Six executed in Scotland for bewitching Sir George Maxwell.

1682. Several punished by the Portuguese Inquisition.

1692. Nineteen hanged at Salem, in New England. Many more imprisoned.

We pass over now the executions in England, as we shall have occasion to advert to them, together with other facts connected with the history of witchcraft, after attempting a picture of the theory of that art, as exhibited by the writers whom we have consulted.

Magic is the genus, witchcraft the species ; and the specific distinction is, that the wonders of the latter are effected by virtue of a compact, express or implied, between the devil, or rather a devil, and a witch. Glanvil says, "a witch is one who can do, or seems to do, strange things, beyond the known power of art and ordinary nature, by virtue of a confederacy with evil spirits." In this confederacy, this covenant of death, which the devil makes, in imitation of God's covenant of grace, lay the essence of the crime, of which the havoc made in consequence on man, beasts, or nature constituted the overt acts.

A subject of much discussion was, whether any results out of the ordinary course of nature could be produced, saving miracles by divine agency or that of angels or saints, except by such a contract : in other words, whether all magic ought not to be resolved into witchcraft. The witch-believers generally, as the controversy advanced, inclined towards this opinion, though some still clung to the more ancient notion, that charms, consisting of certain words or figures, or herbs properly disposed, had an inherent virtue, or might elicit the aid of good spirits, or even enable the bold operator to command the ministry of evil spirits, without subjecting himself to their dominion. This last practice was justly deemed, even if innocent, to be dangerous ; and, as one of the interlocutors in the *Demonology* observes : "They that sup keile with the devil have need of long spoons." It was also debated, whether, supposing charms to operate merely by demoniacal agency, that agency was voluntary or compelled : some maintaining that the devil spontaneously took the opportunity of displaying his power, that he might entrap the conjurer ; and others suspecting that there were certain clauses in the constitution of the kingdom of darkness, compelling its members to render services to man when properly invoked.

The magic of heathen antiquity was, to all appearance at least, entirely free from the infernal compact. The hags of Thessaly sold not their souls, but wrought at a much cheaper rate. The divination of Greece and Rome derived its infallibility from certain secret, but widely diffused, sympathies in nature, by which the cackling of geese, or the appetite of chickens, or the croaking of ravens, or the

flight of various kinds of birds, or the entrails of sacrificed animals, became indicative of mightier movements in the great machine, which were by these means suggested to the wise; as, to the practised physiognomist, some slight convulsion of feature may predict the brewing of a storm of passion, which bursts most unexpectedly on the unobserving; or else they were a species of oracle, the gods explaining themselves by signs instead of words. They had faith, too, in the inherent efficacy of magic verse, and of rare stones and herbs, with or without the conjoined power of sidereal influences. If the aid of gods or demons was needful, it was not basely purchased, or sold a hard bargain, like the devil's wares, but accorded to the potency of command, to the intensity of supplication, or in grateful acknowledgment of the pleasant fumes of sacrifice or incense. So far as mere divination was concerned, Cicero gives us its theory: "Primum a deo, deinde a fato, deinde a naturâ, vis omnis divinandi ratioque repetenda." And nature, fate, and the gods generously acceded to these cravings for knowledge, by dreams, omens, and portents, by sortilege, the ravings of insanity, by temporary meteors and the eternal stars. But human nature craves for power as well as knowledge. Yet here the means which have been already mentioned sufficed for the grandest operations. Scott thus quotes *Virgil*, as translated by Tho. Pha

" These herbs did Meris give to me,
And poisons pluckt at Pontus;
For there they grow and multiplie,
And doe not so amongst us.

" With these she made hir selfe become
A wolfe, and hid hir in the wood;
She fetcht up souls out of their toome,
Removing corne from where it stood."

Eclog. viii.

And Tibullus, lib. i. *Eleg. ii.*:

" She plucks each star out of his throne,
And turneth back the raging waves;
With charmes she makes the earth to cone,
And raiseth soules out of their graves:
She burnes men's bones as with a fire,
And pulleth downe the lights from heaven,
And makes it snowe at hir desire,
E'en in the midst of summer season."

Scott has a multitude of similar quotations from the Roman classics, nor were they foreign to his subject; for not only did St. Augustin believe in the metamorphosis of Ulysses and his companions into swine, but Pope Leo VII. held for canonical the transformations of Apuleius and Lucian.

Several Catholic writers seriously appealed to such passages in proof of the reality of witchcraft. They neglected one *morceau* of Horace, which Scott did not fail to apply :

“ Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque, Thessala, rides.”

“ These dreams and terrors magical,
These miracles and witches,
Night-walking sprites, or Thessal bugs,
Esteem them not two rushes.”

Omens and portents, ghosts, and divination in its various forms, astrology, chiromancy, sortilegy, catoptromancy, &c., passed by wholesale from ancient into modern, from Pagan into Christian, superstition. These are beside our present subject. Their witchcraft was copied, with greater modifications as to the means, the charms being Christianised, or rather devilised, and the compact was added, which, when invented, became the very head and front of the offence, and was, indeed, that which constituted the art a crime; but many of the feats were pretty much the same, especially lycanthropia, or the witch's own transformation into a wolf, which often occurred in the sixteenth century, and her propensity to transform others into brutal shapes. Two Italian “alewives” drove an excellent trade by this art, for they made horses of all the travellers who refreshed themselves at their house, and sold them at neighbouring fairs or markets.

One of the most ancient tricks of witchcraft appears to have been conjuring corn from one field into another, which was made a capital offence by the Law of the Twelve Tables: “ Qui fruges incantasset, pœnis dato, neve alienam segetem pellexeris excantando, neque incantando, ne agrum defrüganto.” Pliny reports a notable trial, under this law, of one C. Furius Cresinus, who was accused on the presumptive evidence of his grounds bearing particularly

good crops. He produced in court his "ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels, and other instruments of husbandry; his oxen, horses, and working bullocks, his servants, and also his daughter, which was a sturdy wench, and a good huswife," exclaiming, as Othello did, "These only are the witchcraft I have used."

Witchcraft by compact was not of Jewish origin. The Jews were addicted to divination, and sometimes ventured upon calling up spirits by conjuration; but they chiefly wrought by words and numbers, and stood very much on the defensive, endeavouring to protect themselves, their families and houses, against Sammael, the devil, and Lilis, his wife or mother, who was very troublesome and murderous amongst the children. They had good recipes for laying amatory demons, as we read in Tobit. Their opinions and practices in that part of their history which belongs to canonical scripture were the subjects of warm discussion; but the pleaders for the antiquity of witchcraft were sorely distressed by the challenge of their opponents to produce a single text declaratory of the reality and power of this infernal compact.

Before the superstition of paganism was wholly worn out there arose a pseudo-Christian demonology, which blended with it to produce the embryo of that monstrous and miserable being, the witch of the dark ages. Air, earth, and sea were peopled with devils, and these devils identified with the objects of heathen adoration; and all the tricks of priests, cheats of jugglers, tales of poets, and traditionary wonders of the vulgar, were soon received as facts, acknowledged to be supernatural, and traced to the agency of these infernal beings, the extent of whose power was continually magnified, their numbers multiplied, the policy of their proceedings more accurately developed, and their union with human coöperators drawn into a closer bond. According to Hallywell, who follows "Marcus the Eremite, a skilful dæmonist," there are six kinds:

"The first fiery, called Lelurion, *i.e.* nocturnal fire, and these wander in the tops of the aiery region, yet far beneath the moon; the second are aiery, whose mansions are these lower regions nearer to us; the third are terrestrial, dwelling upon the earth, and perilous foes to mankind; the fourth are aquatic, or watery, keeping their

haunts about rivers, lakes, and springs,—drowning men often, raising storms at sea, and sinking ships; the fifth sort are subterranean, living in caverns and hollows of the earth,—often hurting and killing well-diggers and miners for metals, causing earthquakes and eruptions of flames and pestilent winds; the last and worst sort are these light-hating ghosts, or night-walkers, the darkest and most scrutable kind, and striking all things they meet with cold passions. And all these demons, saith he, hate both gods and men, but some worse than others.”

Here, then, every one addicted to magic might find a devil to his taste, and every devil a witch according to his:

“And these demons take care to suit themselves to the tempers of those they have familiarity withal; and the devils with whom Apollonius conversed might be far different from those fouler and grosser fiends that attend a wicked sorceress, daily sucking her blood, and nestling in her loathsome rags.”

Towards their chieftain this author is disposed to use and recommend respectful language: “That mighty angel of darkness is not foolishly and idly to be scoffed at or blasphemed;” and he pleads the scriptural precept not to speak evil of dignities, for—

“The devil may properly be looked upon as a dignity, though his glory be pale and wan, and those once bright and orient colours faded and darkened in his robes; and the scriptures represent him as a prince, though it be of devils.”

But while the leader appears not “less than archangel ruined,” many of his followers are supposed not to be over-wise, and all to contract grossness by being compelled to live in this lower atmosphere. These were the merry devils, the Robin Goodfellows, that played practical jokes, and made fun for the recreation of the witches and their own amusement. Glanvil thinks there are as many fools out of the body as in the body. A considerable number of these demons, or, according to some, a distinct class in alliance with them, was the produce of those unlawful loves which, according to a current misinterpretation of an expression in Genesis, inflamed the bosoms and united the persons of the fairest daughters of men and some of the brightest angels of heaven. The fairies, and similar sprites, are, as Baxter conjectures, another class—denizens of the

air, and formed to swim in it, as fishes in the sea. And there is yet another class, to do the dirtiest work of this great empire, and preserve the dignity of its nobility from contamination, consisting of their earthly recruits, the damned souls of departed conjurers :

“It is not necessary to suppose the grandees of the airy principality to trade with witches, but that the souls of extremely wicked persons, after their release from the body, may do these feats. For whether we suppose that such as in this life have incorporated themselves into the dark society by all manner of vicious and flagitious actions are, when loosened by death from their terrestrial bodies, the vassals and slaves of these crafty demons, whose cursed inspirations and counsels they so eagerly followed, and so by them are employed in these abominable offices; or whether the proclivity of their own natures to all enormous wickedness may not induce them to attempt familiarity and society with sorcerers and witches, especially since those radicated and confirmed habits of vice, contracted in this life, are rather heightened and increased than any way diminished or abated by the releasement from the flesh, and consequently it may be accounted by them a pleasant sport and pastime to tempt and inveigle such desolate and forlorn mortals: either of these ways is sufficient to beget a probability that those familiars of witches to whom they have linked themselves may be no other than human souls deeply sunk and drowned in wickedness.”—*Melampronœa*, p. 80.

The best account of the power of devils is that given by the celebrated (and persecuted) Dr. Bekker, from Schottus, in his *World Bewitched*. We quote from a translation of *Le Monde Enchanté*, dated 1695 :

“The devils operate some things by motion, others by the active virtue of natural causes, and others by illusion.

“They alledge fifteen sorts of their operations by their motion from one place to another, of which the first five consist in real operations, and the nine last in meer representations. Those of the first class are: first, they cause fire to descend from heaven, as 'tis related in the first chapter of Job; second, according to the same history, they may raise storms and tempests; third, they may likewise cause rain, bring fair weather, make winds blow upon the

sea, stop the course of vessels, and overturn them; fourth, they may produce earthquakes; fifth, they may transport through the air, or in some other manner, the bodies of men, and all other sorts of bodies."

Our author afterwards relates what they operate by motions of mere representation to the internal and external senses:

"1. They render visible things invisible, suddenly snatching them from the sight of men. 2. They make statues and other inanimate objects move and walk. 3. They make them speak. 4. They make appear man and beast in their dead bodies, as though they were alive. 5. They take upon them aerial bodies, and by that means produce several effects. 6. They represent the figure of all sorts of matter, either gold, silver, precious stones, or others. 7. They direct in such a manner the animal spirits of men, that they make appear to them past, present, and future things in their own shape, and perswade them that they see, hear, and do things that are not real. 8. They cause pineings and violent diseases in human bodies. 9. By dreams they present to people such objects as are absent and remote, and forewarn them of future things. 10. They produce in men the passions of love, hatred, anger, and fury.

"The second sort of diabolical operations is no less credited; it consisting in the active virtue of natural things, and therefore 'tis believed that by the power of the devil, whether he acts immediately and by himself, or by wizards and witches, herbs, fruits, waters, and most other matters, may be mixed in some sort and degree, and with the proportions requisite for it, whereby food, drink, physick, or some other potion may be made up, that shall cause a great deal of hurt to man and beast. 'Tis also believed that all these things may be done by natural ways, but that they are not easily, readily, and efficaciously performed by the power and craft of the devil without being perceived by the most skilful men, who can never do the like.

"As to the illusions, they must be understood in this sense,—that the devils, indeed, do something, but not whatever they seem to operate. For 'tis not doubted but the devil can do whatever is possible to be done by natural means, and which may happen in process of time by the

ordinary course of nature without the coöperation of that wicked spirit, as we shall say anon; but he has this power by God's permission, to imploy all the forces of nature for the producing of what effect he desires; whence often proceeds that men, either by ignorance, or because some extraordinary objects and events come before them, believe things are not in being, or perswade themselves that the devil performs some certain effects that are not natural. In the mean while it remains constant and undoubted that the devil has power to do whatever has been already mentioned, as also whatever I am going to say.

"I mean to speak of illusions, which Schottus, together with Delrio and Molina, declares to be of three sorts: those that are made by the change of the objects; those that are made by the change of the air; and those that happen by the change of the organs of the senses.

"First. Illusions are made by the change of the object, when one thing is substituted instead of another, that has been suddenly and imperceptibly snatched away; or when an object is presented to the eyes in such a state and manner as that it produces a false vision; or when any object made up of air, or of some other element, offers itself to the sight; or, lastly, when there appears any thing composed of different matters mingled together, so skilfully prepared that what existed before receives thereby another form and figure.

"Second. The change of the air is made by these ways: when the devil hinders, lest the object should pass through air and hit our eyes; when he disposes the air that is betwixt the object and the eye in such a manner that the object appears in another figure than really it is; when he thickens the air, to make the object appear greater than it is, and to hinder it from being seen in other places but the place he designs; when he moves the air in the place through which the object is to hit the eye, that the object, going through that part of the air, may also be moved, and that its figure may be represented to the eye otherwise than it is; and lastly, when he mingles and confounds together several different figures, in order that in one only object there may appear many together.

"Third. The organs of the senses are changed when they are either transferred from their places and altered;

when their humours and active particles are corrupted or thickened; or when such a shining brightness passes before the eyes that they are dazzled, so that it seems that a man raves waking."

From the classes and powers of devils we naturally come, in our portraiture of the belief of our ancestors on this subject, to those of their confederates and victims. Gaule's second case of conscience is, "How many kinds of witches may there be conceived?" In reply he specifies eight classes, though his enumeration is confessedly imperfect, distinguished by their operations; they are—1, the diviner, gipsy, or fortune-telling witch; 2, the astrologian, star-gazing, planetary, prognosticating witch, who works by signs or numbers; 4, the venefick or poisonous witch; 5, the exorcist, or conjuring witch; 6, the gastromantick witch; 7, the magical, speculative, sciential, or arted witch; 8, the necromancer. He censures the common distinction of white and black witch, declaring the former to be the worst, and resolves the whole into arted and pacted witches; the former relying upon science, and the occult qualities of nature, which are the devil's trap for finer minds; and the latter:

"Only operative about some prodigious or præstigious things, and that only by vertue of a superstitious compact made with the divell, without or against all rules and orders of nature, art, or grace."

Another general distinction is of the active and the passive witch:

"One, as it were, tempting the divell; the other rather tempted by him. One, as it were, the author, and the divell the instrument; the other but the bare instrument, and the divell the sole author. One maliciously rejoicing and glorying in prodigious pranks and exploits, the other somewhat irking and ashamed. One not infesting onely, but infecting also, by seeking to make other witches; the other willing, or wishing, rather to be unmade itself."

There are also "mixtly passive," who are both obsessed and operative. He marks certain degrees of criminality:

"1. From the time: as the inveterate witch is to be thought worse than the novice. 2. Place: as a witch at court is worse than a witch in the country, and a witch in the church worse than a witch in her own cell. 3. Sexe:

as the male witch is worse than the female ; for though she may be more envious and malicious, yet he has abused the abler and nobler sexe. 4. Degree or quality : as Jesabel was worse than the witch of Endor. 5. Profession : as the Christian witch is worse than the Pagan. 6. Office : as the clericall is worse than the layicke witch. 7. Object : as to practise witchcraft on men is worse than if on beasts only. 8. Malicious intent : as to have made one witch is worse than to have bewitched many."

Gaule, who was a moderate man, and whose book, by its exposure of some of the nefarious arts of witch-finders, was really of service to the cause of humanity, gives us the following abstract of the witches' feasts, according to their own confessions or boasts, and the popular tradition, and of the means by which, under Satan, they were accustomed to work. His doubts as to the first relate chiefly to the reality of the facts, not to the sincerity of the witches or the bewitched, for he imagined their senses to be effectually imposed upon by the devil.

"They tell us—and the vulgar second them with numberless traditions—of their reading in the moon all things that shall come to passe for a thousand generations. Of their reading by star-light what another has written in his closet a thousand miles off. Of causing the voyces of two in conference to be mutually heard, although as distant one from another as the east is from the west. Of their being metamorphosed or turned into beasts, bears, dogs, wolves, goats, catts, hares, &c. Of their cutting one another's heads off, and setting them on again ; suffering their limbs to be pluckt asunder, and knitting them to again immediately. Of their riding long and tedious journeys upon broomes and distaffes, and their sayling over seas in eggshells. Of their eating up whole fields of corn or hay, and drinking up whole rivers in seives. Of presenting a curious banquet upon the table, and inviting thereto their guests out of fairy-land. Of making a garden of delicate flowers to spring up in your parlour in the dead of winter. Of raising stormes and showers out of tubs, turning streams backward, haling ships laden against wind and water with haires or twined threads. Of making a cocke or flye to draw the hugest beame. Of giving potions to make people love or hate as they please, making the

strength of youth impotent, and dead bodies viripotent. Of making bodies impenetrable or shot-free, annoynting the weapon, and curing the wound, without the least virtuall contiguity, and turning all metals into gold. Drinking off a glasse of clarret, and make it to spout out of the forehead presently. Shewing you such and such faces in glasses, &c. What should I tell of their feates wrought by figures, characters, spells, ligatures, circles, numbers, barbarismes, images of wax or clay, crystalles, looking-glasses, basons of waters, herbs, powders, unguents, sawes, knives, pins, needles, candles, rings, garters, gloves, &c.

“1. Some worke their bewitchings only by way of invocation or imprecation ; they wish it or will it, and so it falls out. 2. Some by way of emissary, sending out their imps or familiars to crosse the way, justle, affront, flash in the face, barke, howle, bite, scratch, or otherwise infest. 3. Some by inspecting or looking on ; but to glare, squint, or peep at, with an envious and evill eye, is sufficient to effascinate, especially infants and women with child. 4. Some by a demisse hollow muttering or mumbling. 5. Some by breathing and blowing on ; the usuall way of the venefick. 6. Some by cursing and banning. 7. Some by blessing and praising. 8. Some revengefully, by occasion of ill turnes. 9. Some ingrately, and by occasion of good turnes. 10. Some by leaving something of theirs in your house. 11. Some by getting something of yours into their house. 12. Some have a more especiall way of working by severall elements—earth, water, ayre, or fire ; but who can tell all the manner of wayes of a witche’s working, that works not only darkly and closely, but variously and versatilly, as God will permit, the devil can suggest, or the malicious hag devise to put in practice ?”

Gaule fell short both of the faith and charity of his predecessors. The Romish Church appointed penances for converted witches ; but, according to him, “the solemnly pacted, maliciously active, and utterly apostate witch, neither can, nor will, nor shall” repent and be saved. He says, “God hath universally declared himself for their damnation ; and it is safest always to judge after his sentence.” This is taking the safe side with a vengeance. At the same time, he was a little tainted with the scepticism

of that Irish prelate who qualified his admiration of *Gulliver's Travels* by hinting that there were some things in them of which he had his doubts. He demurs to some of the ceremonies in the current account of the celebration of the solemn league and covenant. He has, however, very well condensed the circumstances supposed to accompany it :

“ The convention for such a solemn initiation being proclaimed (by some herald imp) to some others of the confederation, on the Lord's-day, or some great holiday or chief festivall, they meete in some church, neer the font or high altar, and that very early, before the consecrated bell hath toll'd, or the least sprinkling of holy water ; or else very late, after all services are past and over. Where the party, in some vesture for that purpose, is presented, by some confederate or familiar, to the prince of devills sitting now in a throne of infernall majesty, appearing in the form of a man (only labouring to hide his cloven foot). To whom, after bowing, and homage done in kissing his backe parts, a petition is presented to be received unto his association and protection ; and first, if the witch be outwardly Christian, baptism must be renounced, and the party must be re-baptized in the devill's name, and a new name is also imposed by him ; and here must be godfathers too, for the devill takes them not to be so adult as to promise and vow for themselves. But above all he is very busie with his long nayles, in scraping and scratching those places of the forehead where the signe of the crosse was made, or where the chrisme was laid. In stead of both which, he himselfe impresses or inures the marke of the beast, the devill's flesh brand, upon one or other part of the body ; and teaches them to make an oyle or oyntment of live infants, stoln out of the cradles—before they be signed with the sign of the crosse—or dead ones stolne out of their graves, the which they are to boyle to a jelly ; and then drinking one part and besmearing themselves with another, they forthwith feel themselves imprest and endowed with the faculties of this mysticall art. Further, the witch—for his or her part—vowes — either by word of mouth, or peradventure by writing, and that in their own blood—to give both body and soull to the devill ; to deny and defie God the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghost ; but especially the blessed

Virgin, convitiating her with one infamous nickname or other ; to abhor the word and sacraments, but especially to spit at the saying of masse ; to spurne at the crosse, and tread saints' images under feet ; and, as much as possibly they may, to profane all saints' reliques, holy water, consecrated salt, wax, &c. To bee sure to fast on Sundayes, and eate flesh on Fridays, not to confesse their sinnes however they do, especially to a priest. To separate from the Catholicke Church, and despise his vicar's primacy. To attend his nocturnall conventicles, sabbaths, sacrifices. To take him for their God ; worship, invoke, obey him, &c. To devote their children to him, and to labour all that they may to bring others into the same confederacy. Then the devill for his part promises to be always present with them, to serve them at their beck. That they shall have their wills upon any body ; that they shall have what riches, honours, pleasures, they can imagine ; and if any be so wary as to think of their future being, he tells them they shall be principalities ruling in the ayre ; or shall but be turned into imps at worst. Then he preaches to them to be mindfull of their covenant, and not to faile to revenge themselves upon their enemies. Then he commands to them—for these purposes—an impe or familiar, in the shape of dogge, cat, mouse, rat, weasle, &c. After this they shake hands, embrace in armes, dance, feast, and banquet, according as the devill has provided in imitation of the supper. Nay, ofttimes he marries them, ere they part, either to himselfe or their familiar, or to one another, and that by the Book of Common Prayer—as a pretender to witch-finding told me in the audience of many. After this they part, till the next great conventicle or sabbath of theirs, which is to meet thrice in a year, conveyed as swift as the winds from remotest parts of the earth, where the most notorious of them meet to redintegrate their covenant, and give account of their improvement. Where they that have done the most execrable mischief, and can brag of it, make most merry with the devill, and they that have been indiligent, and have done but petty services in comparison, are jeered and derided by the devill and all the rest of the company. And such as are absent, and have no care to be assoygned, are amerced to this penalty, to be beaten on the palms of their feete, to be whipt with iron rods, to be pincht and

suckt by their familiars till their heart-blood come, till they repent them of their sloath, and promise more attendance and diligence for the future."

King James refers, in proof of the odd sort of homage here described, to a practice which is not now, we apprehend, quite so common in Hindostan :

"Though it seeme ridiculous, yet may it likewise be true, seeing we read that in Calicute, he, the devil, appearing in form of a goat-bucke, hath publickly that unhonest homage done unto him by every one of the people."

Notwithstanding Gaule's doubts, there was more ample testimony to these solemnities than to any thing else in the whole history of witchcraft. The confessions of the culprits themselves are remarkably ample on this point, both in number and explicitness. Glanvil has preserved a very decisive one, made by Agnes Sympson, when examined before James, then King of Scots, in 1590, which is supposed, with some probability, to have corrected the youthful scepticism of that monarch, and prepared him for becoming the author of the *Demonology*. It corresponds exactly with the description, with the exception of the abjuration of Roman-Catholic peculiarities, and of some few particulars, which are supplied from other depositions.

The vulgar belief was, that the witches were corporeally present on these occasions ; but the philosophers of superstition maintained that, frequently at least, they were only there in spirit. Hallywell alleges, that "it is possible the soul may be rapt from this terrestrial body, and carried to remote and distant places, from whence she may make a postliminar return by either of these two ways: 1. From a vehement affection, or deep imagination, piercing into the very lowest of her powers. 2. By the assistance and activity of a more potent spirit: those officious demons loosening the continuity or vinculum between soul and body, by which means they pass freely and securely to the general rendezvous." King James, however, holds, that in many cases they were not present, either in body or soul, but that the devil practised a similar and contemporaneous delusion upon the senses of all of them.

"The devil hath all along endeavoured to ape and imitate the actions of God Almighty, and to deprave the institutions he appointed in his worship to perverse and

wicked ends. Thus, because sacrifices were offered to the true God, the arch-fiend commands likewise the same to be done to him; and as God sometimes by fire from heaven declared his acceptance of the sacrifices performed to him, so this likewise hath been counterfeited by the devil, as in the sacrifice offered up to Jupiter by the Rhodians; and at Hierocæsarea and Hypapæ, saith Pausanias, wood laid upon the altar is commonly set on fire without putting fire to it, only at the mumbling of some few words by a priest. Moreover, Solinus reports the same of the Vulcanian Hill in Sicily, where, when the sacrifice is prepared, *ab ipso Numine fit accendium*, the green wood fires of itself, and the Deity, by consuming the sacrifice by fire, gives testimony of his acceptance of the oblation; and upon some mountain in Africa—if I mis-remember not—the Caco-dæmon offers himself to those who for certain days have duly prepared themselves, *splendida circumfusum nube*, environed with a bright cloud; an imitation, doubtless, of the Divine Presence manifested by a cloud upon the tabernacle of the Jews, or that which overshadowed the disciples at the transfiguration of our Saviour.

“Now, as the sacrifices offered up to the true God of Israel were federal rites, and those that did partake of them did thereby enter into a covenant with God to become his servants, and obey his laws; so the airy principality hath mimically observed the same thing, and those that offered sacrifices to demons were supposed, by partaking of those sacrifices, to enter into a stricter league and familiarity with those evil spirits.”—*Melampronæa*, p. 56.

From the same authority we learn that a much more gross and selfish motive operated with the blood-sucking imps themselves, who attended as familiar spirits on the covenanted witches. The operation was both pleasant and nourishing:

“Marcus, the monk, tells, that these demons enter into brute animals, not out of any spleen or hatred they bear to them, *but because they are wonderfully desirous of animal warmth*. For the confederate spirit, whether of a nature humane or diabolical, must necessarily have a body proportionable to the grossness and coarseness of its powers and faculties, which, being so mightily debauched through the excessive prevalency and exorbitancy of the sensual life,

cannot act in any other vehicle but what is drawn from the clammy and caliginous parts of the air ; which bodies, in this, agree with ours, in that they have their effluvia, and exhale and wear away by a continual deflux of particles, and therefore require some nutriment to supply the place of the fugacious atoms, which is done by sucking the blood and spirits of those forlorn wretches.

“ And that this was the opinion of the wisest and bese philosophers among the Greeks, that evil demons were extremely delighted with the blood and odours of sacrifices, as being a refreshment and nourishment to their vaporous bodies, appears from what Celsus writes : *We ought to give credit to wise men, who affirm that most of these lower and circumterrene demons are delighted with geniture, blood, and odour, and such like things, and much gratified therewith.* And Origen agrees with him fully on this point, and tells us, that the devils were not only delighted with the idolatry of the Pagans in their sacrifices, but also *that their very bodies were nourished by the vapours and fumes arising from them, and that these evil dæmons therefore did as it were deliciate and epicurize in them.* To this purpose, the same father makes mention of a certain Pythagorean, who wrote of the mysterious and recondite sense of Homer, that Chryses’ words to Apollo, and his immission of a pestilence upon the Grecians, teach us that *Homer did believe there were certain evil dæmons who took pleasure in fumes and odours of sacrifices, and that they were ready, as a reward, to gratifie the sacrificants with the destruction of any person, if they so desired it.* Which, by the way, may give some satisfaction to those importunate inquirers, why the possessions and vexations of men by evil dæmons should be wrought by the desire of a witch ? viz. to gratifie her revenge, as a reward for the pleasure the wicked fiend reaped from such vile and damnable commerce with her body.

“ Nor was this a singular fancy of Origen ; for Athenagoras, a Christian philosopher, writes the very same : *The dæmons assist at the sacrifices, being allured and brought down by the blood, which they greedily take in.* And again : *the material dæmons do strangely gluttonize upon the odours and blood of sacrifices, which they suck in, not with their mouths, but as Marcus, in Psellus, who had*

formerly been initiated in the diabolical mysteries, affirms, as sponges and testaceous fishes. And no doubt but those impure devils may take as much pleasure in sucking the warm blood of men or beasts, as a cheerful and healthy constitution in drawing in the refreshing gales of pure and sincere air."—*Ibid.* p. 100.

When such fearful mischiefs were believed to be dealt about so freely in society, it became of course a very interesting inquiry whether any, and who, were secured against the enemy, and, by privilege of character or station, exempted from his worse than bailiff touch. To this various replies were made. According to the Romish writing, they were—first, the Inquisitors, and such as execute public justice upon witches; secondly, such as observe duly the rites and ceremonies of holy Church, and worship them with reverence, through the sprinkling of holy water and receiving consecrated salt, by the lawful use of candles hallowed on Candlemas-day, and green leaves consecrated on Palm Sunday; and thirdly, some are preserved by their good angels which attend upon them. King James seems doubtful whether any be absolutely secure, except the magistrate in the zealous enforcement of the law against them. The power over him is—

"Less or greater, according as he deals with them; for if he be slothful towards them, God is very able to make them instruments to waken and punish his sloth; but if he be the contrary, he, according to the just law of God and allowable law of all nations, will be diligent in examining and punishing of them: God will not permit their master to trouble or hinder so good a work. If they be but apprehended or detained by any private person, upon other private respects, their power, no doubt, either in escaping or doing hurt, is no less than ever it was before; but if, on the other part, their apprehending and detention be by the lawful magistrate, upon the just respects of their guiltiness in that craft, their power is then no greater than before that ever they meddled with their master: for where God begins justly to strike by his lawful lieutenants, it is not in the devil's power to defraud or bereave him of the office or effect of his powerful and revenging sceptre."

Gaule maintains that witches can have no power against the whole Church, but may against even the most pious

individuals ; while the platonic Hallywell thus contends that—

“It is possible for the soul to arise to such a height, and become so divine, that no witchcraft or evil demons can have any power upon the body. When the bodily life is too far invigorated and awakened, and draws the intellect, the flower and summity of the soul, into a conspiracy with it, then are we subject and obnoxious to magical assaults. For magic, or sorcery, being founded only in this lower or mundane spirit, he that makes it his business to be freed and released from all its blandishments and flattering devocations, and endeavours wholly to withdraw himself from the love of corporeity, and too near a sympathy with the frail flesh, he, by it, enkindles such a divine principle as lifts him above the fate of this inferior world, and adorns his mind with such an awful majesty, that beats back all enchantments, and makes the infernal fiends tremble at his presence, hating those vigorous beams of light which are so contrary and repugnant to their dark natures.”

Besides the potency of this divine ray, there is a general security in the hosts of spiritual beings banded against the powers of darkness :

“For there is a chain of government that runs down from God, the Supreme Monarch, whose bright and piercing eyes look through all that he has made, to the lowest degree of the creation ; and there are presidential angels of empires and kingdoms, and such as, under them, have the tutelage of private families ; and lastly, every man’s particular guardian genius. Nor is the inanimate or material world left to blind chance or fortune, but there are likewise mighty and potent spirits to whom is committed the guidance and care of the fluctuating and uncertain motions of it ; and by their ministry, fire and vapour, storms and tempests, snow and hail, heat and cold, are all kept within such bounds and limits, as are most serviceable to the ends of Providence. They take care of the variety of seasons, and superintend the tillage and fruits of the earth ; upon which account Origen calls them *invisible husbandmen*. So that, all affairs and things being under the inspection and government of these incorporeal beings, the power of the dark kingdom and its agents is under a strict confinement and

restraint, and they cannot bring a general mischief upon the world without a special permission of a superior providence.”—*Melampronœa*, p. 91.

There was a strong disposition in many to combat the witch with her own weapons, and repel charm by counter-charm. Protestants generally denounced this practice as unlawful, impious, and dangerous. The witch-finders deemed it allowable, to a certain extent, for the discovery of offenders; but they did not escape the scandal. Among the Catholics it was generally tolerated. Indeed, some classes of charms were sanctified by their religion, and very many of their ceremonies seem to belong to that description. A guardian angel or saint might slumber over his charge, and need to be refreshed by the flap of such a conjuration. Something, too, was needful for their protection who could not soar to the sublimities of that divine philosophy which was invulnerable armour for the soul, and who had not the luck to have “Mars happilie placed in the ninth house of the heavens,” a circumstance which gave power “to drive awaie divels with his onelie presence.” Catholics had high authority for resorting to these means. It was sanctioned by all the old canonists; and Pope Nicholas the Fifth gave a certain bishop named Miraties, who suffered in a way which need not have much troubled a Romish prelate if faithful to his vows, a dispensation for applying to a witch-to unbewitch him, which was accomplished. We must introduce a few specimens of these counter-charms. For them, too, antiquity was cited:

“Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.”—*Virgil*.

Thus Englished by Abraham Fleming:

“Of berrie-bearing baccar bowze
A wreath or garland knit,
And round about his head and browze
See decentlie it sit;
That of an evill-talking tung
Our future poet be not stung.”

To the potent moly, which preserved Ulysses from the charms of Circe, many additions were made in the demonological botany of the middle ages. The native virtue of the

plants was increased by that of the planet under which they were gathered, or by charms recited at the moment of plucking them. The following is one that witches—white witches, we presume—use at the gathering of their medicinal herbs :

“ Haile be thou, holie hearbe,
 Growing on the ground,
 All in the Mount Calvarie
 First wert thou found ;
 Thou art good for manie a sore,
 And healest manie a wound ;
 In the name of sweet Jesus,
 I take thee from the ground.”

Besides several general defences against witches, of which the most popular was the horse-shoe, still to be seen nailed to many a threshold in the country, there are many ways of detecting and averting their machinations, of which we select a specimen from Scott :

“ To find out a witch.—In die dominico sotularia juvenem axungia seu pinguedine porci, ut moris est, pro restauratione fieri perungunt : and when she is once come into the church, the witch can never get out, untill the searchers for hir give hir expresse leave to depart.

“ To be utterlie rid of the witch, and to hang hir up by the haire, you must prepare an image of the earth of a dead man, to be baptized in another man’s name, whereon the name, with a character, must be written ; then it must be perfumed with a rotten bone, and then these psalmes read backwards : Domine ; Dominus noster ; Dominus illuminatio mea ; Domine, exaudi orationem meam ; Deus, laudem meam ne tacueris : and then burie it, first in one place, and afterwards in another.

“ A charme to find hir that bewitched your kine.—Put a pair of breeches upon the cove’s head, and beate hir out of the pasture with a good cudgell upon a Fridaie, and she will runne right to the witche’s dore, and strike thereat with hir hornes.

“ Another, for all that have bewitched annie kind of cattell.—When annie of your cattell are killed with witchcraft, haste you to the place where the carcase lieth, and traile the bowels of the beast unto your house, and draw them not in at the doore, but under the threshold of the

house into the kitchen, and there make a fier, and set over the same a grediron, and thereupon laie the inwards or bowels; and as they wax hot, so shall the witch's entrails be molested with extreame heat and paine. But then you must make fast your doores, least the witch come and fetch awaie a cole of your fier; for then ceaseth hir torment. 'And we have knowne,' saith M. Mal, 'when the witch could not come in, that the whole house hath been so darkened, and the aire round about the same so troubled, with such horrible noise and earthquakes, that except the doore had been opened, we had thought the house would have fallen on our heads.' "

Witches were detected by their inability to shed tears; by their not sinking when placed upon water with their hands and feet tied across, the right hand to the left foot, and the left hand to the right foot; by their mistaking, or omitting, when they attempted to repeat the Lord's Prayer; by insensible excrescences upon their body, supposed to be the devil's marks; by an extra teat; by being watched till their familiar (in the shape of some animal, but distinguished from a real animal by the impossibility of catching or killing it) came for its daily meal of the witch's blood; by the testimony of the bewitched party; by the accusation of other witches; and by being made to walk incessantly, till they were fatigued and bewildered into confession. King James assigns an ingenious reason for the trial by water:

"For, as in a secret murther, if the dead carkasse bee at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer, it will gush out of bloud, as if the bloud were crying to the heaven for revenge of the murtherer, God having appointed that secret supernaturall signe for triall of that secret unnaturall crime, so it appears that God hath appointed (for a supernaturall signe of the monstrous impietie of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosome that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptisme, and wilfully refused the benefite thereof: no, not so much as their eyes are able to shed tears (threaten and torture them as ye please), while first they repent (God not permitting them to dissemble their obstinacie in so horrible a crime), albeit the womenkind especially be able otherways to shed teares at every light occasion when they will—yea, although it were dissemblingly, like the crocodiles."

For the trial of tears, the Romish Inquisitors had a set form of adjuration, which we cannot separate from the expression of manly reprobation with which Scott introduces it:

“But, alas, that teares should be thought sufficient to excuse or condemne in so great a cause, and so weightie a triall! I am sure that the worst sort of the children of Israel wept bitterlie; yea, if there were any witches at all in Israel, they wept. For it is written, that all the children of Israel wept. Finallie, if there be any witches in hell, I am sure they weepe, for there is weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. But God knoweth many an honest matrone cannot sometimes in the heaviness of hir heart shed teares; the which oftentimes are more readie and common with craftie queanes and strumpets than with sober women. For we read of two kinds of teares in a woman’s eie, the one of true greefe, the other of deceit. And it is written, that ‘Dediscere flere fœminam est mendacium:’ which argueth that they lie which saie that wicked women cannot weepe. But let these tormentors take heed that the teares in this case which runne down the widowe’s cheeks, with their erie, spoken of by Jesus Sirach, be not heard above. But, lo, what learned, godlie, and lawfull meanes these Popish Inquisitors have invented for the triall of true or false teares:

“‘I conjure thee, by the amorous teares which Jesus Christ our Saviour shed upon the crosse for the salvation of the world; and by the most earnest and burning teares of his mother, the most glorious Virgine Marie, sprinkled upon his wounds late in the evening; and by all the teares which everie saint and elect vessall of God hath poured out heere in the world, and from whose eies he hath wiped awaie all teares,—that if thou be without fault thou maist poure downe teares abundantlie; and if thou be guiltie, that thou weepe in no wise. In the name of the Father, of the Sonne, and of the Holie Ghost. Amen.’

“And note, saith he, that the more you conjure, the lesse she weepeth.”

Inquisitors and controversialists were made of sterner stuff than to feel any difficulty in the question, Why there were so many more witches than wizards? and very harshly did the inquiry lead them to treat the fair

sex. They scandalised our mother Eve, and Gaule whispers that she was a little guilty in this way. James declares their greater frailty, and intimates that the serpent's success with Eve had "made him the homelier with that sex sensine." Vairus (*Lib. de Fascinatione*) ascribes it to their stronger passions and marvellous fickleness of nature; while Hen. Institor fetches an argument from the derivation of the word *fœmina*. For, he saith, it comes from *fe* and *minus*; "*fe* is the same as *fi*, and *fi* stands for *fides*; and thence comes the word '*fœmina*,' *quia minorem fidem habent*." The same author derives Diabolus from *duo* and *bolus*, because he makes but two morsels of body and soul.

The witch was always deserted by the devil when she was detected. He was supposed to prefer the immediate possession in his own dominions of another soul to the contingency of what evil might be effected in the world by her instrumentality. His right to such possession seems very disputable, as the abandonment must often have been a direct breach of the compact; and the compact itself an illegal instrument, not pleadable in the courts of heaven. Public opinion, however, decided, very unmercifully, that his known character for falsehood exonerated him from any obligation to faithfulness in his engagements, and established the validity of the witch's deed of gift. Perhaps it was owing to some lurking doubt on this subject, that when he did interpose it was to make all sure, and by various contrivances to prevent any symptoms of penitence. Sometimes he appeared on the trial, to the witches only, in horrid shapes, and used the most appalling threatenings to prevent their confessing. Sometimes he kept up false hopes of deliverance to the very moment of execution. One instance occurs in which he carried the witch through the roof, or wall, of the prison, only to let her fall in the street, where he left her, a ruptured and crippled victim, for the ministers of the law. Their earthly career ended, they became, as we have already seen, the very Helots and Gibeonites of the infernal kingdom, the imps of future witches, vampire spirits, doing the dirty work of the wretchedest mortals for their daily meal of blood, to the annoyance of villagers, the perplexity of lawyers, the weariness of hangmen, the scandal of religion, the joy of

exorcists, the irritation of controversialists, and the trouble of *Retrospective Reviewers*.

There are very faint traces, if any, of witchcraft in this country prior to the Reformation. Magic, sorcery, astrology, and apparitions, were not uncommon. Hubert, Earl of Kent, was accused (A.D. 1232) of drawing royal favour to himself by sorcery, and stealing from the king's jewel-house a stone that would make a man invisible. About thirty years after, Roger Bacon, was twice summoned to Rome to give an account of his conjurations. The story of King Duffus of Scotland and his sweating sickness, caused by the roasting of a waxen image, in the tenth century, is probably apocryphal, and if not, might yet be merely magic. The minions of the Duchess of Gloucester in the reign of Henry VI. seem to have only pretended to astrological prediction; as was also the case with Friar Hopkins, who is said to have died of grief at having brought his patron, the unfortunate Duke of Buckingham, to the scaffold, and with those whose tricks had a like lamentable result to Lord Hungerford. Sorcery was imputed to Jane Shore, by Richard III., and afterwards to several Lancastrians, including the Countess of Richmond, and Dr. Morton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Inspiration and prophetic visions were claimed by Elizabeth Barton, the Maid of Kent. Still, the compact with the devil was unknown here, though it had become very frequent on the Continent. In 1541 an act was passed, the first in our laws, against conjuration, witchcraft, sorcery, and pulling down crosses. It is supposed to have been designed against the Reformers, and was repealed in the first of Edward VI., though there was a direction in Cranmer's *Articles of Visitation*, two years after, to inquire after "any that used charms, sorcery, enchantments, witchcraft, soothsaying, or any like craft, invented by the devil;" which was renewed in Elizabeth's reign with the addition, "especially in the time of women's travail." There were several trials for conjuration and astrology in the early part of this reign, and the Countess of Lennox, with four others, was condemned for treason, for inquiring how long the Queen would live. But in 1562 a new statute against witchcraft was enacted, more lenient than that of James which followed, as it only visited the first conviction with pillory;

and from this time the offence was on the increase, till that sapient ruler, who taught divinity like a king and made laws like a priest, signalised the first year of his reign by making it felony to suckle imps, &c.: and then the mischief rapidly mounted to its height, which it attained by the aid of that "vigour beyond the law," which the triumphant fanatics afterwards put forth, in the abundance of their zeal and wisdom.

In this statute (which was repealed March 24, 1736) the description of the offence or offences, which were made felonious, runs thus:

"One that shall use, practise, or exercise any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult, covenant with, entertain, or employ, feed, or reward, any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any intent or purpose; or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth, or the skin, bone, or other part of any dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; or shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, &c., whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof,—such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death."

Another clause enacts, for professing to find hidden treasure and lost or stolen goods; or to procure unlawful love, or to injure cattle or goods; or to hurt or destroy human beings, though the purpose be not effected;—for the first offence, a year's imprisonment and pillory, and for the second, death.

In the same year (1603) the Convocation made the following canon:

"That no minister or ministers, without license and direction of the bishop under his hand and seal obtained, attempt, upon any pretence whatsoever, either of possession or obsession, by fasting and prayer, to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of the imputation of imposture or cozenage, and deposition from the ministry."

A license was almost immediately granted by the Bishop of Chester to seven persons to have private fasting and prayer for a boy, who pretended to be a demoniac,

but whose tricks were detected by the bishop himself. Whatever was the design of this canon, it had a very wholesome operation for a time, and checked the mischievous tendency of the statute. As pretenders to exorcism multiplied, so did demoniacs, who were in demand for the exhibition of their power; and witches abounded in proportion to demoniacs, who generally accused some poor old creature or other of having sent the devil into them, and frequently arraigned considerable numbers. But the sectaries cared not for canons or bishop's licenses, and as they prevailed, exorcism was greedily caught at by their ministers, along with the other prerogatives and good things of the Established Church, and produced its natural results of imposture, suffering, and condemnation to the people, as well as great glory to themselves.

In the course of the fifty years following the passing of this act, besides a great number of single indictments and executions, we meet with much of such wholesale dealing as the following:—In 1612, fifteen indicted at Lancaster and twelve condemned; 1622, six tried at York; 1634, seventeen condemned in Lancashire; 1644, sixteen executed at Yarmouth; 1645, fifteen condemned at Chelmsford and hanged; in the same and following year, about forty at Bury in Suffolk, twenty more in the county, and many at Huntingdon; and, according to the estimate of Ady, some thousands were burnt in Scotland.

Our country little deserved the title of “merry England” in those days. One may almost believe that plague or pestilence would have been mercy, compared with the miseries which this infatuation must have diffused.

Even he who happily lived remote from the seat of this spiritual warfare,—though few such there could be, so rapidly was it transferred from county to county, to the remotest districts, and frequently so widely was it extended,—he in whose vicinity no one was suspected of dealing with the foul fiend, whose children, cattle, or neighbours showed no symptoms of being marks for those fiery darts which often struck from a distance, and wounded to death or madness, would not escape a sort of epidemic gloom, a sympathy with the suffering, which was a vague apprehension of the mischief which might be; the atmosphere he breathed would come to him thick with foul fancies; he would be

ever hearing or telling some wild and melancholy tale of crime and punishment; the best feelings and best enjoyments of himself and his would be dashed with something of bitterness, suspicion, and terror, as he reflected that, though uninvaded yet, these were at the mercy of malignant fellow-mortals leagued with more malignant spirits, the laws and limits of whose operations were wholly undefinable.

What must have been his feelings on whom the evil eye had glared, against whom the potent spell had been pronounced, on whom misfortunes came thick and fast, by flood and field, at home and abroad, in business and in pleasure, whose cattle died, whose crops were blighted, and about whose bed and board, invisible, unwelcome, and mischievous guests held their revels? —who saw not in his calamities the results of ignorance or error, to be averted by caution, nor the inflictions of Heaven, to be borne with pious resignation; but was the victim of a compact, in which his disasters were part of the price paid by the powers of hell for an immortal soul.

In sickness, mental agony was superinduced on bodily. He who pined in consumption shuddered, as he supposed that his own waxen effigy was revolving and melting at the charmed fire; the changes of his sensations told him when wanton cruelty damped the flame, to waste it lingeringly, or roused it in the impatience of revenge; and when came those sharp and shooting pains, the hags were thrusting in their bodkins, and their laugh rang in his ears. They sat upon his breast in that perturbed sleep, from which he awoke gasping, and as he started up he saw them melting into air. Yet more miserable was the melancholy wretch whom the fiends were commissioned bodily to possess; with whose breathing frame an infernal subsistence was incorporate, and almost identified; whose thoughts were sufferings, and his words involuntary blasphemies: or the father who saw the work of hell doing upon his offspring, and resolved their ailments or their death into a mystery and a curse.

Can we wonder that all this was not borne passively; that its authors were hunted out even, if needful, by the aid of their own damning charms; that suspicion grew into conviction, and conviction demanded vengeance; that it

was deemed a duty to hold them up to public hatred, and drag them to the bar of public justice; that the blood was eagerly thirsted after, whose shedding was often believed to be, not merely a righteous retribution, but the only efficient relief to the sufferers; that, in short, superstition should add to the evils of apprehension and suffering, those which must be experienced by both the actors and objects in a vigorous and relentless persecution?

The latter were, indeed, the class most to be pitied. In some few cases, perhaps—but the records of the trials especially indicate that they must have been comparatively very few—the accused were actuated by a malice as venomous, though not so powerful, as was laid to their charge, and would readily have done their part, if the devil would have done his. Nor is it strange that some, even of a naturally inoffensive disposition, should have been driven to such desperation by the treatment to which they were exposed. They were generally the most aged, feeble, and helpless creatures, the most dependent on the sympathy of others, who were the objects of this ferocious hatred. There was no humanity for them, for they were thought to have abjured humanity, to have deserted to the standard of the immortal enemy of man. Almost unimaginable crimes, deeds the most foul and loathsome, were supposed to be their regular daily, or rather nightly, occupation. They held unnatural commerce with infernal beings in monstrous forms. Every evil that befell the neighbourhood was laid at their door, and taken in evidence of the more hateful transactions in which they were believed secretly to participate. Frequently they were cruelly treated, from the notion that wounding them would disenchant their supposed victims. The children fled from their presence, or followed them with hootings, execrations, and peltings. Many would not deal with them, nor sell them even the necessaries of life. Pretenders to possession, whether denouncing them in malice or in wantonness, were sure to gain implicit credence. In the trial by swimming and other barbarous experiments, numbers were murdered. Others were bewildered, by being kept without food, and in perpetual motion, or in a most painful position, and their incoherent expressions were gravely repeated in courts of justice, believed by judges and juries, and the hangman did his office.

If they had children, they became the inheritors of a tainted name. Their descent was ground for suspicion, and sometimes admitted as legal evidence against them. Again was the tragical farce repeated, with such variations as superstition is ever liable to.

Popular hatred rendered the existence of reputed witches so miserable, that they even courted death in despair. A striking case of this sort is mentioned in *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, by Sinclair. Several witches were arraigned at Lander in 1649, and all condemned to the stake except one. Before the time of execution, this woman sent for the minister and other witnesses, and made the usual confession of a covenant with the devil. Its sincerity was suspected, and she was strenuously urged to revoke it; but she persisted, and was sentenced to suffer with the rest. Being carried forth to the place of execution, she remained silent during the first, second, and third prayer, and then, perceiving that there remained no more but to rise and go to the stake, she lifted up her body, and with a loud voice cried out:

“Now all you that see me this day know that I am now to die a witch by my own confession, and I free all men, especially the ministers and magistrates, of the guilt of my blood. I take it wholly upon myself—my blood be upon my own head. And as I must make answer to the God of heaven presently, I declare I am as free of witchcraft as any child; but being delated by a malicious woman, and put in prison under the name of a witch, disowned by my husband and friends, and seeing no ground of hope of my coming out of prison, or ever coming in credit again, through the temptation of the devil, I made up that confession on purpose to destroy my own life, being weary of it, and chusing rather to die than live.”

She was then executed amid the tears of the spectators.

A variety of circumstances deserve notice, from either serving as symptoms, or having operated as causes, of the peculiar abundance of these notions in England during the seventeenth century. Alchemy, astrology, &c., have always had their believers and votaries; but besides that they never excited the horror nor occasioned the misery which flowed from the supposed prevalence of witchcraft, they have

not been affected by causes similar to those which made the latter for a time so formidable, and which were also of such a nature as to render it formidable only for a time. They have all their foundation in human nature; they appeal to the love of power, of pleasure, of knowledge, of wealth, of vengeance; they all give way, if not to the moral philosophy which teaches to regulate these passions, at least to the progress of natural philosophy, which shows them to be ineffective means for the proposed end. Their appearances are, therefore, more uniform, their course more steady, their grasp of the human mind more firm, their reception and advance, and their exposure and abandonment, more gradual, than in the case before us.

The statute of the first James has been already indicated as one cause of the offences which it denounced. At first, this tendency was increased by the manner in which it was administered. The different clauses were taken disjunctively, and it was held sufficient if any one of the offences specified were made out to the satisfaction of the jury. Afterwards the judges adopted a much more humane interpretation, and usually decided that they should be taken collectively, and consequently that there should be no conviction for witchcraft but in cases of alleged murder. They listened to the voice of humanity, pleading in the language of Bassanio :

“ It must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority ;
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.”

Many causes were sent out or kept out of court by the mercy of this legal discovery, which was probably owing to the extent to which they had multiplied, and the facility with which jurymen convicted. One of the latest convictions was that of Amy Duny and Rose Cullender before Sir Matthew Hale, at Bury, in 1664. They were executed, and died maintaining their innocence. Their execution is a foul blot upon his name, and fully justifies the remark, that “his piety and theological reading seemed only to have the effect of rendering him credulous and unrelenting.” There can be little doubt of their having been

the victims of imposture. Such was the opinion publicly declared in court, during the trial, of Serjeant Keeling, Lord Cornwallis, and Sir Edmund Bacon, who made some experiments, at the judge's request, on the children who pretended to be bewitched, and found that when their eyes were covered they played off their fits, &c., at the touch of some other person, whom they mistook for one of the accused. He charged the jury without summing the evidence, dwelling only upon the certainty of the fact that there were witches, for which he appealed to the scriptures, and, as he said, to "the wisdom of all nations;" and the jury having convicted, he next morning left them for execution.

Perhaps this trial is the only place in which we ever met with Sir Thomas Browne without pleasurable associations; yet we cannot leave it without extracting his evidence:

"There was also Dr. Browne of Norwich, a person of great knowledge, who, after this evidence given, and upon view of the three persons in court, was desired to give his opinion what he did conceive of them; and he was clearly of opinion that the persons were bewitched; and said that in Denmark there had been lately a great discovery of witches, who used the very same way of afflicting persons, by conveying pins into them, and crooked as these pins were, with needles and nails. And his opinion was that the devil, in such cases, did work upon the bodies of men and women, upon a natural foundation, that is, to stir up and excite such humours superabounding in their bodies to a great excess, whereby he did in an extraordinary manner afflict them with such distempers as their bodies were most subject to, as particularly appeared in these children; for he conceived that these swooning fits were natural, and nothing else but that they call 'the mother;' but only heightened to a great excess by the subtilty of the devil coöperating with the malice of these which we term witches, at whose instance he doth these villainies."

For Sir Thomas Browne's speculations on the subject of witchcraft and diabolical delusions, we must content ourselves with referring our readers to *Vulgar Errors*, bk. i. c. x. xi., bk. v. c. xxii. § 19, and bk. vii. c. xii.

Very different was the conduct of Chief-Justice Holt, nor are the obligations of humanity less than those of free-

dom to his firm, enlightened, and upright mind. Whatever truth there may be in the well-known story of his having, in a juvenile frolic, given a charm for the ague, in payment for a tavern-bill which he had not the regular means of discharging, and which was afterwards produced by him in evidence against his landlady, who had been practising with it,—certain it is, that his elevation was the signal for a more humane and rational procedure; eleven were tried before him, and all acquitted, notwithstanding the customary depositions were made about vomiting pins, needles, &c., devils' marks, and sucking imps. So changed were the times, that even confession failed to produce conviction, and the absurdities of a disordered imagination sunk to their real worth. His successor, Parker, put a stop to the trial by water, by his declaration at the Essex summer assizes in 1712, that if it occasioned the death of the suspected witch on whom the experiment was made, all the parties concerned were guilty of wilful murder.

It seems as if the rack were occasionally employed, though we gather this from the language of the disputants, and not from any clear record of the fact which has fallen in our way, at least during the period more particularly in view. Master Perkins, that "chosen instrument of preaching God's word," contended that the magistrate might lawfully use it upon strong and great presumptions, and when the party was obstinate; to which Sir Robert Filmer, who was much more learned in the law, in his excellent Advertisement to Jurymen, replies, somewhat doubtfully, thus:

"Here it may be noted that it is not lawful for any person, but the judge only, to allow torture: suspicious neighbours may not, of their own heads, use either threats, terrors, or tortures. I know not any one of those presumptions before cited to be sufficient to warrant a magistrate to use torture; or whether, when the party constantly denies the fact, it must be counted obstinacy. In case of treason, sometimes, when the main fact has been either confessed, or by some infallible proofs manifested, the magistrate, for a further discovery of some circumstance of the time, the place, and the persons, or the like, has made use of the rack; and yet that kind of torture had not been of ancient use in this kingdom; for, if my memory fail not, I

have read that the rack hath been called 'the Duke of Exeter's daughter,' and was first used about Henry the Sixth's days."

King James couples the necessity of using the rack with other symptoms of guilt, in his reply to the objection that witchcraft was only the fancy of a melancholy mind. He denies the fact that witches were generally melancholic:

"Whereas, by the contrary, a great number of them that ever have been convict or confessours of witchcraft, as may be presently seene by many that have at this time confessed, are some of them rich and worldly wise, some of them fat and corpulent in their bodies, and most part of them altogether given over to the pleasures of the flesh, continual haunting of companie, and all kinde of merri-nesse, both lawful and unlawful, which are things directly contrary to the symptomes of melancholly, whereof I spake; and further experience daily proves how loth they are to confesse without torture, which witnesseth their guiltinesse."

It is probably Scotch experience, and not English, to which he here appeals. The rules of evidence commonly acted upon must have rendered torture, one would suppose, very unnecessary, and conviction sufficiently easy without confession. It is laid down in Dalton's *Country Justice*, that:

"Spectral evidence, *i.e.* the afflicted parties thinking they see the persons that torment them, may be given in evidence—that insensible parts and teats are signs of witchcraft—that the devil's mark may be like a flea-bite—that imps may be kept in pots, or other vessels; and that the pots and places where they are kept stink detestably; and that therefore such stinking places in their houses are signs that they have imps."

One of the most infamous perversions of evidence occurred in the trial of the witches of Warbois, before Mr. Justice Fenner, at Huntington, in 1593. An old man, his wife, and daughter, were accused of bewitching the five children of a Mr. Throgmorton, several servants, the lady of Sir Samuel Cromwell, and other persons. A confession was obtained indirectly from the old woman, who was about fourscore years old, by persuading her to repeat a

charm in a form prescribed to her ; on which the children, who were the principal witnesses, immediately came out of the fits which, as they pretended, were occasioned by her arts. To obtain a similar proof, such as it was, against the old man, the judge told him on his trial, "that if he would not speak the words of the charm, the Court would hold him guilty of the crimes he was accused of." After some browbeating, he did repeat it ; when the child's fit ceased, and the judge exclaimed : "You see, all, she is now well, but not by the music of David's harp ;" and the poor fellow was condemned, as was his daughter, upon similar evidence. Some bystanders urged the latter to plead pregnancy as a means of saving her life, or, at least, of deferring her fate. She indignantly replied, "that she never would ; for it should never be said that she was both a witch and a whore." They were all executed ; and their goods, which were of the value of forty pounds, being escheated to Sir S. Cromwell, as lord of the manor, he gave the amount to the mayor and aldermen of Huntington for a rent-charge of forty shillings yearly, to be paid out of their town lands, for an annual lecture upon the subject of witchcraft to be preached at their town every Lady-day by a Doctor or Bachelor of Divinity of Queen's College, Cambridge.

These perversions of evidence wrought their own cure, and thus assisted to disabuse the public mind. As their absurdity and injustice were displayed, it followed either that, if they were retained, the decisions of courts of justice would cease to be respected, or, if they were abandoned, that convictions would no longer be obtained ; and, either way, one most impressive testimony to the fact of witchery was withdrawn. Even the statute of James was at length made to afford some protection for the poor creatures who were accused under it ; for their accusers could seldom detect them without some means which were a kind of charm, and for which they were themselves threatened with the penalties of the act.

A very large proportion of those who were condemned made ample confessions either before or after sentence ; and there is in these confessions a very striking similarity, particularly as to the ceremonies observed in making the fatal compact, which we have already given from Gaule.

Their model seems to have been that of Agnes Sympson, the wise wife of Keith, made before James in 1597 (see Glanvil, p. 399), and from which he borrowed both the terms employed in the statute, and the description in his *Demonology*. Devoutly believing in all this nonsense, and talking, hearing, and dreaming of it all their lives, they would naturally adopt it in the imbecility of age, overpowered by the confident asseverations of others, terrified by the paraphernalia of justice, or tormented even to insanity by examiners and witch-finders. This consent was very imposing, and staggered many, and convinced more, till the means by which it was obtained were exposed. The impression was also much weakened by the fact that many, who had confessed in a moment of terror or exhaustion, afterwards recanted, and died asserting their innocence; and that many confessed too much, accusing themselves of killing persons who were yet living and in good health.

Of course the profession of witch-finding made abundance of witches, as that of a spy multiplies traitors. One Matthew Hopkins is famous for his exploits in that capacity. In 1644 and the two following years he brought many scores to the gallows, and was highly valued and recompensed for his services. He took the style and title of Witch-finder General, and has recorded in his pamphlet the origin of his great skill in this department. He thus answers the inquiry—where his experience was gained, and why gained by him, and not by others?

“The discoverer never travelled far for it; but in March 1644 he had some seven or eight of that horrible sect of witches living in the town where he lived, a town in Essex called Maningtree, with divers other adjacent witches of other towns, who every six weeks, in the night (being always in the Friday night), had their meeting close by his house, and had their severall solemn sacrifices there offered to the devill; one of which this discoverer heard speaking to her imps one night, and bid them goe to another witch, who was thereupon apprehended, and searched by women who had for many years known the devill’s marks, and found to have three teats about her, which honest women have not; so, upon command from the justice, they were to keep from sleep two or three nights, expecting in that time to see her familiars,—which, the fourth night, she called in by

their severall names, and told them what shapes, a quarter of an houre before they came in, there being ten of us in the roome. The first she called was—1. Holt, who came in like a white kitting. 2. Jarmara, who came in like a fat spaniel without any legs at all; she said he kept him fat, for she clapped her hands on her belly, and said he suckt good blood from her body. 3. Vinegar Tom, who was like a long-legged greyhound, with an head like an oxe, with a long tail and broad eyes, who, when this discoverer spoke to, and bade him goe to the place provided for him and his angells, immediately transformed himself into the shape of a child of foure years old, without a head, and gave half a dozen turnes about the house, and vanished at the doore. 4. Sack and Sugar, like a black rabbet. 5. Newes, like a pol-cat. All these vanished away in a little time. Immediately after, this witch confessed severall other witches from whom she had her imps, and named to divers women where their marks were, the number of their marks and imps, and imps' names, as Elemauzer, Pyewacket, Peckin the Crown, Grizzel, Greedigut, &c., which no mortal could invent; and upon their searches the same marks were found, the same number, and in the same place, and the like confessions from them, from the same imps (though they knew not that we were told before); and so peached one another thereabouts that joyned together in the like damnable practice, that, in our hundred in Essex, twenty-nine were condemned at once, four brought twenty-five miles to be hanged where this discoverer lives, for sending the devill, like a beare, to kill him in his garden. So, by seeing diverse of the men's papps, and trying ways with hundreds of them, he gained this experience; and, for ought he knowes, any man else may find them, as well as he and his company, if they had the same skill and experience.

“The devill's policy is great in perswading many to come of their own accord to be tryed, perswading them their marks are so close, they shall not be found out; so as diverse have come ten or twelve miles to be searched, of their own accord, and hanged for their labour.”

This delectable book is ornamented with a curious frontispiece, in which, under the effigies of Hopkins himself, are portraits of the several imps described in the above extract. He spoiled the trade at last, and not only

by his cruelties brought a scandal upon it which it never recovered, but got himself into some peril. Hutchinson says, that he "went on searching and swimming the poor creatures, till some gentlemen, out of indignation at the barbarity, took him, and tied his own thumbs and toes as he used to tie others; and when he was put into the water, he himself swam as they did. This cleared the country of him."

Butler has alluded to this catastrophe:

"Hath not this present parliament
A ledger to the devil sent,
Fully empowered to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hanged threescore of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd;
And some for sitting above ground
Whole nights and days upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hanged for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceased
Of griefs unnatural, as he guessed,
Who after proved himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech."

Hudibras, pt. ii. canto 3.

Although witchcraft was scarcely, if at all, known here till after the Church of England had renounced its spiritual allegiance to the see of Rome, Popery must still occupy a prominent place among the predisposing causes of its prevalence. However complete the change in the opinions, feelings, and habits of the people,—and ultimately they have certainly been made sufficiently Protestant,—it was of very gradual accomplishment. The Reformation was not their work nor their wish. They suffered the change. There were ample remains of the ancient superstition in the time of James to influence the public opinion on a subject on which it was very practicable to be in accordance with, yet not to profess, but even to hate or persecute, Popery itself. It was a religion of spells and charms. Their virtue was ascribed to holy influences; but they impressed the notion of magical power on men's minds, and inclined them readily to believe in diabolical charms. Sometimes, indeed, before the outcry was raised against witchcraft, there was a strange

union of the celestial and the infernal, as in the waistcoat of proof, which true children of the Church did not scruple to wear, and which was thus fabricated :

“On Christmas-daie, at night, a threed must be sponne of flax, by a little virgine girl, in the name of the devill ; and it must be by her woven, and also wrought with the needle. In the brest or forepart thereof must be made with needlework two heads ; on the head of the right side must be a hat and a long beard ; the left head must have on a crowne, and it must be so horrible, that it maie resemble Belzebub, and on each side of the wastcote must be made a crosse.”

This valuable defence was superseded by the *Agnus Dei*,—a little cake, with a lamb carrying a flag on one side, and Christ’s head on the other, and hollow, so as to enclose a small manuscript of the Gospel of St. John. Pope Urban V. thus describes its composition and virtues :

“Balsamus et munda cera cum chrismatis undâ
Conficiunt agnum, quod munus do tibi magnum,
Fonte velut natum, per mystica sanctificatum ;
Fulgura desursum depellit et omne malignum,
Peccatum frangit, ut Christi sanguis, et angit :
Prægnans servatur, simul et partus liberatur,
Dona refert dignis, virtutem destruit ignis ;
Portatus munde, de fluctibus eripit undæ.”

The name of St. Martin was a charm against heretics :
“Adque nomen Martini omnis hæreticus fugiat pallidus.”
But, says Scott, the Papists have a harder charm than that ; to wit, fire and fagot. The great charm of charms was that of the holy cross :

“Nulla salus est in domo,
Nisi cruce munit homo
Super liminaria.
Neque sentit gladium,
Nec amisit filium,
Quisquis egit talia.

Ista suos fortiores
Semper facit et victores,
Morbos sanat et languores,
Reprimit dæmonia ;
Dat captivis libertatem,
Vitæ confert novitatem,
Ad antiquam dignitatem,
Crux reducit omnia.

O crux, lignum triumphale,
 Mundi vera salus, vale,
 Inter ligna, nullum tale,
 Fronde, flore, germine.
 Medicina Christiana,
 Salva sanos, ægros sana,
 Quod non valet vis humana,
 Fit in tuo nomine."

Both witch and priest occasionally made themselves a little merry in their incantations. Scott tells of an old woman famous for healing all diseases of cattle,—for which her regular fee was a penny and a loaf,—whose formula, to be muttered over the sick beast, was :

"My loaf in my lap, my penny in my purse,—
 Thou art never the better, and I am never the worse."

And he gives the following anecdote as a good story :

"So it was, that a certaine Sir John, with some of his companie, once went abroad a-getting, and in a moonelight evening robbed a miller's weire, and stole all his eels. The poore miller made his mone to Sir John himselfe, who willed him to be quiet; for he would so cursse the theefe and all his confederates with belle, booke, and candell, that they should have small joy of their fish. And therefore the next Sundaie Sir John got him to the pulpit, with his surplisse on his backe, and his stole about his necke, and pronounced these words following in the audience of the people :

'All you that have stolen the miller's eeles,
 Laudate Dominum de cœlis,
 And all they that have consented thereto,
 Benedicamus Domino.

"'Lo,' saith he, 'there is sauce for your eeles, my maisters!'"

St. Adlebert's curse against thieves, however, is no joke. It is much too awful to quote in our pages; and strong must have been the robber's nerves whom it did not terrify. Forms of prayer were in common use for exorcising possessed persons and haunted houses. That for the latter is in Bourne's *Popular Antiquities*. The Catholic part of the population, or those whose opinions, though nominally Protestant, were tainted with its conjurations, would meet

the absurdest tales of witchery half-way ; and many of the former class would gain the reputation of witches themselves, amongst those who had been differently educated, merely by practising the gesticulations and mumbling the invocations of the religion of their infancy. "The churchmen of Queen Mary's days," said an old woman who remembered them, "had more cunning, and could teach people many a trick that our ministers nowadays know not."

A belief in witchery had affinity with the new light, as well as with the old leaven. It was easily grafted on the fanaticism of the sectaries of the seventeenth century. The devil was very prominent in their theology, and they were exceedingly familiar with him in their experiences. He frequently appeared and still more frequently spoke to them. Their own senses certified the practicability of becoming intimately acquainted with him, and they could not doubt that many were wicked enough to seize such opportunities. They dealt largely in supernaturals. Baxter certifies many extraordinary cures by the prayers of his Kidderminster friends. Possessions and apparitions were very common amongst them. They were a congenial soil for this upastree, and it flourished amongst them mightily.

The *odium theologicum* had its share in keeping up this species of superstition. The infamy of witchcraft was a proper thing to fasten on an adversary. There were various ways, too, in which, directly or incidentally, the operations connected with it might serve the cause of a party. The Catholics identified witchcraft and heresy. They affirmed that it was owing to the rise of Calvinism and Lutheranism that this nefarious intercourse with the enemy of souls was become so much more frequent than it ever had been. Witchcraft was made evidence of heresy, and heresy of witchcraft. Luther was reported to have signed the infernal compact with his blood. The devil enabled the Waldenses to walk on the water ; till a priest, grieved that such a counterfeit miracle should pass, brought the consecrated wafer to dissolve the enchantment, but in vain ; till, enraged at the failure, he threw it into the river, —and as soon as that swam, the Waldenses sank. In More's supplement to Glanvil's *Relations* is a tale of a man at Balsham, near Cambridge, who was bewitched away from

his parish church by the Quakers, or, when he attended it, rendered unable either to sing or say as he ought. A female Quaker appears to have been the agent; she promised signs for his conversion, and he became possessed with a spirit which used his organs of speech, against his will, in praise of Quakerism, and compelled him to go and take his family, all naked, and search after the New Jerusalem. He was dispossessed by the clergyman, who himself drew up the account. The Nonconformists were not behind. Cotton Mather tried one of the New-England possessed with the Bible, the *Assembly's Catechism*, his grandfather's *Milk for Babes*, his father's *Remarkable Providence*, and a book to prove that there were witches. "And when any of these were offered for her to read in, she would be struck dead, and fall into hideous convulsions." These good books, he says, were mortal to her. To make the case more manifest both ways, he tried her with other books, as Quakers' books, Popish books, the *Cambridge and Oxford Jests*, a Prayer-book, a book written to prove that there were no witches; and the devil would let her read these as long as she would, and particularly she treated the Prayer-book with great respect. One of Baxter's tales is of "an old *reading* parson, named Lewis, not far from Framlingham, that was hanged; who confessed that he had two imps, and that one of them was always putting him on doing mischief; and he being near the sea, as he saw a ship under sail, it moved him to send him to sink the ship, and he consented, and saw the ship sink before him." That this clergyman was fourscore years old; that his confession was obtained after being swam and made to walk almost incessantly for several days and nights by Hopkins and his gang; and that when out of their clutches, and on his trial, he steadily denied the charges against him,—are circumstances which the impartial historian would have recorded; while only the partisan would have thought his not preaching extempore, but being "an old *reading* parson," worth marking by the "archness of italics."

The clergy and the witches were like hostile armies, and the possessed were the prize for which they fought; the former ejecting the devils from their human abodes as fast as the latter sent them in. The witches had much the worst of it, as the demons who were employed by them ge-

nerally, either voluntarily or by compulsion, impeached their mistresses, and found ready, and too often fatal, credence. All parties wished for a monopoly of the glory of delivering mankind from these intruders. The Church of England fenced it with a canon. The Catholic priest relied on the high prerogatives of his Church, and the virtue of his adjurations. The gifted fanatics claimed it by superior holiness and zeal, the purity of their doctrine, and the length and fervency of their devotions. Still, the contest implied the existence of the evil for which each boasted of his own infallible remedy. And the consent on this point was indeed extraordinary, as the reader may see in Baxter's book, where authorities of all classes are cited, from Jesuits and Inquisitors down to Emlyn the Arian, who is referred to for an "odd passage," which is :

"A godly minister, yet living, sitting by to see one of the girls (on whose evidence Rose Callender and Amy Duny were convicted and executed) in her fits, suddenly felt a force pull one of the hooks from his breeches; and while he looked with wonder what was become of it, the tormented girl vomited it up out of her mouth."

As the stock of superstition in England was continually diminishing by the operation of native good sense, the growing rationality of theology, and a sounder mode of philosophising, it was kept up from time to time by importations. The disease might have subsided much sooner, had not the public mind been inoculated with the pestilent matter of exotic insanity. The tales of Sprengen and Institen, in the *Malleus Maleficarum* of Bodinus and Remigius, were anglicised and read with avidity. The examinations which were had in Scotland were the immediate cause of the statute of James, and of his *Demonology*. The discovery of the witchcrafts of Mohra, in Sweden, produced considerable effect. At that village, the whole population of which is spoken of as only about three thousand souls, there were condemned at once, in 1670, eighty-five persons, fifteen of which were children; and most, if not all of them, were executed. Six-and-thirty children, between nine and sixteen years of age, were condemned to run the gauntlet, and to be whipped once a week for a year; and twenty younger children were beaten with rods on the hands for three following Sundays at the church-

door. Three hundred children were implicated, most of whom confessed that they had, either willingly or by force, accompanied the witches to their weekly meeting with the devil. Their statements were confirmed by those of the witches who confessed, and who alleged that the devil compelled them to bring as many children as could be procured with them for his service. The part which children have acted is rather a curious article in the history of witchcraft. Many of the most miraculous facts have, in different trials, both in this and other countries, rested chiefly, or solely, on their testimony. The unmeaning repetition of what they heard, the mistaking of dreams and reveries for realities, the unnatural excitement of their imaginations by what was passing around them, and the desire of sustaining and increasing the importance into which they found themselves elevated, may afford some explanation of this circumstance, independently of the gross falsehoods which fear or bribes made them utter in cases of absolute imposture.

The transactions in New England, about the close of the seventeenth century, were rather too late to have much effect here; though garbled accounts of them served to fill up the volumes of the advocates of a declining folly. They continued about sixteen months; during which time, at Boston and Andover, nineteen were hanged, all protesting their innocence. One was pressed to death for refusing to plead; above fifty had confessed; one hundred and fifty were in prison; and about two hundred more were accused. A dog suffered in this persecution. Those on whom he looked, fell into fits. By what forms he was condemned, and whether he was put to death as wizard or devil, is not mentioned. The sudden stay of these proceedings was occasioned by the increasing boldness of the accusers, who began with a slave, but at length involved many of the most reputable colonists in the charge; and it was feared that the devil was waging a successful war upon the Lord's people, under false colours. The trials therefore ceased, the prisons were thrown open, the possessed became quiet; and the spirits sent by the Pow-wows (who, as Mather thought, had occasioned the mischief) returned to their Indian allies.

The human body is not more liable to contagion than the imagination, nor are the results much more rapid or

pernicious. The arrival of reams of horrid tales was as much to be deprecated by our ancestors as that of bales of infected wares; and could they have been put into quarantine till the noxious falsehoods had evaporated, till the fever had subsided, and the delusion or trick had been exposed,—and for this, in many cases, no very long delay would have sufficed,—the procedure would have been a salutary one. But the mischief was done before the antidote arrived. Truth followed superstition bravely in the chase from country to country, but still arrived too late to prevent her atrocities, and had only the slower task left of mitigating and gradually healing the wounds she had inflicted.

Although ignorance and superstition did occasionally originate a tale of witchcraft,—as when a physician knew not what to make of his patient's disease, or how to cure it, and saved his own credit by attributing it to the nearest suspicious old woman; or when the anger of any such poor creature was followed by some accident or illness to its objects,—yet generally their office was only to give ready faith and rapid currency to the inventions of malice and the frauds of rank imposture. They were invited guests at these feasts on human sacrifices, and oftentimes discharged the functions of butcher and priest; but they did not cater for the table or altar, nor provide the victims. In the most celebrated cases of witchcraft, almost without exception, trickery, gross trickery, either was very soon detected, or has left very obvious traces of its agency. The fraud was not on the part of the persons accused of witchcraft: their destruction was its object in many cases, and generally was its result. Nobody pretended to be a witch; the character was too odious, even had not its assumption been so dangerous. The acknowledgment of it so frequently made was a confession, not a pretension; it was the plea of *guilty* to an imputed crime, and not the claim of a privileged and painful profession. White-witchery, wise-womanhood, astrology, and some species of conjuration, were indeed professed,—and that not only, in many cases, with impunity, but often with a considerable degree of honour and profit. These and similar arts were alleged to be the results of abstruse science, and even superior holiness, and not purchased by unhallowed compact with the Evil One.

Their professors lived in credit, and died in their beds: sometimes they helped others to die out of them; they were consulted for the detection of witches, whom they readily pointed out; and their divine science was demonstrated by predictions of finding waxen images and other nefarious articles in the houses of the accused,—which predictions were very punctually fulfilled, especially if they themselves assisted in the search. The circumstances recorded in many trials, which yet terminated fatally, are such as to leave little doubt of this fabrication of evidence. Besides the gratification of personal malice, and perhaps sometimes a profitable ministering to that of others, the members of this class had an obvious interest in keeping up the belief in a more odious class, on which that pitiless storm might beat which would else have burst upon their own heads. The shelter was convenient; it was necessary. Their turn would have come next, had no black witches been forthcoming; the writers in favour of the reality of that art suspected them, and those on the other side denounced them as the parties who were really obnoxious to the laws—of Moses, at least, if not of England; and to be so was not a little perilous during the despotism of the gifted brethren. The general attention and sympathy directed towards those who were supposed to suffer by witchcraft, was alone sufficient to insure a succession of impostors, and, that secured, a succession of victims. Many an idle boy was raised into notice by a few tricks and contortions, and exchanged school or work, with hard fare, for the well-spread tables of his willing dupes, and the receipt of public collections and private donations. If the demoniacs themselves did not accuse a witch as the author of their calamity, the exorcists did it for them. This happened but rarely. In one instance, the prayers and fastings of several ministers having failed to expel the devil, they were so enraged as to charge the demoniac and his whole family with witchcraft, and to have them searched for invisible marks. This was a young man who had sold himself to the devil, that he might be the best dancer in Lancashire. The purchaser took immediate possession, but was loudly reproached by the ministers with having failed to fulfil his part of the contract. They compared the exhibition which their patient made of his ill-acquired skill to the hoppings of a frog,

the bouncings of a goat, the friskings of a dog, or the gesticulations of a monkey. They said that he twisted like a calf that had the turn, and twitched up his houghs just like a spring-halt tit. It may be doubted whether their authority is sufficient warrant for the justice of those reproaches, especially as it is on record that the famous *la volta*, which is in fact the modern waltz, was carried from Italy, its native country, into France by the witches; and it must therefore have been a favourite with the president of their festive meetings, if not of his invention. However, they were foiled: the sufferer called out for Popish priests to dispossess him, and the ministers declared "that the devil had more mind to let them have the credit of casting them out, because his ends would be better served by Popery than by them." He was not the only one whose ends were served by such mummeries. When we find some devils yielding only to good Catholics, others only to regular Episcopal clergymen, others mocking at Prayer-books, but severely tormented at, and ultimately flying before, the extemporaneous effusions of fanatics,—we ascertain the prompter as well as the actor. Not that this collusion was formally made and ratified, signed, sealed, and delivered, being first duly stamped; but there were many ways in which exorcist and demoniac could understand each other; and it was not uncommon for the former to predict the particular manner in which the devil would show his presence in the latter. A variety of tricks of this kind are preserved in the *Discovery of the Fraudulent Practices of John Darrel*, which was written by Dr. Harsnett, afterwards Archbishop of York, and is a very acute and sensible book, with a fine vein of irony. Darrel was designed for the law; but after about a year's preparation for it, Providence gave him a vocation for the gospel by "laying," as he says, "a strange and extraordinary sluggishness upon him." He was one of the first Puritans who entered the lists as an exorcist against the Church of Rome. The papal maxim was, *Nemo unquam hereticorum miraculum edidit*,—i. e. according to Dr. Harsnett's commentary:

"None but the Pope and his schollers can cogge a miracle kindlie, and he and his priests can dispatch a miracle as easily as a squirrel can cracke a nutte: a miracle in the bread, a miracle in the wine, a miracle in holy water, a

miracle in holy oyle. a miracle in our Ladie's milke, a miracle in the asse's tayle, a miracle in lampes, candles, beades, breeches, ragges, bones, stones,—*omnia stultorum et miraculorum plena*,—nothing done in his religion without a miracle and a vice."

He was scandalised that Darrel should play "his publike prize in this juggling science, casting out more devils by prayer and fasting, after a good dinner, perhaps at after-noone, than we reade that ever any of the apostles at so full a season did ;" and so he resolved to give the public "a taste of devill-drivers' legerdemaine," inviting all to "open the curtaine, and see the puppettes play." Darrel gained great renown by curing several who pretended to be bewitched or possessed, and who afterwards confessed their imposture. Without any direct confederacy, they took the hint from him of what tricks they were to play, and the game went on for a time well for all parties. One of his patients—a boy—accused thirteen, who were committed to prison. This boy's sister made the same blunder as the New-England demoniacs, and, having impeached a woman who, though poor and old, was sister to one of the aldermen of the town (Nottingham), an investigation ensued, and the parties were disgraced. The cases in which fraud was detected at length became so numerous, that the collection and display of them were a powerful weapon in the hands of those who wrote against witchcraft.

As an indication of the agency of an improving acquaintance with natural philosophy in checking this murderous superstition, Hutchinson remarks, that there were but two executions for witchcraft in England after the Royal Society commenced publishing their *Transactions*, and one of these was in the year after their first publication.

The holy scriptures were continually appealed to by both parties. The witchmongers insisted strenuously on the feats of the Egyptian magi in their contests with Moses, on the Jewish laws, on the raising of Samuel by the witch of Endor, and on the demoniacs of the New Testament. Dr. H. More (Letter to Glanvil) compares the sceptical wits to a friend who—

"When he was a schoolboy, in the lowest form of a country grammar-school, could not believe scarce that there

were any such men as Cato, and Æsop, Ovid, Virgil, Tully, much less that they wrote any such books; but that it was a trick of our parents to keep us up so many hours of the day together, and hinder us from enjoying our innocent pastime in the open air, and the pleasure of planting little gardens of flowers, and hunting of butterflies and humble-bees."

In reply, it was ably contended that the notion of a compact was not to be found in or fairly inferred from the scriptures; that the Egyptians did not produce real, but only seeming, transformations; that the various terms employed in the Mosaic law designated characters very unlike the modern witch, and referred to the incantations and jugglings of idolatrous priests; that the witch of Endor imposed upon Saul; and either that Samuel was not raised at all, or by a higher power, to her confusion; and that whatever was the nature of the possessions described in the gospels, there was not the remotest hint of their having been produced by witchery. Scott is very ample and satisfactory on the provisions of the Mosaic code. He makes every Hebrew term connected with the subject the text of a dissertation on the species of pretended magic which it describes, illustrating each with a profusion of learning, and demonstrating its dissimilarity to the imaginary crime which, in his own days, occasioned so much horror. His work was a well-stored armory, from which subsequent combatants furnished themselves with weapons of proof.

We should not have quitted our subject without attempting an analysis of it, had not our remarks already been too much extended. Sir Robert Filmer has also argued very forcibly the wide difference between the Hebrew and the English witch. The same course of reasoning on the scriptures is pursued, and with much ability, by Ady, Webster, and Wagstaffe. The *Doctrine of Devils*, a violent, outrageous, ill-written, and fanatical work, is remarkable for its advocating the principle, since adopted by the ablest theologians, that only the Deity can work a miracle; and the notion of the learned Jos. Mede and others, that the possessions mentioned in the New Testament were only natural disorders, as lunaey, epilepsy, &c. Notwithstanding this philosophical refine-

ment on the theology of the day, this book is characterised by a worse spirit, by more of intolerance and railing, than any work on the same side of the question ; nor is it surpassed, if equalled, in these bad qualities by those of any of the pleaders for the reality of witchcraft, and the propriety of the sanguinary proceedings adopted against it. Generally they are animated by a fine spirit of humanity. They write like men attempting to stop the current of a flood of blood, flowing from kindred veins.

“ I cannot think,” says Wagstaff, in the conclusion of his *Question of Witchcraft Debated*, “ without trembling and horror on the vast numbers of people that, in several ages and several countries, have been sacrificed unto this idol, opinion. Thousands, ten thousands, are upon record to have been slain ; and many of them not with simple deaths, but horrid exquisite tortures. And yet how many are there more, who have undergone the same fate, of whom we have no memorial extant ? Since, therefore, the opinion of witchcraft is a mere stranger unto scripture, and wholly alien from true religion ; since it is ridiculous, by asserting fables and impossibilities ; since it appears, when duly considered, to be all bloody, and full of dangerous consequences unto the lives and safety of men ;—I hope that with this my discourse, opposing an absurd and pernicious error, I have not at all disoblighed any sober unbiassed person ; especially if he be of such ingenuity as to have freed himself from a slavish subjection unto those prejudicial opinions which custom and education do with too much tyranny impose.”

In the same noble tone of a benevolent philosophy, he says :

“ If the doctrine of witchcraft should be carried up to a height, and the inquisition after it should be intrusted in the hands of ambitious, covetous, and malicious men, it would prove of far more fatal consequence unto the lives and safety of mankind than that ancient heathenish custom of sacrificing men unto idol gods ; insomuch that we stand in need of another *Hercules liberator*, who, as the former freed the world from human sacrifices, should, in like manner, travel from country to country, and, by his all-commanding authority, free it from this evil and base custom of torturing people to confess themselves witches,

and burning them after extorted confessions. Surely the blood of men ought not to be so cheap, nor so easily to be shed, by such who, under the name of God, do gratify exorbitant passions and selfish ends,—for, without question, under this side heaven, there is nothing so sacred as the life of man; for the preservation thereof, all policies or forms of government, all laws and magistrates, are most especially ordained. Wherefore, I presume that this discourse of mine, attempting to prove the vanity and impossibility of witchcraft, is so far from any deserved censure and blame, that it rather deserves commendation and praise if I can in the least measure contribute to the saving of the lives of men.”

This is no philanthropical cant. The notion of witchcraft was no innocent and romantic superstition, no scion of an elegant mythology, but altogether vulgar, repulsive, bloody, and loathsome; it was a foul ulcer on the face of humanity. Other vagaries of the human mind have been associated with lofty or with gentle feelings; they have belonged more to sportiveness than to criminality; they are the poetry interspersed on the pages of the history of opinions; they seem the dreams of sleeping reason, and not the putrescence of its mouldering carcass; but this has no bright side, no redeeming quality whatever. It only terrified the timid, and gratified the bigot, and pampered the impostor, and destroyed the friendless. There is no taste in its fictions, no dignity in its crimes, no romance in its history. Reading its tale is like listening to the ravings of Bedlam, or visiting the plague-ward of an hospital or the convict-cells of a gaol. It is to the honour of English intellect that so much talent was displayed for the purpose of writing it down, and not displayed in vain. Scott, and Harsnett, and Ady, and Webster, and Wagstaffe, and Hutchinson, are authors who deserve a high place in the calendar of public benefactors. Not by them alone, not by authorship alone,—but, as we have seen, by the coöperation of various causes, and by the cessation of some opposing influences,—was the evil assuaged; yet is their share of the triumph a glorious one. Scott, more than any individual, deserves to be honoured as the *Hercules liberator*. His writings were very effective, both at their first publication and long afterwards. Anthony Wood, after justly observing

that "the author was very well versed in many choice books, and that his search into them was so profound that nothing slipped his pen that might take for his purpose," says that "they did for a time make great impressions on the magistracy and clergy." Voetius tells us that they were burned, but that the argumentative parts were translated into Dutch, and made for a few converts in the Low Countries, both of the learned and unlearned. Several English editions were printed. Scott lived a retired life at Smeeth, in Kent, where he was enabled to pursue his studies by the liberality of his kinsman, Sir Thomas Scott of Scott's Hall, whom he commemorated in a poetical epitaph, with historical notes, designed for insertion in the second edition of *Hollingshed's Chronicle*, but refused by the proprietors, and published in 1740 from *Fleming's Ms. Collections*. He was much addicted to husbandry, and also printed *A perfitte Platforme of a Hoppe Garden, and necessarie Instruction for the making and mayntenance thereof*, &c. This little piece is said to have been very useful; and though the utility be of a different kind from that of his more celebrated work, yet are they not altogether unconnected. Generous diet has been known to restore a self-condemned witch or wizard. Cardan tells, on the authority of his father, of one Barnard, who was condemned to the stake on his own confession; but a respite of twenty days was obtained for him, to try the humane experiment of better living, and in proportion as he was well fed did he talk rationally,—and he was ultimately saved. It was consistent and wise of Reginald Scott to improve the culture of hops, for strong ale is a good antidote to superstitious fancies. He thus became a double benefactor to his country, and particularly to his lovely native county, delivering many from the perils and pains of swimming, shaving, worrying, and hanging; and pouring a richer balm into their cup of life. In this noble liquor, which this protector of persecuted old women taught to raise to finer flavour, should every man of Kent pledge his memory.

MEN AND THINGS IN 1823.*

[*Westminster Review*, No. i. ; 1823.]†

TEMPORA MUTANTUR has been quoted through many an age, and will be repeated for ages more. Every generation contributes something towards the proof of its truth, and the variety of its illustration. Man is compounded of a fixed and of a flowing quantity : the principles of his constitution are eternal as the heavens, and the modes of their development not less diversified than the appearances of clouds and sunshine. Nature always makes him the same, and events always make him different. Were he less pliable to circumstances, his history would be monotonous ; and if his character were wholly formed by their influence, that history would be worth no more than a fairy tale, as a basis of our reasonings from the past to the future. The sameness is in all cases much greater than the diversity ; the essentials of humanity are mightier than climate, education, habit, society, government, and events ; they are untouched by these causes in all their combinations, and continually limit their results. Still a sufficiently extensive sphere is left for their operation, and they mould the rational clay into a prodigious number of distinguishable and even contrasted shapes. We are disposed to inquire what they are doing just now with us and our contemporaries.

When Dr. Brown made his estimate of the manners and principles of the times, about three-fourths of a century since, he passed over the people altogether, as of no consequence in the investigation. He considered them as “ a brute and random bolt, or a lifeless ball sleeping in the cannon,” and requiring “ some superior intelligence to give it both impulse and direction.” Here our opening quo-

* *Men and Things in 1823*: a Poem, with Notes. By James Shergold Boone, M.A. Hatchard. 8vo. 1823.

† This was the first article in the first number of the *Westminster Review*.

tation comes in well ; if our estimate were to commence in the same way, Hamlet would be again left out of his own tragedy. Nobody would think of such an omission now, or dream of jumping to his conclusion over the nation's head. This mistake in Brown arose from no servile motive. He loved his country, and wrote as he thought. The people have made themselves of more importance, and they are felt and acknowledged to be so by every man that speaks or writes, upon whatever subject. The manners and spirit of the higher classes would no longer be the sole, or the leading, topics of a dissertation on the state and prospects of the country. They are reduced to their proper dimensions. They have their chapter in the volume along with others, and stand in the index instead of being in the title. The people no longer sit quietly by as spectators, while Whig and Tory, that is, a few great families with their connections and dependents, and a few pensioned or expectant creatures, play out the political game in their own way, and for their own benefit. The "lifeless ball" has become instinet with mind, and the "brute and random bolt" will, in due time, strike unerringly and resistlessly. There is an obvious deference for the people, and an implied appeal to them, in the transactions of every department, whether political, religious, or literary. The House-of-Commons orator speaks not to those around him on the benches, but to those above him in the gallery. It is of them, and of those of whom they are a representative portion, that he is thinking when he makes his best points or turns his best periods. Dissenting religionists, whether seeking or deprecating political patronage for their opinions, must court the public, to give them importance enough to ask that patronage, or strength enough to defy it. Their Established antagonists must plead at the same bar. The multitude of theological publications, to say nothing of the pulpit, makes Britain appear like one great court of Areopagus, preparing for judgment on the "setters forth of strange gods." The most abstruse controversies, on which the learned used to write in Latin, and discuss as in a secret sitting with closed doors, are now canvassed in cheap travels, and debated in every village. The book-manufacturers show that respect for the people which all manufacturers show for a new and extensive market. All the standard

works of our language make their appearance in cheap editions, or weekly numbers. The Bible no longer stands on the cottage shelf alone, or supported only by the Prayer-book and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Flattering dedications are defunct; the public is the best patron now for your literary adventurer. The poor have their periodicals and their institutes. Shoals of twopenny magazines issue from the press, some of them respectably got up, and circulating to the amount of several thousands weekly. In short, the prodigiously increased importance of the people is recognised in the speeches of the statesman, the sermons of the divine, the lucubrations of the author, and the criticisms of the reviewer. All seem impressed with the rise of a new power, and, blessing or cursing, they pay to it a certain degree of homage.

It could not be expected that the political power should remain the exclusive and undisputed possession of the few, after the many had once begun to feel, and make felt, their importance. Nations and governments are just in the middle of a warm controversy on this point. The question is increasingly interesting to all rulers and all subjects, and the combined power of the former is marshalled against the combined intelligence of the latter. The theory of despotism is more offensively stated and more broadly asserted than ever. Despots have more than ever made a common cause of it. These facts are not so alarming as they have appeared to some friends of liberty. The principle of legitimacy was never so asserted before, because never before so controverted. The combination of despots was never before so complete, because their monstrous usurpations were never before in such peril. Their sole reliance is on the ignorant and the mercenary; and with such agents they may oppress and execute for a time, but can scarcely hope for ultimate success. The people are becoming aware that they too have a common cause. The world is divided into two great classes, the oppressors and the oppressed; and the members of both classes have their Holy Alliances. Any stretch of prerogative, in any country, is felt as a victory gained by every member of the great monarchical conspiracy. Any popular advantage is a triumph for all nations. There is less of that narrow and selfish patriotism which used to exult in the slavish con-

dition of other countries. It has given way to a nobler feeling—to sympathy with all who are struggling to be free. It begins to be reckoned as good a thing for the Greeks to win a battle as for the Opposition to carry a motion. In either case, the common enemy is beaten. Foreign politics and home politics lose their distinction. At home or abroad, there is but one subject in them. The science is reduced to the solution of a single question—Are kings to be every thing, or shall the people have a voice in the direction of their own affairs? Different answers make a division paramount to that of party or country. The cause of liberty is one and indivisible. The sympathy of its friends is characteristic of the present age. The consolidation of their union may emancipate a future generation.

An impartial portraiture of the spirit of the times is our object, and we are compelled here to notice one feature on which we cannot dwell with complacency. We are a trading nation, and treat freedom too much as a matter of mere calculation. Its pecuniary advantages are rated above its intellectual and moral influence. A reform in parliament is often petitioned for on the ground of its diminishing the public burdens. So it undoubtedly would; but that is not the only, nor the best, reason for desiring it. An oligarchy has worse evils in its train than pensions, sinecures, and wasteful expenditure. A degraded character is more to be deprecated than an empty pocket. The great advantage of liberty is, that it makes man *manly*. He ceases to be either a machine or a beast of burden; he “learns to venerate himself,” and that is the first lesson of public and of private virtue. His portion of the public sovereignty is a wreath of glory round his brows. He knows himself an equal member of a free community, and that knowledge qualifies him to discharge his duties and adorn his country. The consciousness of his rights is never out of his mind, and it dignifies every thought that inhabits with it. He acquires an erect attitude, a bold tone, and an unquailing eye. There is no servility in his manners nor in his thoughts. The “brave New World, that has such creatures in it,” should not be prized solely because it is cheap living there. That recommendation is strong enough, Heaven knows. Very numerous are the unwelcome visitors, with pens behind their ears, and little books under their

arms, whose calls one wishes less frequent, and which would be so, were the nation to regain its proper control over its own purse-strings. Although it be undoubtedly a very important principle that two and two make four,—a principle so strenuously insisted upon by Mr. Hume, who has traced its bearings on the whole system of our government, and made it the basis of a very effective and popular opposition to his majesty's ministers,—we submit that there are other public principles as important, and that man and his purse are not altogether coequal. Mental independence, and full liberty of speech and action, so far as they infringe not on others' rights, are what constitute a free man; and he who desires not these, loves not liberty, though he may hate taxation. If he wishes to wed her, it is only for her dowry; and a despotism that well feeds its slaves would soon induce him to transfer his affections. This empty-stomach or empty-pocket patriotism is not of a kind to endure through "the times that try men's souls." It fluctuates with the state of the markets; it goes off on the winds that waft away large exports, and is reduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer every time that he takes off a tax.

That men's rights are seldom, perhaps never, infringed without their condition being deteriorated, is a fact that ought not to be lost sight of: let it be by all means deeply impressed upon the public mind; but it is unworthy of being made the very head and front of our plea for the introduction of a better state of society. Some of the freest communities that the world has ever seen, have also been the poorest. However incomprehensible the proposition to many of our countrymen, we also believe that they have been the happiest. That an admission of popular claims would bring speedy relief from the crushing impositions of an almost unrestrained aristocracy, is an argument which ought to be resistless, and may become so; but for a change produced on this principle to be of real and lasting benefit to the country, it should be desired and demanded even though no such result could be anticipated. Liberty, for herself, is the cry we would hear raised; or, at least, should rejoice at observing a greater disposition to adopt. But this is altogether a calculating age, and every thing is thrown out of the question which cannot be reduced to pounds, shillings, and pence. There has been a corre-

sponding change in servile loyalty, which, from being enthusiastic, has become mercenary. Burke described no imaginary change when he lamented that the age of chivalry was gone. Sovereigns have no more service now than they can purchase. The power of private interest is behind the throne, and greater than the throne. Kings possess attachment and allegiance only *ex officio*. All goes with the throne, and nothing with the person, or family, any longer than they sit thereon. The principle of servility is, that a larger dividend comes to the individual by supporting the measures of a governing and plundering faction than by promoting the public good. This state of things is partly owing to our having become so completely a manufacturing and commercial people. The one great thing on which we are intent is, getting money; and our politics, religion, literature, are only branches of that pursuit, and considered as subordinate operations, to be conducted with constant reference to the main object. The peculiar character of the power which is possessed by our House of Commons has also contributed to this result. All the influence which that body has in the government arises from the single privilege of granting supplies. By this has its authority been preserved and extended; probably its very existence been secured. Its members legislate in virtue of their being the only constitutional levers of taxes. The laws which they enact, at least so far as those laws are extensive of the people's privileges, are so many bargains with the crown, in which prerogative gives them a right, provided they will vote prerogative a subsidy. Hence there is scarcely ever a great debate in which financial considerations are not prominent. We seem to be listening to a counting-house discussion amongst the directors of a great trading company. A considerable change has also been going on in the class of persons who sit in that house. Formerly it was land chiefly that was represented; but now, money. The agricultural interest is rapidly waning. Hereditary estates, and hereditary influence, and hereditary prejudices, are all marching off the stage together. The aristocracy of wealth swallows up all. The public mind is taught by its leaders to be intent upon nothing but calculation. The worst of it is, that public principle is rapidly withering under this system. A young man chooses

his political party as he chooses his trade or profession, and changes it with as little hesitation or shame whenever circumstances make it convenient for him to do so. He finds that every thing is considered merely as matter of profit or loss to the nation, and cannot see why he should not so consider it in relation to his own affairs. He studies ethics in Cocker, and estimates honour by the rule-of-three. The politics of the present day have brought forth a plentiful crop of this unvarnished profligacy.

This evil is happily limited by the fact, that with the great mass of the community it is impossible to create a private interest at variance with the public good. Corruption has done as much as could be done towards effecting this, and one class has been continually played off against another. Still, it is only a comparatively small minority, or an ignorant majority, that can be thus bribed or deceived. While the growing intelligence of the people has been indicated by the appeals continually made to them on the part of those who are, or aspire to be, of some personal consequence in the state, it has also been very powerfully aided in its advance by that very circumstance, which has thus been at once cause and effect. Orators and writers endeavour to make the people understand a subject in order to gain their suffrages. Their opinions are wanted; not, as in days of old, their thews and sinews. To gain the permanent aid of that opinion, they must be informed and convinced. The very highest talent has been applied to this purpose. At public meetings it is evident that most of our great speakers now do their best. They no longer come in that careless and unprepared way which seemed to say, and did mean, Any nonsense may be talked to a multitude. They have become conscious, some of them rather late, that the cause they advocate, and their own reputation, were at stake; and in supporting both, they have cultivated the minds of their auditory. Our newspapers bear abundant marks of a similar improvement. The talent regularly engaged in them is of a superior order to what was formerly employed, and they are the not unfrequent vehicle of communication between the very noblest minds and the common sense and heart of the many. True, they are partly engines; they vituperate and misrepresent for party purposes; they may often mislead, often inflame: but to be effective

engines, they must be conducted with ability ; they must meet the demand for fact and argument, a demand which “grows by what it feeds upon;” they must have a character which, after the amplest deductions, is generally favourable to the intellectual improvement of that immense population amongst which they circulate. Every theory of government, every question of political science, every measure of the administration of the day,—becomes in turn the subject of controversy, and all classes are familiarised with whatever superior talent or extensive knowledge can bring to its illustration. The well-meaning patrons of the poor, who think they should know something of their duty, but nothing else, and who favour them with edifying tracts in a laboured simplicity of style “made level to the meanest capacities,” are sadly thrown out. Their occupation’s gone. Their milk for babes is superseded by a stronger nutriment. No sooner were the poor taught to read, than, somehow or other, they took to reading Cobbett. Of that man—who, had he added consistency to his other qualities, would have been by this time the most powerful man in the country—none have so much reason to complain as the friends of liberty, for he has so managed as to render his opposition and his support alike injurious to their cause. There is something else—we will not turn aside to discuss what—to which he has always sacrificed that cause, and sometimes at very critical moments. But one good service he has rendered, and must continue to render as long as he continues to write ; and long may that be ! His shrewd and manly intellect ; his inexhaustible stock of facts on all subjects of political economy ; his eternal freshness,—for “age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety ;” his clear, unaffected, vigorous English style ; and his bloodhound chase of a favourite topic, neither wearied by the length, nor foiled by the intricacy, of the pursuit ;—if they have not accomplished the glorious results at which a man so gifted should have aimed, and of which we can scarcely believe he would have failed, have yet done what was next to be wished ; they have roused into action the dormant sense of the poorer classes, and provided materials for thought, and induced habits of investigation, which will correct all the evils that can be inflicted by all the writers whom party spirit or personal ambition may bring into the arena. “It

is certain," said he, on one occasion, "that I have been the great enlightener of the people of England." It was impossible to avoid laughing at him, and yet at the same time feeling in our hearts that the impudent fellow had some ground for his boast. He has been a greater enlightener than he intended, and has so well instructed thousands, that he cannot now himself lead them, nor obtain a jot more at their hands than that fair hearing to which every well-qualified pleader on a public question is entitled. In this he has only outstripped others who have been engaged in the same work ; but their contributions have not equalled his, and probably would never have been made at all but for his example.

The intelligence thus created must ere long obtain that extension of the elective franchise for the use of which it is so well qualified ; which constitutes, in fact, the difference between a freeman and a slave ; and by which alone the many can recover or secure their rights and interests against the ambition, the venality, or the servility of the few. Other consequences besides political ones, of a most important description, may be expected from it. Already has it combined in various ways with that tendency to associate, which, in the extent to which it has been carried, may be classed amongst the characteristics of the present age. Every object of literature or benevolence is now pursued by voluntary societies formed for that specific purpose. The charitable institutions of the metropolis fill a decent-sized volume with the mere enumeration of their objects and lists of their conductors. There has been a striking descent as to the station in society of the contributors to such institutions. The donations of wealthy individuals have been found not so permanent a resource as the united mites of numbers. The zeal of philanthropic leaders led to the opening of this mine ; but the labourers have discovered its worth, and they are beginning to work it for themselves. It is becoming available for more than the contingencies of sickness, or even for a supply of books. We are advancing from a reading to a scientific population. London has followed Glasgow and Edinburgh in the establishment of a Mechanics' Institute. At Norwich, steps have been taken towards forming a Society amongst the manufacturing journeymen, for affording a practical trial to the inventions

and supposed improvements which may be suggested by the ingenuity of individuals amongst themselves. These proceedings are evidently progressive, and tend to a great and felicitous change in the structure of society. It may be difficult to anticipate the exact course of events ; but the effect must be to elevate the character and increase the enjoyments of the labouring portion of the community. Our social arrangements may stop far short of the forms contemplated by Mr. Owen ; but there seems good reason to expect that they will be modified by the influences of his favourite coöperative principle ; that combination will in some measure supply the want of capital ; and that the prodigious improvements in machinery which have been and will be made, instead of merely enriching individuals already wealthy, will become directly subservient to the interests of the operative classes, on whom they now so often inflict severe though temporary injury.

The intellect of the age—that portion of it, we mean, which is devoted to literary and scientific pursuits—is chiefly directed towards subjects which are generally interesting to a population thus advancing in knowledge. Our authors have a vivid consciousness of belonging to a large community. The study is no longer a hermitage in a wilderness ; its tenant is no longer abstracted, even in his profoundest speculations or wildest imaginings, from the society of his fellows. It is no longer a cell in the cloister of a monkish fraternity—the literary few, who were all the world to every individual of the brotherhood. He has now the “kingdom for a stage ;” and there is a wider fame than their praise, and a louder peal than the anticipated echo of posterity to their voice, in the immediate and immense plaudits of the multitudes who constitute his auditory. He never forgets this ; nor, since Grecian poets and historians recited their compositions at the public games, and Grecian philosophers disputed in the public walks, has the sense of oneness with a people been so large an ingredient in the literary spirit. Hence there is a dash of politics in almost every production. It is thrown in as seasoning which the national palate is sure to relish. Whatever be the promise of a title-page, poem, play, or tale ; dissertations on the *belles lettres*, or voyages round the world ; history, criticism, science, or even theology,—the odds are fifty to one that

we get not one-half through without allusions to the men or manners of the day. At the theatres, such allusions are continually made in modern plays, and out of old ones. Even Shakespeare and all his wonderful creations cannot induce us to forget Castlereagh and Canning, the Queen and Napoleon, the French and the Spaniards. The audience not merely take hints, but make them. The subject seems never to come amiss, and, consequently, it is always coming. It has a general invitation, and mixes familiarly with whatever company may at any time be assembled. It possesses a sort of bibliographical omnipresence, and seems to claim an existence coextensive with that of types and paper. What, indeed, can effectually exclude a topic which has the good will of both writers and readers for its admission?

Of course, in lists of new publications, the article "Politics" always appears splendidly attended, and drags along an almost interminable train of titles. The character of the times, however, is not so distinctly marked in this as in the subjects, style, and size of the works announced. The writers are evidently pleading at the bar of the public, and not at that of the legislature or the aristocracy. They send forth pamphlets instead of volumes. They have descended from the high ground of theory into the broad field of practical utility. Or if they theorise, it is not on the origin of society, and rights of man, but on the principles to which it is sought to reduce the multitudinous and seemingly conflicting facts of political economy. The degree of interest felt in them by the public is the great regulator of our studies. The abstruser branches of mathematical science are comparatively neglected. We care not to toil after truth, for truth's sake; but must first know what use we shall make of it, and what get by it of fame or profit. The geometrical purists are making their parting bow, like other gentlemen of the old school. The short cut of analysis has superseded the circuitous route of strict geometrical demonstration. It is not Euclidian; but it solves the problem, and that's enough. The ancient method is said to have been a fine exercise of the intellectual faculties; but so, it is replied, was the length of the old road to church, three miles round, a fine exercise of the walking faculties, yet now

every body goes the new path. Nor has the art of reasoning—especially if we are to judge by the works which some of the greatest mathematicians were so unfortunate as to publish in unscientific matters—suffered more by the change than the art of walking. Accordingly, propositions are established, and theorems demonstrated, and problems solved, and questions answered, as Bonaparte took towns and destroyed armies, in the most expeditious and business-like way, in defiance of old rules and old masters. The loves of the triangles have waxed cold. Their suitors affect them, not for themselves alone, but for their properties in navigation or mechanics. A formidable rival, too, has arisen in chemistry, which has every requisite for popularity. It can be illustrated to all the world in public lectures; and its connections with the arts seem boundless. It has a flash and a bounce for eye and ear, and puts money in the pocket besides. The master of the house is profiting by it all the day in his counting-house, and the children of his family are delighted by it all the evening in the lecture-room. This is irresistible. We are a chemical people; and it is something for any science to make its way so low and so widely in a nation, especially when that very fact directs to its advancement the best efforts of great minds, and when it is a science so immediately and extensively subservient to the multiplication of the conveniences and enjoyments of life.

Metaphysics seem governed by the same law as mathematics, and are waning also. Few persons study ontology. Little heed is given even to speculations on the nature of the human mind and the origin of its faculties. They are too remote from public interest and public utility to have many votaries. A supposed connection with religious doctrine keeps some opinions on this subject a little in grace; and they have the additional recommendation of occasionally being instrumental to the raising of a clamour about materialism, atheism, and French principles, against some obnoxious geologist or anatomist; but, this purpose answered, they go back to the armory of the friends of "social order," to accumulate rust for a future generation to rub off. Practical treatises on education succeed better. They harmonise with the spirit of the age. We take man as he is, and make the best we can of him, and read

those who assist us in so doing. The rest is considered, perhaps somewhat too exclusively, as "not germane to the matter;" or, if the relationship be made out, still it is a quarter from which there are no expectances, and therefore no account is taken of it. This *cui bono* disposition makes terrible work with learning. It commits irreverence on the Greek metres, and has much reduced the number of classical quotations. Even Greek and Latin must be made subservient to some obviously useful purpose of history or science, or they are pushed from their stools. The wig that is stuffed with them must wear well, to win either praise or a purchaser. The multitude does not understand such matters; and the literary world only cares about what the multitude does understand.

However invention may flourish in the arts, there is but little of it in literature. We have a rich stock, and are making much of it. Our ingenuity is chiefly displayed in varying the forms of our forefathers' thoughts, and they will so long enable us to meet the demand, that but little prospect remains of increasing their number. Essays and disquisitions breed like flies in some huge old body of philosophy. History is dished up in the "court" of this sovereign, and the "life" of that, and the "times" of a third; or it is brought in, as a dessert, still more pleasantly in "Historical Tales, by the author of *Waverley*." A sermon of Barrow furnishes two or three months' good preaching for a modern divine. The new consists of little more than selections, expansions, simplifications, and rearrangements of the old. The massy plate of antiquity is melted, coined, and pushed into circulation. The first scene of the metamorphosis is the history of modern literature. Besides this transmigration of the spirits of the works of former times, there is a good deal of resurrection, of direct and avowed republication. Happy were they, as to their chance of revisiting the eyes of readers, who were not very voluminous in their productions. Quantity may make all the difference between a new edition and an article in a periodical, or a little pilfering for an *original* work. Folios are quite out of fashion; and, if any thing enshrined in their Titanic forms be ventured on for revival, octavos, or perhaps duodecimos, are the *nova corpora* into which it must pass. In one way or the other, all our

hoarded treasures are made available for common use. This is the object for which so much extracting, reviving, and remoulding is going forward. Undignified as modern book-making appears, compared with the elaborate composition of elder times, when so much profound learning and original talent were put in requisition for that work, it is yet the process by which the prisoners of the British Museum and similar collections make their escape into the book-clubs and circulating libraries of the people. We live under a new dynasty in literature: the sovereignty of the people has succeeded to the oligarchy of learning; and the accession is celebrated by a gaol-delivery of all authors who are not guilty of the capital offence of being not readable, or not capable of being made so.

The influence of this state of things on our national poetry is very considerable and very obvious. All our great poets write for the people. Sir Walter Scott is the choicest specimen. Not that he is entitled to rank as the first living poet; but his productions exhibit many of the characteristic marks to which we refer, more glaringly than those of his contemporaries. His tales of war and chivalry and love; the unelaborate and universally perceptible melody of his verse; his resort to nursery tales and vulgar superstitions, in preference to the stores of classic history and mythology; his recklessness of the charge of plagiarism, and free use of common-place expression or description, whenever it serves his purpose; his frequent disregard of the niceties of language and of rhyme; and the bold outline by which he aims at effect: these, if we add to them, from Byron, the Kean-like expression of the most violent passions, an occasional mixture of the vituperative and the burlesque, and ever-recurring hits at the popular topics of the day, will furnish a pretty complete picture of a poet moulded by the spirit of the age, and bearing the image of his creator. The anxiety of Wordsworth to be the head of a school, or rather to be himself the whole school; of Campbell to secure the suffrages of men of refined taste; of Moore to charm young ladies; and of Southey to promote the interests of his employers,—have modified this influence on them, which the structure of their minds seems also less calculated to receive: yet its impression is on them, broad and deep.

They sing for the many ; except that Wordsworth seems rather to chant a demonstration to the initiated few that the many should be sung to. Cowper was the herald of this revolution. He first disused the conventional phraseology which poetry had been schooled to use, and bade her "speak right on" in the language of nature and simplicity. He was unconscious of what he did ; and wrote, not to please the people, but to please himself, one of the people. Pursuing the latter object, he attained the former. Wordsworth aimed at the former, and succeeded in the latter. This reformation of the poetical dialect is a happy consummation ; but whether the effects, taken altogether, which have resulted from the increased number and different character of the readers of poetry have made it of more intrinsic worth, is very questionable. It is not, however, for the present generation to quarrel with bards who, in their eagerness to secure its plaudits, are ready to "jump the life to come" of posthumous reputation. And even if poetry should prove to be somewhat deteriorated, prose works of fiction have had a compensating increase of excellence. We speak of their general character. The laurels of Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson are in no danger ; but in spite of their immortal works, a stain remained on the title of novel or romance, which it was reserved for the present times to obliterate. Independently of the "great unknown," we have a host of writers of great talent, cultivating this wide field with splendid success. If observation no longer supply them with material in the strongly marked peculiarities of individual character and manners, they have laid almost every period of our national history under contribution to supply the deficiency. And more than this has been done ; for by the employment, not only of historical knowledge, but of antiquarian research into the literature, manners, and daily habits and amusements of our ancestors, a more faithful and vivid picture of the state of society, at different and remote times, has been presented, than any professed history in existence can supply us with. If any body wants to become acquainted with his predecessors, the *Fortunes of Nigel* is a better book for his purpose than Hume's *History of the Stuarts*. Such works of fiction are amongst the best vehicles of truth. That they are in demand, and their authors powerfully stimulated to

their production ; that they are craved for, and devoured, and incessantly supplied,—is a very pleasant symptom.

We are a most religious people, through all the gradations of society. The higher classes became so, from the opposite extreme, very much out of loyalty to George III. and hatred of the French Revolution. The faith of their inferiors has been cherished by a variety of popular institution—Bible, Missionary, and Tract Societies without number ; with meetings, speeches, and sermons succeeding each other without interval. We mention them not disrespectfully, nor with any doubt that much good has been accomplished by their agency ; but to show how religion itself has been affected by the causes which operate so powerfully upon literature. That the press is kept constantly at work by these societies ; that crowds are continually assembled to hear reports of their proceedings, and to be inspired with zeal for their objects ; and that, on such occasions, statesmen, peers, and prelates mingle with the multitude,—are not only demonstrations of devout zeal, but acts of homage to the people, who were formerly left to learn their creed and their duty in a quiet way from the clergyman of the parish. Heresy, and even infidelity itself, partakes of this change. Those who dissent from the doctrines of the Established Church have their hostile meetings and missions, and publish in the streets what used to be whispered in the closet. That scepticism should have descended also to struggle in the public arena ; should exchange its delicate irony and covert insinuations for fierce attack and denunciation ; should have its apostles, its confessors, and its martyrs, — is more extraordinary ; and though something of the sort might naturally have been expected, yet the extent to which it has actually happened must be partly ascribed to the injudicious zeal which, by seeking its violent suppression, roused in its behalf that sympathy which human nature is prone to feel with those who are, or are supposed to be, persecuted.

If the increased prevalence of the religious principle be a subject of congratulation, there is one consequence which naturally follows when its diffusion has been promoted by the spiritual forcing to which we have adverted, and when knowledge, though advancing, has not kept even pace with

it, which must be lamented. We mean the much more increased prevalence of religious language, its employment by men whose mouths it becomes not, its frequent and almost profane misapplication, its separation from any real feeling, and even from any rational meaning, and its currency in the form of phrases which only serve to impose on some and disgust others. With what a host of illustrations might we fill our number, from royal proclamations down to tabernacle tracts! We say nothing of privileged characters and places, nor of the religious meetings at town-halls and taverns—though there some commit the offence who have no claim to benefit of clergy; as when the statesman comes fresh from the imposition of some demoralising tax to subscribe for the spread of Christian precepts of purity; or a dissipated lordling lends his titled name to grace the religion of universal brotherhood; or the lawyer foams his testimony to the word of truth; or the soldier leans on the hilt of, perhaps, a mercenary sword to support him through the praises of the gospel of peace. What is worse than even this is, that we all cant, at all times, and in all places. The fashionable religious tinge is given even to the speeches from the throne of our most gracious sovereign. His ministers are, of course, the champions of religion and morals. From the bar one often hears a great deal of *furious* Christianity, and from the bench sometimes a little animated sermonising. We have noticed, also, that they are not always the cheapest shops where the tradesman keeps a Missionary or Bible Society box upon his counter. The professed and sincere religionists of the present day are much too apt to cultivate a peculiar theological dialect, and to employ it on very improper occasions; they scruple not to “sing the songs of Zion in a strange land:” but it is much less tolerable that the taskmasters and traffickers of Babylon should join in the chorus.

Perhaps the enthusiasm of religion may flourish the more from its being the only enthusiasm—though the cant of religion is certainly not the only cant—in which we seem disposed to indulge one another. An affected levity and heartlessness have crept over much of our literature, and more of our criticism, whose cant deserves to be held in equal abomination. Our elder brothers of the reviewing family have a considerable portion of this mischief to

answer for; and the rest may be laid at Lord Byron's door. Because some master-minds can gracefully sport with a subject, and playfully dispose—but not less acutely than playfully—of a philosophical controversy; or because a powerful effect was produced by the inspired delineation of a libertine, his feelings worn out and his heart seared, moving through all that is beautiful and grand, and finding in it only food for scorn,—does it, therefore, follow that every stripling who can indite a pretty verse, or fabricate a readable paper for a magazine, is to find nothing in heaven or earth, in life, mind, or morals, important enough to make him serious, or interesting enough to demand emotion? The affectation of deep feeling is bad enough; but not half so bad as the affectation of no feeling at all, and the ridicule of it in others, where its absence bespeaks either an original want of the native sympathies of humanity, or the callousness which it requires a long course of selfish dissipation to superinduce. This taste is not English; it cannot last long; nor would it have prevailed at all, but for the insufferable dulness to which—in some departments—it succeeded, and the seductive glare of certain productions, which should have remained unimitated, as they are inimitable. Let mere talent revolve in its own orbit, a very honourable one, without launching forth into the eccentric sphere of genius. The fact is, that many laugh for fear of being laughed at. They are more in dread of being ridiculed than of being ridiculous. He who would readily encounter an argument quails before a joke. The levity of criticism has withered many a sensitive mind which gave promise of bright excellence. It represses whatever is pathetic in poetry or bold in philosophy. It has made us a timid race, unworthy of our lineage, for “we are sprung of earth's best blood;” and an uncurbed originality of thought, and the free vent of every emotion that becomes a man, are the traits of our ancestral literature. This is most ungrateful and unwise; for criticism feeds on authorship, and should not deteriorate the quality of its own food; unless, indeed, criticism means to be self-supported, and to supersede the authors altogether. There have been symptoms of a tendency towards this anarchical state. The professed reviewer writes a dissertation on his author's subject, and in retaliation the

author reviews himself in his own book, criticising as he proceeds. But enough of the errors of reviewers, which, perhaps, our own pages may soon be put in requisition to exemplify. Periodical literature has enlarged its boundaries; and its conquests, like most others, bear a mixed character of good and evil. It has been acted upon by that popular impulse which has so extensively affected the whole of our literature; and the wider range it now takes, and the higher talent embarked in it, qualify it to react powerfully upon the public mind. That this reaction should be as beneficial as it is powerful, is of the first importance. That the spirit and manner in which the leading reviews have been conducted are deemed susceptible of improvement, is implied in the present attempt to increase their number. Our hope of success is grounded on that greater conformity with the spirit of the times, in all its honourable peculiarities, which is allowed by our freedom from the trammels of party. Such a publication as we project, seems to us to be called for by the voice of the people; of whom we are, from whom we have no separate interests or objects, and to whom, though we cannot sacrifice a single just principle or personal conviction, we heartily devote our efforts in the pages of the *Westminster Review*. Let us be tried by our country.

Mr. Boone's view of *Men and Things in 1823*, has a more immediate reference to the political topics and events of the day than that which it has been attempted to sketch in the foregoing pages. He reads a lecture, a very friendly and laudatory one, to Mr. Canning, on the state of parties, and the conflict of principles, both at home and abroad, and on the course which that gentleman should pursue to secure his own fame and his country's good. Some of the statements and advice have already become obsolete. The then situation of Spain, and what Mr. Canning might or should have done, are unhappily of this description. It is justly remarked, however, that "beneath the surface of the present conflict a far wider revolution is going on; and its mainspring, its vivifying principle, is the diffusion of knowledge. The pen is become a far more powerful and effectual weapon than the sword; and they who would oppose the arm of power to the influence of the press, must soon have occasion to rue the hopelessness of the contest." Accord-

ingly, the progress which knowledge and liberty have made, and must continue to make, in the world are said and sung by Mr. Boone, in the first of his poetical epistles and its notes. He then becomes a little alarmed at the extent of the anticipated triumph which he has celebrated. He is fearful of our having too much of a good thing, and descants on the "danger of their being carried too far, or running wild." The prevention of such danger is a *dignus vindice nodus*, and his Magnus Apollo is invoked for that purpose :

"Such ills have risen!—oh! lest they rise again,
Let reason's arm avert th' impending bane;
But *how*?—think, Canning:—in thy mind revolve
That awful problem man has now to solve."

The author's hints towards the solution of the problem are recommendatory of a liberal and conceding policy to governments, that they may thus "take the cause of freedom out of the hands of political enthusiasts, hair-brained speculators, soldiers of fortune, ambitious rebels, hungry, desperate, unprincipled adventurers," and *place it in their own*. We wish they may adopt this advice; but submit, nevertheless, that the cause of freedom may be in safer and better hands than either. Let the people keep it in their own. Unless they do, it is a lost cause.

Mr. Boone is not, nor does he affect to be, a poet. His epistles, he says, "are put into rhyme, because, without that aid, a mere didactic exposition of general principles would be altogether unpalatable." We hope not; and have, therefore, ventured to offer our remarks in prose. It is but just to add, that he has accomplished all that he pretends to; that the syllables in each line are correctly counted, and the final ones have a very tolerable degree of resemblance to each other. Some passages deserve higher praise, and might be quoted as specimens of nervous versification.

REPRESENTATIVE REFORM.*

[*Westminster Review*, No. cxi.; January 1852.]†

WHAT is meant by Representation and Representative Government? To what extent, and in what manner, is either one or the other identified with the English Constitution? What are the evils and imperfections of that identification? How is a remedy to be sought and applied? These are questions to which considerable interest must always attach; but which assume, at the present time, great practical importance. We are on the eve of discussions in which some opinion upon them will be continually involved. The promise of the Prime Minister to produce a new Reform Bill will soon be fulfilled. Its provisions will bring into play a variety of theories, interests, intellects, passions, and prejudices. A stormy period is before us. There will be fears in some quarters, hopes in others, gratified expectations, and bitter disappointments. Fierce will be the collision of debates in Parliament, of leading articles in newspapers, and of partisans in public meetings. We have the prospect of a long legislative struggle, of popular agitation, perhaps of the downfall of a ministry, an appeal to the people, and the turmoil of a general election, aggravated by the urgency of what multitudes regard as the most momentous of all political questions. A short interval, and we must face the fray. It cannot be employed to a better or more appropriate purpose than that of a quiet preliminary consideration of the questions we commenced by propounding.

For the assistance of such consideration M. Guizot's work appears most opportunely. He is every way a

* *Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Représentative en Europe.* Par M. Guizot. Paris. 1851.

† This was the first article of the new series of the *Westminster Review*.

valuable counsellor. His former publications on the *History of European Civilisation*, and the *History of Civilisation in France*, have been generally recognised as valuable contributions to our knowledge of the course and laws of human progress. The present work is chiefly an elaboration of one element of the subject so ably handled in those productions. It is above the suspicion of being a partisan work. M. Guizot is not, in opinion, intimately allied with any of our political sections. He writes as an admirer of representative and constitutional government; he also writes as a foreigner, and a calm political philosopher. Whatever of prejudice or bias he may have is not likely to be our bias or any of our prejudices; nor are these volumes, in substance, a recent labour: we do not owe them to the excitements of 1848. The lectures, of which the work consists, were delivered as long ago as 1820, and reports of them were published at the time in the *Journal des Cours Publics*. The varied experiences of the intervening period—experiences of office and of opposition, of the bureau and of diplomacy, of popularity and of exile—have contributed towards the matured power for that revision the leisure for which was secured by the late Revolution. Every circumstance renders the work acceptable to us just now; and it is needless to add, to the students of M. Guizot's former productions, that the recommendations of a work at once appropriate and yet independent are enhanced by the known simplicity and luminousness of style, the habits of thought, and the extensive historical researches, of the author. It must be our own fault if we do not derive some advantage, in this our practical time of need, from lessons thus composed and revised, although no doubt their primary and immediate purpose was to instruct the young France of 1820 by the example of Old England.

According to M. Guizot, we are not to search for the elements, the principle, or the origin of representative government in the wilds of ancient Germany. No portion of the Saxon Witenagemot was properly elective. There was in it a commercial as well as a territorial power. The merchant who had thrice crossed the sea took his place with the possessor of five hides of land. But each was there in his personal right, and not by the authority or on behalf of others. The idea of representation had not yet

arisen. M. Guizot marks four epochs of European history, during which the great nations held much the same course, until they arrived at the point where either representative government developed itself, or the failure to obtain it, and the permanent establishment of the monarchic principle, became manifest.*

Confining his attention chiefly to France, Spain, and England, M. Guizot then proceeds to show the cause and events by which the first glimmerings of representation were extinguished in the two former countries, and waxed stronger and brighter in England. Into much of this comparison it is not our intention to follow him. The first and decisive peculiarity in the condition of England which influenced the result he finds in the effects of the Norman Conquest. That event was not the subjugation of a people in the last effete stage of a decaying civilisation by hordes of barbarians. The Saxons had made considerable progress in one direction, and the Normans in another. Local institutions had been developed in the one case; feudalism in the other. The two nations were much nearer an equality than is usually the case between a conquering and a conquered people. Their religion was the same; and the clergy became a common court of moral appeal to both parties. Native and foreigner were soon on the way to amalgamation; but not an amalgamation on the principle of either Saxon or Norman institutions. Feudalism was in the presence not only, as elsewhere, of kings striving for absolute authority, but of a powerful commonalty enriched and strengthened by the wrecks of the Saxon aristocracy. A large population existed which the Norman barons could not swamp into a state of serfdom, and to which successive kings, from the Conqueror downwards, deemed it politic to promise the permanence of their ancient laws. Norman feudalism had, for self-defence, the need of a union which was not felt on the Continent; and the absence of which enabled kings to extend their power until feudalism was absorbed in monarchy. Here it was strong in that union; so strong as to control the sovereign, limit his powers, arrest his advances towards despotism, and bind him down by the Great Charter; and by

* A quotation is here omitted; it begins, "The German tribes, in establishing themselves upon Roman soil," &c.

a succession of compacts of a similar description they constituted themselves the king's council ; and a puppet king they had made of him, in the hands of a ruling aristocracy, but for that third power, which regarded with no friendly eye either a Norman monarch or an oligarchy of Norman nobles ; and whose influence, alternately courted by both, is perceptible in various institutions, and became most potently and permanently embodied, at length, in the admission of representatives to sit with the barons and the clergy, and then in their separate meetings, for making their separate grants of money to the crown and urging their peculiar grievances. In this partition the knights of shires, representing those who held of the crown, and whose presence had preceded that of the burgess representatives in the single chamber, were naturally combined with them rather than with those who attended in their own right ; and thus was formed the English House of Commons.

From this point M. Guizot traces, chronologically and perspicuously, intermixed with various philosophisings, the course of events by which the representative power in our constitution was augmented, defined, and consolidated. Enough has been said to indicate the characteristic features and merits of his work. He has accurately described, we think, in the ceaseless struggle of Saxon and Norman, not in the battle-field, but in the assertion of rights, the source of that mighty stream which yet flows on so majestically. He has shown how, in other regions, it might have ended in a swamp. Were we disposed to prolong the metaphor, it might be added, that he has stopped short of marking the tendency of its course towards that vast ocean whither it winds its way ; the consummation, namely, of representation in representative government.

As M. Guizot only undertakes to trace the History of Representative Government in Europe, it may seem unreasonable to complain that he says nothing about the United States of America. Yet, as an offshoot of England in their origin, they might have claimed some place in his plan. There is a still stronger reason why his history and his philosophy are both necessarily incomplete without a review of their institutions. They possess the only thoroughly representative government upon the face of the earth. To

call ours a representative government, except in a secondary and remote sense, is a misnomer. Representation is a portion of our government, an element in our constitution, and it is no more; unless we assume the Sovereign and the House of Lords to be representative, inasmuch as the peers may be said to stand for the aristocracy of the country, and the Sovereign to personify the unity of the empire. We exercised, indeed, a sort of elective power in calling William III. to the throne; and the descendants of the Electress Sophia of Hanover reign by a species of compound title made up of affinity with the Stuarts and the authority of an Act of Parliament. But personally, and so far as election is implied in representation, the Sovereign is no more representative than the members of the House of Lords. For the full development of the representative principle into representative government we must look across the Atlantic. And what we see there is nothing new in its nature, though it be in its extent. It is the full growth, in actuality, of the thought which dimly loomed over the mind of Simon de Montfort when he invoked the aid of knights and burgesses to back the barons in the strife with Henry III. The Americans have carried out the principle in the entirety of their institutions. Like us, they have a single head, but he is elective. Like us, they have an upper chamber, but it is elective. Like us, they have a magistracy, but it is elective. Like us, they have a People's House, but it keeps its exact proportion of members to the population. Every portion of government bears the representative character. That character is not a fraction or an element; it is the essence and vitality of the whole. And it is all of English growth. Even the ballot-box was part of the cargo of the *Mayflower*. At least we know that it existed in England before it was used in America; and the singly ascertained case of the borough of Lymington in the seventeenth century, which probably was not the only actual instance, deprives our colonists of the merit of originality in that right of secret voting which they consider the great safeguard of their liberties. They have not invented: they have done better than invent; they have developed that conception which had worked out all the freedom possessed by their forefathers. The Americans did not make a constitution. No made constitution ever lasted. By an easy metaphor Mackintosh taught a great

truth when he affirmed that constitutions cannot be created, they must grow. The extent and diversity of the British empire may perhaps always require a Sovereign to insure its unity and cohesion. At the same time, the different races of its variegated population are so far fused that any federal union of States, analogous to that of America, is equally out of question. With these exceptions, and some others probably which might be indicated, America exhibits what will be the future of England should the feudalism which still remains ever become absorbed by the representative principle. The American constitution is representation full-grown. There, surely, is then the place to study it. No hostile forces have checked its expansion. Its roots have spread themselves in an unoccupied soil, and its branches tossed themselves abroad in a free atmosphere. It is neither cribbed by feudalism, nor overshadowed by monarchy. Europe grows no such specimen, nor perhaps ever can. Representation in France, though widened in its base to universal suffrage, while acting by a single chamber, was controlled by centralised institutions, and not engrafted on the habits of the people. They are not "to the manner born." Representation there has never yet been a reality. The perfect plant is only to be seen across the Atlantic, whither it was carried by our countrymen, who had already learned its culture. The philosophy which disregards such a fact is necessarily so imperfect as to incur the danger of being unsound.

The institutions of the United States are obviously and avowedly founded on the sovereignty of the people. That is a phrase of which M. Guizot is more afraid than beseems a philosopher. In attempting to separate it from the notion of representative government, he gets bewildered in a metaphysical maze. He defines sovereignty to be the command of will over will, and identifies it with despotism, whether exercised by an individual, an oligarchy, or the majority of a nation. Where, then, in M. Guizot's theory of representative government, is the sovereignty lodged? Nowhere, *i. e.* in no person or class of persons, but in reason or justice. He removes it from the world of entities into that of quiddities. A "tyrant majority" appals him, as once upon a time it did Sir Robert Peel. But reason will not act of itself. For reason to reign it must be incorporate. And

in whom? In the majority or in the minority? If the prevalence of the will of the majority over that of the minority be absolutism, tyranny, and so on, what shall we call that of the will of the minority over the majority? It must be somebody's reason that rules; and there seems no better conformity with justice than that the few should yield to the many, rather than the many to the few.

The problem really is, how to obtain the greatest probability that the will of the majority shall harmonise with the reason of the case. Representative government is an attempt at the solution of this problem. First, we reduce a population too numerous for deliberation to a convenient number. We make a selection. This very process tends towards the object of obtaining a public will that shall be in harmony with reason. When men make a selection of others to think and act for them, they look for the presumed embodiment of their own best qualities. The most besotted would not, therefore, choose a drunkard; nor the most ignorant, a fool. Election acts as a sort of intellectual and moral filter. Then the power of the elected few to think, speak, and act for the electing many, is not absolute. There are always certain broad and general principles which are previously understood, even when mere delegation is most entirely renounced. Moreover, the choice is only for a time. Ultimately, the representative must render his account. These are all securities against the tyranny of mere will, either in the representative or the majority by which he is elected. Nor are these all the securities. Acting in the spirit of the institution, representative assemblies always bind themselves by forms which insure a hearing for the minority, and enforce deliberation. Still further guarantees are gained by a second chamber in which the decisions of the first are revised before being endowed with the potency of laws. This second chamber may be independent of election altogether, as with us; or chosen on a different principle, and for a different time, as with the Senate of the United States. In either case, the effect is to delay the final settlement and secure further deliberation. After all comes, when needful, the veto of the chief magistrate, limited in the United States; but when nominally absolute not precluding a revival of the discussions and a repetition of the

decision. Notwithstanding all these precautions, the determination may prove a mistaken or unjust one; but it can scarcely be questioned that this series of contrivances is well adapted to the object, and likely, in general, to secure its attainment.

There are two natural accompaniments of a representative system, having a close affinity with it, and which act as additional securities for the identification of the will of the majority with the reason of the case; these are, a free press and an educated constituency. By the press, the responsibility of the representative is rendered more continuous and complete. He is watched in all his ways. He has hostile as well as friendly reporters. On the advantage of his being responsible to comparatively competent judges, there is no occasion to dilate. In the United States these accompaniments have the same securities as their institutions. They are provided for as belonging to representation. And here the first of them grew out of representation. It sprung up in spite of the blundering or sinister jealousy of the representative body. The "fourth estate" could not be kept down. The reporter was too strong for the Speaker. Rules, orders, and privileges could not bar him out. The old forms are mere cobwebs. It is at the peril of a member to "spy a stranger in the House." The "stranger" has made himself at home; he is as much part and parcel of representation as representation is part and parcel of the constitution. For the second accompaniment the United States have also provided, and nobly. They do not leave the qualifications for citizenship to chance, and the caprice, ignorance, or indolence of the people. General education is a portion of their institutions. It is recognised as pertaining to representative government. We also recognise it here, but in a much more imperfect manner. The connection with representation has been felt by our legislators. Means have accordingly been taken to insure an educated, and consequently competent, constituency. But how? Not by providing for educating all the people, but by endeavouring to pick out those of the people who had educated themselves. It is assumed that the possessors of freeholds, or other kinds of property, must, from their condition in society, have received the requisite education. Those who live in houses for which

they pay not less than 10*l.* a year rent are also assumed to be adequately instructed. We stop not to discuss the wisdom or correctness of these assumptions. They are merely noticed as recognising the principle, that popular representation implies popular education. A similar affinity might be pointed out between despotism and ignorance.

That representation in this country should be destitute, to a large extent, not only of the completeness in which the United States exhibit it, but also of that which belongs to it as the accompaniment of a monarchy and an hereditary aristocracy, is the inevitable result of the manner in which it was introduced and has advanced. The full development of all the principles of our constitution, so far as they are permanent, remains for the future; it suffices for the past to have originated and partially applied them, as circumstances allowed or required. In appealing to what, in the phraseology of Coleridge, we may call the Idea of Representation, it is not at all necessary to assume that a clear and full conception of that idea has been present to the mind of any of the legislators by whose labours representation has, to its actual extent, been realised. Legislators are like prophets, often little conscious of the force of their own oracles. The perfect form, the full power, and the high worth of the trial by jury could scarcely appear to the mind of Alfred. But there was in his thought the germ that grew into the present institution. Many minds, long ages, and various events have contributed towards the advance of that institution into its actual form. But the same essential idea runs through the whole, correcting abuses which arose, gaining powers which were necessary, adapting the appropriate machinery, and still moving, though sometimes with irregular step, towards the ultimate aim and object. By that idea must the present arrangements be tried, the occasion for further improvements ascertained, and the worth of proposed alterations estimated. The building is not the less harmonious for the fact that many or all the workmen who, at intervals, have laboured at its erection, had no distinct consciousness of that harmonious proportion which gradually became apparent, and to exhibit which is the province of the political philosopher. They worked under its influence, though unconscious, and only seeking to remedy the injustice of some

particular case, or to prevent the recurrence of some particular evil. At the same time it is obvious that when the idea of any institution does become distinctly apprehended, we may proceed with a firmer step and more assured success towards its full development. We have the guidance of a principle; we have the clue to what had appeared a tangled maze. Our notions may be termed theoretical, but the theory is a condensation of all the practicality of the past. As with trial by jury, so has it fared with representation. The English Parliament originated in a combination of various elements. None of the agents by whose means the combination was effected knew what they were doing, or dreamed that they were the creators of a power destined to exercise so mighty an influence upon the country and the world. In the strife between the king and the great barons, what could be more natural than that the former should look to those who were his immediate vassals? They were too numerous to be summoned *en masse*. The sheriffs of counties were instructed to send two knights of the shire to speak for the rest. The first writs for this purpose were issued by John, in 1214, when hard pressed by the barons. These knights formed part of the same assembly with the barons. How they were at first selected does not appear, but in a short time we find that they were elected in open county court. So it continued till the reign of Henry VI., when the proceedings were deemed too disorderly, and the possession of a freehold of 40s. per annum was, by Act of Parliament, made the qualification for a voter; a restriction on the franchise which the change in the value of money has curiously transformed into a potent means for its extension. This addition of the knights of shires to the great baronial council of the king was the first appearance of representation. It was soon followed by the introduction of the word Parliament, employed by Matthew Paris for the first time in speaking of the assembly convoked by Henry III. in 1240. These knights of shires, the origin of our county representation, in which the sheriff still girds on the sword and buckles the spurs, were alternately courted by the king and the barons through the reigns of John and Henry III. They were, partly in their individual and much more in their representative capacity, a power in the State. But there

was another power which untiring industry and accumulating wealth had created. The towns, with their remains of Anglo-Saxon municipal institutions, their guilds, and their property, were become too important not to have their favour sought by the contending parties in the ceaseless struggle between feudal aristocracy and royalty. They had fat money-bags, too, which were difficult to get at without their consent. The time had come for them to have a form, a place, and a name in the country. On the 14th Dec. 1264, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, summoned the boroughs to send representatives to a Parliament, which met early in the following year, and which presents the complete model of our present institution; the personal members, as barons and the superior clergy, sitting in one house, and the elected members for counties or boroughs in another.* The growing power of the Commons was the inevitable result of the enlightened policy of Edward I., and of the civil wars by which the aristocracy exhausted itself in the reigns of Richard II. and his successors. It is not necessary for our present purpose to trace it. We have only glanced at the history to show that the representative portion of our government sprung naturally, and without any philosophic forethought, from the circumstances of the times. The dim and yet undeveloped idea of representation was engendered by passing events for temporary purposes. It struck root promptly in the soil of the English mind. By no charter was royalty bound to its acknowledgment. No formal act defined the powers or rights of this new thing, a House of Commons. But there it was. Self-government for the people had been claimed by nobody. The notion would have been scarcely comprehensible in that age. Neither chronicle nor tradition furnished precedent or prototype. That the Athenians governed themselves by general assemblies of the people,

* According to some authorities this event must be dated considerably earlier. Holinshed and Meed fix the first Parliament in the 16th Henry I. So does Baker's Chronicle. And Lord Bacon asks, "where were the Commons before the reign of Henry I.?" But there is no documentary evidence of any summons to burgesses before the time mentioned above. The Great Charter contains no allusion to a representative house, an inconceivable omission, if Baker be correct. The word "Parliament" preceded the existence of the House of Commons.

was a fact unknown ; and, of course, that a selection of a comparatively small number to deliberate for them would have been a more convenient scheme, was an inference which nobody drew. Such a thought as that of the rights of man was only to mount above the intellectual horizon in ages long after. But that notion called representation, the management of the people's concerns by persons chosen by the people, was in existence, had commenced its influences upon the mind ; was developing itself like a vigorous seedling, and was preparing to bear, as its fruit in full maturity, a political philosophy in accordance with the wants and tendencies of an advanced stage of human civilisation.

The constant play of circumstances upon the House of Commons, and the varying policy of kings, statesmen, and parties, have sometimes promoted and sometimes retarded the progressive development of the idea of representation. The boroughs had no desire to burden themselves. We say now that taxation implies representation ; the grievance then was, that representation implied taxation. Attendance both of Peers and Commons was declared compulsory by an Act passed in the reign of Richard II., A.D. 1382 ; and the Act refers to previous punishments for the same offence as customary ; they were probably penalties inflicted by the royal authority. Subsequently rewards were tried as well as punishments. This continued some time.

Members appear to have been paid a certain fixed sum for their attendance in Parliament down to the Restoration, *i. e.* to the time of Charles II. The last member who received payment is said to have been Andrew Marvell, member for Hull. The 35 Henry VII., cap. 11, fixes the payment to knights and burgesses in Wales in these words (the Act is dated 1543) :

“ Where the knights of all and every shire of this realm of England and Wales, and the burgesses of all cities, towns, and boroughs of the same, be named, elected, and chosen for their assembly in the King's High Court of Parliament, as by ancient laudable laws and customs of this realm hath been used and accustomed, at and by the King's Majesty's high commandments, unto the which knights and burgesses, their fees and wages be assigned certainly ; that is to say, to every knight, by the day, 4*s.* ; and to every citizen and burgess, by the day, 2*s.*, or more, as heretofore hath been accus-

tomed, accounting for the same so many days as the said High Court of Parliament endureth, with addition thereunto of so many days as every such knight and burgess may reasonably journey and resort from their habitations or dwelling-places to the said High Court of Parliament, and from the said High Court to return to their habitations or dwelling-places, together with their costs of writs, and other ordinary fees and charges."

The Act then recites that the money is to be levied and collected by mayors, &c., in towns, and by the sheriffs in counties; that these officers have hitherto been negligent in that duty, "to the great hurt, injury, and delay of the King's said subjects," and it attaches penalties to such neglect in future.

Some boroughs pleaded poverty, and obtained, by petition to the king, a license for not sending members according to the writ. Others contrived to escape the burden by quiet neglect. But soon a new interest in parliamentary affairs was excited, which led to a different feeling. In 1225 the then baronial Parliament had accompanied the grant of a fifteenth with the condition that the charters should be confirmed, and the precedent was not lost sight of when the Commons had become a portion of Parliament. Petitions for redress of specified grievances became the frequent accompaniment of the grant of supplies. True, the redress was only sought from the royal prerogative. The House of Commons were petitioners before they became the petitioned. But they gained the power of the purse, and it cleared their path. In the reign of Edward II., no less than twenty-two new boroughs were summoned to send members, for the purpose, we may infer, of increasing the royal influence. Members soon after began to bear their own charges. In the fifteenth century, the position of a representative had grown into an object of ambition. Laws were passed against armed interference in elections. It was moreover enacted, 1 Henry V. c. 1, 8 Henry VI. c. 7, and 23 Henry VI. cc. 6 and 14, that members should be inhabitants of the places which they represented. And in the sixteenth century, we find loud complaints of the nomination of candidates by noblemen, as well as symptoms of a traffic in seats by local authorities or persons of wealth and influence in the neighbourhood. In fact, the

question of Parliamentary Reform may be said to date from the debates in some of Elizabeth's Parliaments.

As to the duration of Parliaments, the first were unquestionably sessional. They were called "once in the year, and twice if need be" (5 Edward II., c. 29). Their work was soon done. The burgesses were eager to return to their homes. That prudent and penurious monarch, Henry VII., found himself so comfortably off from his own resources, that he only called one Parliament in seven years. The practice of prorogations had now commenced. It was begun by Henry IV., who prorogued one of his Parliaments three times, although, after all, its duration was something short of twelve months. Henry VIII. availed himself of this means to prolong the duration of Parliament *ad libitum*. In 1640 the first Triennial Bill was passed. This was repealed in 1664, and a law substituted to prevent Parliaments having vacations of more than three years. Again, Parliaments were made triennial by 6 William III., c. 2. In twenty-four years after, 1716, the dread of the Pretender and of Jacobitism in the constituencies, occasioned the Septennial Act; an innovation long and vigorously, but vainly, contested.

From the commencement of the reign of Edward I. to the termination of that of George II., a period of 461 years, there were 202 Parliaments, whose average duration was two and a half years. This includes the time when triennial Parliaments were the law of the land; and also that in which the Tudors and the Stuarts struggled hard to do without Parliaments. If we stop at Henry VIII., we have 143 Parliaments to 210 years, or an average of less than one year and a half. The Parliaments of George III. and George IV. averaged five and one-third years. From the Reform Act, in the reign of William IV., by whose third Parliament (after two short ones) it was passed, to the present time (1852), there have been five Parliaments averaging four years each, with a little time yet to run.

The right to the suffrage in counties has remained nominally unchanged from the time of Henry VI., except so far as the altered value of money has made it a more popular franchise than formerly: it being also enlarged by the Chandos clause of the Reform Act bestowing it upon

50*l.* tenants-at-will, and by the inclusion of copyholders of 10*l.* per annum, lessees of 10*l.* if on leases for not less than forty years, or of 50*l.* if for not less than twenty years. At first this seems a very simple qualification. But the sources of property in land are so various, and the registration system so stimulates objections, that an unexpected amount of complexity has been developed. In the evidence of Mr. George Wilson before a Committee of the House of Commons, it appears that the right to a county vote may be acquired in no less than 1276 different ways, viz.:

Varieties of freehold title	576
Do. in copyhold	400
Leasehold qualifications	250
Occupying tenants	50
	1276

All of these are open to inquiry and discussion before the registering barrister, and the consequent amount of vexation and inconvenience, the uncertainty, and the influence of party organisation upon the registration, may easily be imagined.

On the borough franchise, and its original extent, there are various opinions, a summary of which is thus given by Hallam :

“ It is doubtless a problem of no inconsiderable difficulty to determine with perfect exactness by what class of persons the elective franchise in ancient boroughs was originally possessed ; yet not, perhaps, so much so as the carelessness of some and the artifices of others have caused it to appear. The different opinions on this controverted question may be reduced to the four following theses :

“ 1. The original right, as enjoyed by boroughs represented in the Parliaments of Edward I., and all of later creation, where one of a different nature has not been expressed in the charter from which they derive the privilege, was in the inhabitant householders resident in the borough, and paying scot and lot—under those words including local rates, and probably general taxes.

“ 2. The right sprang from the tenure of certain freehold lands or burgages within the boroughs and did not belong to any but such tenants.

"3. It was derived from charters of incorporation, and belonged to the community or freemen of the corporate body.

"4. It did not extend to the generality of freemen, but was limited to the governing part or municipal magistracy.

"The actual right of election as fixed by determinations of the House of Commons before 1772, and by committees under the Grenville Act since, is variously grounded upon some of these four principal rules, each of which has been subject to subordinate modifications, which produce still more complication and irregularity. Of these propositions, the first was laid down by a celebrated committee of the House of Commons in 1624, the chairman whereof was Serjeant Glanville, and the members, as appears by the list in the journals, the most eminent men in respect of legal and constitutional knowledge that were ever united in such a body. It is called by them the common-law right, and that which ought always to obtain, where prescriptive usage to the contrary cannot be shown. But it has met with very little favour from the House of Commons since the Restoration."

Such was the state of the franchise up to the Reform Act. By that Act the several ancient rights of voting were preserved, as to their existing possessors, and a new franchise was created, viz. that of householders paying an annual rent of not less than 10*l.*, with certain accompanying conditions as to the payment of taxes, length of residence, being duly on the rate-book, &c., which furnish opportunities for objectors, and work for the revising barristers of the registration courts.

Originally, the presence of heirs of the peerage in the assembly of the commoners of the realm was not likely to be desired either by themselves or by others. They first showed themselves there in 1550. For their encouragement, in later times, they were exempted from the provisions of the Qualification Act, A.D. 1711, requiring members for counties to possess 600*l.* per annum, and for boroughs 300*l.* per annum, in land. The design, says Burnet, was to exclude merchants and traders; they afterwards, since the Reform Act, made their way by modifying the requirement so as to admit personal property.

Generally, and from the first, the franchise has been exercised openly. Secret voting, however, was not illegal.

In the political tracts of the reign of William III., there is evidence of the ballot having been then in use in the borough of Lymington, Hants; and the process, by means of differently coloured balls, one colour for each candidate, is minutely described. A Bill for establishing secret voting passed the Commons in 1710, but was thrown out by the Lords. Small majorities for the ballot, in thin Houses, have been repeatedly obtained during the present Parliament.

From this glance at the history of representation, one inference is inevitable: there is no ancient and complete standard to which appeal can be made. On no page of our annals can the Conservative put his finger, and say, There is the delineation of a House of Commons in its perfect state; there is the model from which every deviation is an abuse: whatever then existed, and has since been lost, must be restored; whatever did not then exist is an innovation, and must be rejected; these are the ancient ways in which we are bound to walk. The most common borough franchise of our day, that of the 10/. householders, is not yet a quarter of a century old. The Septennial Act and the property qualification are modern innovations. The original duration of Parliament was shorter than that which Chartism demands. Payment of members was twin-born with the House of Commons. Though not imperative, yet voting by ballot once was legal. It has probably only ceased to be so by accident. The poorest peasant was for centuries admissible into the House of Commons, and the son of a duke was, for a long period, inadmissible. There is scarcely a proposition for a change so great but it may plead a precedent. And yet the Reformer is as much at a loss as the Conservative for a complete model or standard. If we use the facts of history as controversial divines use texts of scripture, all the dogmas of all the reformers, and those of all the anti-reformers too, may be proved to be constitutional, and may also be disproved. This is not the way in which to learn and apply the lessons of the past. So far as statesmen have been pure, wise, and patriotic in their purposes, what have they aimed at realising? So far as legislators have consulted personal ambition, party preponderance, class interests, what is it that they have aimed at perverting or obstructing? The reply is the same in both cases — the representation of the people. What, then,

should be the object of those who seek improvement in our institutions, whether by abating evils which exist, or by extending the good which results from them, but to advance further towards the representation of the people, in harmony with those arrangements under which such progress has been already made? Representation is an essential principle of our constitution, coördinate with the monarchy and aristocracy; and its full display is as much the function of the future, as the origination and progress of the principle has been the achievement of the past. We have here our test of the venerable and the obsolete, of the use and the abuse, of what is to be abolished and what retained. We have a guiding star for the work of reformation.

In the grounds on which Chester and afterwards Durham pleaded for, and were admitted to, a share in the representation, we find the true principle not obscurely indicated. The arguments used are capable of extension to classes as well as counties. They show the idea of representation working in men's minds at different periods and under different circumstances.

The petition on which the admission of Chester was founded was as follows, dated 1542 :

"To the King, our Sovereign Lord, in most humble wise shown unto your excellent Majesty, the inhabitants of your Grace's County Palatine of Chester; That where the said County Palatine is and hath been always hitherto exempt, excluded, and separated out and from your High Court of Parliament, to have any knights and burgesses within the said Court; by reason whereof the said inhabitants have hitherto sustained manifold disherisons, losses, and damages, as well in their goods, lands, and bodies, as in the good civil and politic governance and maintenance of the commonwealth of their said county; and forasmuch as the said inhabitants have always hitherto been bound by the acts and statutes made and ordained by your said Highness and your most noble progenitors by authority of the said Court, as far forth as other counties, cities, and boroughs have been that have had their knights and burgesses within your said Court of Parliament, and yet have had neither knight nor burgess there for the said County Palatine, the said inhabitants for lack thereof have been oftentimes touched and grieved

with acts and statutes made within the said Court, as well derogatory unto the most ancient jurisdictions, liberties, and privileges of your said County Palatine, as prejudicial unto the commonwealth, quietness, rest, and peace of your Grace's most bounden subjects inhabiting within the same."

The petition from Durham is dated 1672, and runs thus :

"Whereas the inhabitants of the County Palatine of Durham have not hitherto had the liberty and privilege of electing and sending any knights and burgesses to the High Court of Parliament, although the inhabitants of the said County Palatine are liable to all payments, rates, and subsidies granted by Parliament, equally with the inhabitants of other counties, cities, and boroughs in this kingdom, who have their knights and burgesses in the Parliament, and are therefore concerned equally with others, the inhabitants of this kingdom, to have knights and burgesses in the said High Court of Parliament of their own election, to represent the condition of their county, as the inhabitants of other counties, cities, and boroughs of this kingdom have."

In contemplating and seeking the removal of so gross an inequality as that of comprehension or exclusion, minor inequalities would naturally be overlooked. The non-represented of Chester and Durham were ready to take representation as they found it, with all faults. It consisted not with their position to suggest reforms ; but they plainly had a perception of the principle by which reforms should be guided.

When changes so great as those of the Reform Act were made, it is much to be regretted that the guidance of the representative principle was not more consistently followed, and provision made for the future by some adjusting power which should, of itself, regulate the details. We might then have been spared the necessity of several amending Acts, and now of a new Reform Bill. The character of the Act is that of a gigantic patchwork. It added and destroyed without any perceptible rule. With no allowance for the wear and tear of time, it started in a manner full of apparent caprice. Of the 56 boroughs totally disfranchised, the population of the largest, Downton, was 3961. Of the 30 boroughs which it reduced to a single

representative, the population of the smallest, Petersfield, was 1423. The smallest new borough which was to return a single member was Whitby, with a population of 10,399. The largest old borough retaining a single member was Westbury, with a population of 7324; the largest new borough in the same class being Salford, with a population of 50,810. Thetford retained its 2 members, with 146 electors; the Tower Hamlets gained only 2 for its 25,000. This was building a ruin. It created discrepancies analogous to those which it is supposed to be the peculiar function of time to introduce. There was no calculation, no proportion, no regard—at least, no uniform regard—to population or property in the selection or the rejection. That many of the boroughs retained must soon become as manageable for the purposes of corruption as those which were abolished, was evident from the first. The extent of change was far beyond the amount of reform. In effecting it, there had apparently been a slashing commencement, a vacillating course, a dead halt, and a retrograde movement. The good was to be looked for in particular points, rather than in any general character. Old Sarum was obliterated, and Manchester and the metropolitan boroughs were called into political existence. The middle classes received a large accession of the franchise. The duration of the polling time was reduced, so as partly to exclude the recurrence of those electoral auctions by which the country had been disgraced. An increase was secured for the political power of the manufacturing and commercial classes. But small boroughs continued; and continued to be, as they had been, sinks of iniquity. Nomination remained, and is as notorious as ever. Bribery and corruption were at once found to be undiminished, if not increased. The tree had been pruned, but the axe not laid to the root. In proportion to the zeal which the people had evinced for “the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill,” was the disappointment which speedily followed when the painful fact appeared, that reform had still left reform necessary. From that time to this, the public desire for further improvements in the representative system has been gaining strength; the First Minister of the Crown, himself the introducer of the Reform Act, has conceded the reasonableness of the demand; but the necessity has nothing novel in its character;

it is substantially that which the Reform Act dealt with inefficiently, because it looked only at details, and was based upon no great political principle.

A few of the boroughs disfranchised by the Reform Act were originally places of some wealth and importance, which had "fallen from their high estate;" but a large proportion were of a very different description. While the prerogative of the Sovereign to grant charters which conveyed the right of representation, or to issue writs to places before unrepresented, was uncontested, the temptation was great to adopt such means of strengthening the influence of the Crown. Hence a number of Treasury boroughs, which changed hands with every change of Administration. Cornwall, especially, was a sort of farm for the Court to grow members upon. It was easily coerced through, as Hallam observes, "the indefinite and oppressive jurisdiction of the Stannary Court." Hence its share of the representation had an enormous increase. At the accession of Edward IV., 5 towns only in Cornwall returned members; at the death of Elizabeth, 21. Altogether the number of boroughs in England disfranchised by the Reform Act was 56 (see list in Schedule A, Reform Bill); of these no fewer than 12, or nearly one-fourth, were in Cornwall, and 7, or one-eighth, in Wiltshire. These two counties are still among those where the representation is higher than in many other parts of England. Of these 56 boroughs all, with the exception of Higham Ferrers, in Northamptonshire, returned two members each; this borough returned only one, so that the total number was 111.

22	were represented in the Parliaments of Edward I.
1	was added during the reign of Edward II.
2	were " " Edward III.
4	" " Henry VI.
7	" " Edward VI.
4	" " Mary.
16	" " Elizabeth.
—	
56	

Thirty boroughs that formerly returned two members each were henceforth to return only one. Of these, four were in Cornwall and four in Wiltshire.

21	of these were represented in the	
	Parliament of	Edward I.
3	were added during the reign of	Edward III.
1	was	Henry VI.
2	were	Mary.
3	„	Elizabeth.
—		
30		

The present representatives of these boroughs and the number of electors are as follows :

18	Liberals	7124	electors	396	average
12	Conservatives	4142	„	345	„
—		—			
30		11,266			

A constituency less than either Manchester, Liverpool, Lambeth, Westminster, Finsbury, Marylebone, the Tower Hamlets, or London.

The 30 members consist of—

1	Marquis	1	Rear-Admiral	3	Lawyers
1	Earl	1	Lieutenant-General	1	Govt. Official
1	Viscount	1	Lieutenant-Colonel	11	not ascer-
2	Lords	1	Captain		tained.
3	Honourables	3	Baronets		

This commentary is a very expressive one upon the class of society for whose behoof the boroughs, which were partly spared, continue in existence. These are not, it may be said, Treasury boroughs ; at any rate, not all ; but they have just as little to do with the representation of the people as if they were.

In the new boroughs created by the Reform Act there is some glimpse of rule and method ; but very roughly applied. All those to which two members were allotted had a population of upwards of 25,000. Most of the new boroughs with only one member had a population under 25,000, but above 12,000. With Universal Suffrage this distinction would have been intelligible ; or, indeed, with any suffrage bearing a defined proportion to the population. But that can never be predicable of a suffrage founded on house-rent, and made yet more irregular by the legal technicalities

involved in the registration system ; to say nothing of the absurdity of making no provision for boroughs whose population far exceeds the minimum for two members.*

Before proceeding to comment upon the representation as distributed in the counties, we must notice the light which the foregoing facts and tables throw upon the borough representation. They show to what an extent it is appropriated by the aristocracy. It is not representation at all. Only in the more populous places has the industrial population any power. Influence and bribery divide the spoil. The predominance of the aristocracy in the House of Commons has been ascribed to the servility of the people. Our figures refute such reasoning. If the relatives of peers have character, talent, industry, and patriotism, they are welcomed, as they ought to be, by large constituencies. We might mention several splendid instances. They show the frankness with which reform accepts the alliance of aristocracy. The memory of Simon de Montfort was long venerated by the commonalty, and his spirit is always gratefully recognised. Let what is regarded as the more liberal section of the aristocracy only show the slightest inclination to advance in a popular direction, and how promptly and confidently it is followed ! People look to it for those whom they are ready to regard as their natural leaders. But this is not the cause which fills the benches of the House of Commons with titular nobles and their connections. They are there by the small constituencies ; and not by the free opinions expressed in the free votes of those constituencies. They are there, in some instances, from boroughs whose honest inhabitants petition (as in the case of Stamford) for disfranchisement, as a deliverance from the degradation of enforced elections. They sneak into the house by the back-stairs of influence and intimidation ; and when once there, they can boast, as did one of the Yarmouth 10*l.* voters in justification of his bribe, that his vote was worth as much as that of a freeman. The preponderance of small constituencies over the large ones is exhibited in the fact that 123 English and Welsh boroughs, with constituencies under 1000, return 185 members ; while there are only 77 boroughs with constituencies over 1000,

* Mr. Fox then gave a series of tables illustrating the inequalities left by the Reform Bill. These are omitted.

and they only return 150 members. In the valuable return obtained by Sir B. Hall, where the boroughs are grouped according to the number of electors, the first group of 14 boroughs returns 20 members, from an aggregate constituency of 3449, and a population of 67,329. The last group in the return, of nine boroughs, also returns 20 members, but from a constituency of 141,664, and a population of 2,156,493. So that in the first group each member is sent, on the average, by 172 voters, to represent a population of 3366; and in the second group each member is sent by 7083 voters, to represent a population of 107,824.

We come now to the counties.

The most striking feature* is the total absence of any thing like system, principle, or equality. Leaving out the exceptional counties, it appears that of the remaining 37 there are only four in which the number of members approximates to the proportion required by the population and property of the respective districts, while in nineteen the proportion is greater, and in five it is less. In the former number the counties embraced are, with scarcely an exception, purely agricultural, while in the latter they are as purely manufacturing or commercial, being Derby, Lancaster, Middlesex, Surrey, and the West Riding of Yorkshire. Again, in four cases (Cornwall, Essex, Lincoln, and Northampton), the number of members was more than the proportion to the population, and less than to the property; and in five counties, chiefly mining, the reverse was the case, the number of members being less than required by the population, but greater than required by the property. But the more the table is considered in detail, the more conspicuous do these inequalities appear. Thus Middlesex, with its rental of more than seven millions and a quarter per annum, and a population of nearly two millions, has fourteen votes in Parliament; and Dorset, with a rental and a population not one tithe of that of Middlesex, has precisely the same number of votes; or, to put it in a different form, one of the members sent by a constituency in Middlesex represents 135,408 persons, and property of the annual assessed value of 553,880*l.*; while a member from Dorset represents 12,685 persons, and property of the yearly value of 53,326*l.*

* Some tabular matter is again omitted.

The census comes in good time to aggravate the confusion of this chaos. Besides a probable diversity in the natural rate of increase in different localities, it indicates a strong current of migration towards the metropolis and towards the great manufacturing counties of the north. During the interval from 1841 to 1851 the London division has increased its population by 413,271; the West Riding by 163,448; and Lancashire by 365,304; while Buckinghamshire has only added 5422; Huntingdonshire, 4755; and Wilts has actually decreased. That the population is on the move is evident, and it is equally evident in what direction. The people migrate—the representation remains.

The time is gone by when it could be alleged as an admissible answer to these anomalies, “that the system worked well; that upon the whole the people were as truly and fairly represented in the House of Commons as if every man had a vote; that approaching more nearly to a uniform system of representation would very likely not improve, perhaps deteriorate, the character of the House of Commons,” &c. &c. There is one particular, especially, in which no decent person can maintain that the system works well. It is an extensive agency of demoralisation. As a general rule, a seat is expensive. In very few instances does one cost so little as 1000*l*. The aggregate outlay on a general election is estimated at a million and a half sterling. We need not refer to the St. Albans’ revelations, nor to other disclosures in the records of election committees yet more disgusting. All over the country habits of debauchery are stimulated, and consciences are tampered with. The pernicious influence of the election agent is not confined to the election time. It extends over all the intervening periods. He is a permanent missionary of demoralisation, supplied with funds from those whose ambition is bent on the purchase of legislative honours. Let not the blame be shifted on to the people. They are corrupt because they are corrupted. Temptation is constant and powerful; punishment most uncertain and rare. To defend this shameful part of our electoral system would be the open advocacy of the grossest vice. On the need of reform, whatever the means, in this respect, there can be no dispute. Notoriety, prescription, common usage, alleged necessity,—nothing can justify it, or palliate the delay of vigorous effort for its extinction.

That a reform bringing us nearer to a realisation of the representative principle would improve the general character of the House of Commons, is an inference scarcely avoidable from the facts we have exhibited. There are a few exceptions; but generally it cannot fail to be observed, that the intelligent, hard-working members of the House sit for the largest and purest constituencies. The sprigs and offshoots of nobility, the hack partisans and dependents, the professional men looking out for professional advancement, the mere golden calves,—in short, the classes who most thoroughly impair the representative character of the House,—usually have made their way there either through the small boroughs, or by wholesale corruption. It used to be urged on behalf of nomination, that it sent able men into the House whose poverty and habits unfitted them for the expense of contested elections in large towns, and for the degrading drudgery of the canvass. But it is notorious now that the cheapest elections, sometimes perfectly costless, are those of large popular constituencies; and having to address a few public meetings must be a most desirable exchange, to all who are qualified for Parliament, for the degradation of personal solicitations. And what if here and there a political demagogue be borne in upon a local tide of popular favour? So far as he is dangerous at all to the public peace, he is evidently less dangerous in the House of Commons than any where else in the country.

With nothing short of a closer approximation towards the representative principle can we hope to allay the discontent of the masses. Whatever measure be objected to, whatever pressure may be felt upon their circumstances, whatever practical oppression is abroad,—on this allegation they always fall back, “Ay, it would not be so if we were fairly represented.” The broad shoulders of that giant grievance bear the burden of every other. Unequal taxation, failing trade, expensive warfare, government jobs, court extravagance,—all are placed to the account of imperfect representation; and all are, for that reason, investigated in a more captious and angry spirit than they otherwise would be. Hence the worst measures fail of the calm discussion which would most expose them, and the best measures fail of the appreciation and coöperation that would constitute the highest efficiency and insure the

largest success. Constant employment is provided for the trading agitator. He lives upon the refusal of reform. His occupation is gone when once the people recognise a real representation in the House of Commons, and transfer to it their confidence.

That we should seek a remedy for existing evils by a bold application of the representative principle, cannot consistently be contested by the authors and upholders of the Reform Act. In abolishing boroughs which had sent representatives to Parliament from the time of the first Edward, on account of the smallness of their population, and assigning members to other places, on account of their population and importance, which had never before been represented, the notion of prescriptive right was distinctly repudiated. Parliament was declared competent to deal with the distribution of representatives, and did deal with it. Population was acknowledged as an element of representation. The 10*l*. franchise was an entirely new right of voting, as much so as universal or manhood suffrage would have been: and even more so than household suffrage, according to constitutional authorities. Whether the line was wisely drawn there, is another question; it was drawn, and by parliamentary authority: competent, therefore, to draw it elsewhere. After the Reform Act, there can be no objection, on principle, to any extension of the suffrage, however wide. We are entitled to proceed by principle, and not by precedent. Who, then, should be next emancipated? To what new classes should the franchise be extended? May we not answer that question by another: From what classes should the franchise be withheld? We are overdone with classification. It must always produce imperfection, confusion, and injustice. By far the more simple and satisfactory mode is to regard the whole population—the People in the largest sense—and to ask, who are to be shut out, and why? We thus reduce the incapable mass to its capable kernel. For instance, minors are, by general consent and legal analogy, unfitted for the suffrage. Not allowed to manage their own affairs, there would be an obvious incongruity in intrusting them with the management of the nation's affairs. Strike them off the roll. Peers represent themselves. They have their full share of government and influence by personal right, and their exclusion from a share

in the representation, either as electors or elected, follows as a matter of course. Then comes a long array of classes, on whose claims discussion may be raised. Shall women vote, or is sex a political exclusion? If so, is the exclusion complete, or only of those living in a state of domestic dependence incompatible with their freedom of action? Does it include those who have a substantive existence, manage their own affairs, and already vote in the election of a parish vestry or of sovereigns for India? Satisfactory cause may, perhaps, be assigned for the exclusion of such, but we confess to not having yet seen it. Imbeciles, idiots, and criminals convicted of any of the more heinous offences against the law, are included in a common proscription, which requires no comment. Some of the United States specially disfranchise for life all who have been convicted of giving or receiving a bribe. Then would come discussions as to paupers, soldiers and sailors, domestic servants, and other questionable cases. We pass by them as not affecting the main subject, and being rather curious and subordinate accompaniments of the topic of reform, than entering into it vitally and essentially. Far more momentous are the inquiries, Shall inability to read and write be an exclusion? Or living in a house of lower rent than 10*l.* a year? Than 5*l.*? Or in lodgings? Or not having resided so long as twelve months?

There are many persons, unable to write or even to read, who are by no means unintelligent or uninformed, and who may be presumed very fairly capable of judging on the comparative merits of candidates who have the opportunity of pleading before them, whose political career is matter of notoriety, or whose residence in the locality has established a character for wisdom or folly, justice or aggression. It seems hard that such persons should be debarred the exercise of the franchise; all the harder, so long as no national provision is made for even elementary instruction. Yet it seems not possible to discriminate them from the mass to which they belong, and which must generally be characterised by a dense ignorance. The necessity for presenting an autograph claim for the franchise might stimulate them to the necessary acquirement; and greater facilities, freely bestowed, for mastering that acquirement would leave the rest self-excluded. An educational qualification, as gene-

rally described, is open to the objection of ambiguity as to the quantum of instruction required, and the large discretionary power which it would vest in those appointed to test it. But in the event, not far distant, we trust, of free schools, evening as well as day, within reach of all, society might not unreasonably demand that the simplest elements of education should not be neglected by any aspiring to a share in the appointment of legislators.

Continuous residence for a defined period would not be, in this country, the instrument of wholesale disfranchisement that it was lately made in France. Our operatives are not systematically migratory. They are broadly distinguishable from vagabonds and tramps. Though occasionally wandering in search of work, their general tendency is to settle down and become stationary for periods sufficiently long to bring them within any reasonable residential requirement. Exclusion for the want of a fixed abode—for some such period, say, as twelve months—would not be generally regarded as a disfranchisement to be complained of.

But to place beyond the line of demarcation all persons not paying 10*l.* a year rent, unless qualified as potwallers, scot-and-lot people, or in some other old capricious way—this by no means commends itself to the common sense of justice. It nearly excludes the operative classes, of whom few, even in the large towns, pay that amount of rental, and scarcely any in the manufacturing districts. At the same time, the small retail shopkeepers in such towns are, from the necessities of trade, generally included. This is, perhaps, the most dependent class in English society, and by no means entitled to rank so high as the better sort of operatives in intelligence. The franchise has been far from a boon to the petty shopkeepers. Intimidation assails them on both sides, from the masses of their poorer, and the individual influence of their richer, customers. To a large extent they have disfranchised themselves. It is mainly the lingering hope of the ballot that keeps any considerable portion of them on the register. Again, the 10*l.* line means one thing in Devonshire and another in Middlesex. House-rent does not indicate a social class. The City twenty-pounder, in a shop, sinks below any ten-pounder in a small market town. Neither does it seem a

particularly valid reason for denying the franchise to a man, that he lives in lodgings. It may be that he pays no poor rates; but he is mulcted in plenty of other taxes; and may be said, indirectly, to pay all, by their general effect on his rent and other necessities. Nor, last of all, is there any conceivable propriety in making the minimum of the parliamentary franchise double that of the municipal, which requires the same faculties, integrity, and care for its useful exercise.

Without criticising minutely the several reasons for non-enfranchisement as applied to different classes, it is clear, from this cursory review of them, that they land us not far from the point fixed in Mr. Hume's annual motion, viz. all occupiers of a tenement, or part of a tenement, rated to the poor, and having resided a sufficient time to show that they are not wanderers and vagabonds. And this is the point at which Mr. Hume himself, and many of his supporters, have arrived by a different route. They have revived the old and close association of representation with taxation. They appeal to the common-law right, solemnly declared by a Committee of the House of Commons, and sanctioned by such authorities as Blackstone, and Lord J. Russell himself, which vests the vote in householders. They urge parity of reason with the municipal franchise, and they point to the returns as showing, on the one hand, the difference between their scheme and that of universal suffrage, and on the other, the large and trustworthy constituency which would be secured by its adoption.

The total population of England and Wales, in 1841, was 15,906,741; of these 4,127,175 were males above twenty years of age. The age abstract does not give the numbers except for periods of five years, so that the number above the legal age of twenty-one cannot be given. But, allowing for the additional year, it may with safety be estimated that *one-fourth* of the population consists of males who have reached the age of twenty-one. The population of England and Wales, on 31st March 1851, was 17,922,768, of which the fourth is 4,480,692, the number of electors that would be, if the suffrage were *universal*, in the general acceptance of that term.

The number of inhabited houses in England and Wales in 1851 was 3,280,961, so that *household* suffrage would

admit to the franchise about a million and a fifth fewer persons than universal suffrage.

The total number of registered electors in 1849-50, in England and Wales, was 887,816; that is to say, the House of Commons is elected by only one-fifth of the grown-up male population of the country.

There are, therefore, 2,393,145 more inhabited houses than electors; and 3,592,876 more men than electors.

No returns throw any light upon the number of persons possessing plurality of votes. It must be very considerable. Colonel Sibthorp once boasted, in the House of Commons, of holding thirteen county votes. There is less opening for this abuse with the borough franchise, though it exists to some extent even there; but in counties, the efforts a few years since of the Anti-Corn-Law League to purify the registration showed it to obtain enormously. Making a conjectural deduction on this account, the actual constituency is probably rather under than over three-fourths of a million. This is a paltry committee of the nation to act for it in so vital a matter. That it comprises all the competency of the people would be a most preposterous assumption. Some years before the Reform Act, Lord J. Russell declared his conviction of there being a million of men in the country who were qualified to be added to the then constituency. And now the totality is scarcely a million. The Reform Act made no such addition. Yet the moral and intellectual progress, on which Lord J. Russell relied in making that assertion, has gone on since 1832 at an accelerated rate. An additional fifty millions and a half of newspaper stamps is issued annually. 61,526,768 lbs. of paper more were manufactured in 1849 than in 1834. In both cases, the increase, large as it seems, is trifling to what the people required, and to what would have taken place but for those most pernicious imposts usually described as taxes on knowledge. Cheap publications, some of them of the highest character, have multiplied enormously. Railway sales have changed and popularised the whole publishing trade. For eighty-two millions of letters in 1839, we post upwards of three hundred and thirty-seven millions annually. Government aid to education in England, and the establishment of the admirable national system in Ireland, are both subsequent to the Reform Act, and cannot

have been without extensive influences. Mechanics' institutes have also arisen and multiplied during that interval. Such institutions have generally partaken in the prosperity which of late years has been enjoyed by the industrial classes. For one qualified million of persons antecedent to the Reform Act, we may not unreasonably reckon three millions now; and that is as many as any scheme of reform proposes to emancipate.

There are several minor points of reform on which we shall not dwell at length, regarding them as decidedly subordinate to the question of the suffrage, and to one other which we shall mention presently. The principle of representation manifestly requires that the vote be free. For this it is difficult to discover any security so great as that of secret voting, *i. e.* the ballot. With small constituencies it would not act; but that is in itself a strong reason why there ought not to be any small constituencies. The examples of Norwich, Liverpool, and the long-shore men of the metropolis, show that it is not a superfluous provision for large town constituencies; and the counties abound with proofs of its necessity. Even those who contend that the franchise is a trust, will scarcely allege that the tenant-farmer is a trustee only for his landlord, or the shopkeeper for a titled customer or a violent populace. Influence in elections is so much the habit in this country, that the question is not so much whether the ballot will do something for its correction, as whether it will suffice for that purpose without the addition of other means. The state of Baltimore, which enjoys the ballot, has recently found it expedient to punish bribery by permanent disqualification for ever taking any part in elections or holding any public office. The difficulty is in the detection of the crime so as to put it in legal proof. At any rate, the ballot is an obvious resource, until some better remedy, if such there be, is suggested.

A free choice of members, unfettered by religious distinction or property qualification, is a topic we do not feel it necessary to argue. The Jew question is included in that of representative reform; and the inutility of the other restriction upon popular choice is virtually conceded. The Septennial Act is a stain upon our annals. It records the fact, that in 1716 the Whigs thought that a majority

of the electors was against them, and took this most unconstitutional mode of saving themselves and, as they pretended, the reigning dynasty. The fact needs not the prolongation of such a memorial; nor can the country afford to pay for its record by the continued diminution of parliamentary responsibility.

Next to the question of the franchise, if indeed it be second to that or any other point, is that of the distribution of representatives. We have exhibited some of the astounding anomalies which exist, both as to population and property. They comprise all the aberrations from the representative principle which might be expected from its being acted upon, first, by the mere desire of obtaining grants of money in the least obnoxious manner, and to the largest amount; secondly, by the desire of strengthening the power of the Crown as against the aristocracy; thirdly, by an apprehended conflict with a rival dynasty, in the case of the Septennial Act; fourthly, by a preponderant class interest, seeking to turn the taxing power to its own account, and with that object opposing reforms and protecting corruptions and perversions; and, fifthly, by a reverential regard for precedent, and some obscure sense of right and property in the exclusive possession of the franchise. These influences have all thwarted the natural development of the principle of representation. The United States of America were placed, in the formation of their institutions, happily beyond the reach of all these disturbing forces. Providing a check upon the precipitation of democracy by their Senate, which is elected on the principle of state or territorial independence, they have made Congress properly and purely representative. Each member speaks for the majority of 30,000 adult males. The amount of representation changes with the amount of population as ascertained by the quinquennial census. The one fluctuates with the other. An increasing state has increasing power in Congress; a state in course of depopulation loses its power in exact proportion as its numbers diminish. Why should not a similar rule be applied to our House of Commons? Every ten years we know as much about our numbers as do the Americans. Adjustment is just as easy. The census is a clear and decisive document. Additional members to the House of Commons, corresponding with the increase of

the population, would be inconvenient ; it would be much better to reduce the number ; but that difficulty would be easily met by increasing proportionately, from census to census, the amount of population represented by each member. For instance, being in round numbers 32,000 in 1841, in 1851 it would have risen to 36,000. This would give the people a real representation.

With what propriety can two men be said to be equally represented, when one has as much as a fiftieth share in the appointment of a legislator, and that of another is not more than one ten-thousandth ? There is no distinction of qualification. The 10,000 who divide the nomination in the one instance may scarcely have amongst them any so stupid, ignorant, besotted, and every way so incapable, as a moiety of those whose "voice potential" neutralises their choice. No two boroughs or counties can be found in the kingdom, or, if they can, it is merely exceptional and chance-work, in which, as compared with each other, the inhabitants are equally represented. And yet this result is obtainable by the simplest means. It is perfectly within reach. In the United States it is actually realised.

"And what should we get by it ? Does not every member represent, not merely the particular borough or county that sent him, but the nation at large ? And is not a small number as likely to return a competent legislator as a large one ?" This is only a vamping up of the old work-well sophism, which was so long opposed to reform altogether. We have already adverted to the circumstance that the present Government is disqualified for using it by the Reform Act. That law is based on the concession, that large and flourishing towns, though of recent origin, are better fitted for the selection of representatives than those which, however ancient, are decayed and depopulated. Still a portion of the objection may be urged, for the Reform Act did not extirpate, it only diminished, the number of the small boroughs. We reply to it, that general qualification and fitness for legislative work *are* better judged of by large than by small constituencies. Nor is any constituency, even under the Septennial Act, without influence upon its representative. No public man can afford to be regardless of public opinion. At present, the influence which is greatest is of a species which ought not to exist at

all: the species of influence which made Lord Arundel resign his seat for Arundel, and, in the last Parliament, the then Lord Ashley his seat for Dorsetshire. Besides, if the object were simply to select the 658 wisest men in the country, not being peers, the result might be obtained in a much surer way than by any elective process at all. A royal commission of some half-dozen persons that might be named, with plenary authority to help their own sagacity by procuring local evidence as to individual character and attainment, would find no insuperable difficulty in nominating a House of Commons that should far surpass all its predecessors in average ability and individual genius for the work of legislation. But, then, it would not carry with it the confidence of the people; they would not feel their connection with it; no public zeal would back it in the demand for improvements; there would be no particular member to whom a particular locality could look as its mouthpiece on matters by which it was specially affected; there would be no interest, no discussion, no coöperation. It would be another House of Lords without the feudal and hereditary title. In one word, it would not be a representative body; we should still want a House of Commons to speak for the people and in their name.

There would be no occasion, in the most rigid application of the representative principle, to make new demarcations of counties, or to interfere with those historical recollections and associations which would make every one regret to see "time-honoured" names doomed to political extinction. Counties would still be most convenient divisions, and the totality of their representation, regulated by the census, would accord with their rising or declining condition. Ancient boroughs, instead of a privilege confined within their narrow boundaries, and generally becoming the means of their debasement, would rise into the centres of districts, with constituencies so numerous, votes so free, and elections so orderly, as to retrieve their names from odium, and roll back the tide of demoralisation. The entire representation of a county might be devolved upon a series of such districts. All the inhabitants of a county would thus be represented, although with the extinction of the present class of county members. Or the boroughs of a county might be clustered, as in Scotland, so as to obtain the re-

quisite amount of population, and the unincluded rural localities left to choose the county member or members. The principle could be carried out in either way. At present, county members are not supplementary to those of the cities and towns within the county boundaries. The county representation is quite independent of any consideration of the town representation. It smacks of its origin. It is essentially territorial. It is an inferior House of Lords within the House of Commons. In a body resembling the American Congress it inserts a class analogous to the American Senate. It has its fixed number, as if a county were a state, with no regard—except in two or three instances, which we owe to the Reform Act—to extent of soil, amount of property, or number of the population. And if the Freehold Land Societies continue as they have begun, this further anomaly will soon be added, that electoral contests for a county will be decided by the inhabitants of the towns. The principle of representation would, therefore, be most consistently applied by the abolition of what are called county members altogether, and the inclusion of every inhabitant within some electoral district. But, practically speaking, the result would scarcely be worth rousing the hostility which such a change would encounter. Nor, perhaps, is it desirable, even with the widest extension of the suffrage, to lose the 40s. freehold franchise. It partly answers the purpose of making the representation conjointly proportionate to property and population. It may, therefore, help to allay the fears of the timid. And it offers an excellent stimulus to industry by its action upon that almost universal desire to call some portion of our native soil our own, however small.

The rapid progress which this country is making, the migrations of its people within its own boundaries, the great changes in the proportionate numbers and importance of its different social classes, all require, not only that the representation should be redistributed, but that a self-adjusting principle of distribution should be promptly recognised. In that way alone can we hope for finality. Without that, no Reform Bill has a chance of working well for so much as a quarter of a century. The best apportionment that could have been made on the census of 1841 would have become a grievance and a nuisance, in many

cases, by the census of 1851. And so will it be, in all probability, yet more glaringly, by the next census. The time is favourable for the extinction of agitation on the constitution of Parliament. But a single blow is required, so that it be well aimed. "We cannot afford a revolution once a year," said Lord John Russell, when the imperfections of the Reform Act began to be mooted. A fair adjustment is good for ages. No old Sarums can ever disfigure it; nor would new Birmingham and Manchesters have to fight their way within the pale of the constitution. And something of the kind is as needful for present satisfaction as for future quiet. Not only do the large constituencies cry out against the preponderance of the small constituencies, the scores swamping the scores of thousands; not only do unrepresented towns compare their masses of population with the petty localities which are within the pale of the constitution, while they are excluded; but people have learned to weigh votes both in the House and at the hustings. They ask what their share amounts to, when they are admitted to participation. Of what consequence is it that a member is returned by 20,000 electors rather than by 200? Simply to increase the number of electors gives no increase of political power. It is the number of representatives that chiefly signifies. In that consists political power. Such a reform as we have suggested would transfer a considerable portion of it to the industrial classes. And from whom would it be taken? From persons, of whatever class, who expend money in what is virtually the purchase of seats, or who exercise an unjust and unconstitutional control over the votes of electors. There seems to be no sound reason why political power should be vested in such persons, unless they have that other and better title to it which arises from public confidence. Whenever they possess that title, they will retain the power they now possess, with this added advantage, that it will not have drained their pockets. They will come to an honourable task with clean hands.

On the present occasion we enter into no details. It is sufficient if we have succeeded in clearly indicating principles. Before our next number appears, the scheme of the Government will have been submitted to Parliament and the nation. Without either anticipating or prejudg-

ing, we have aimed at clearing the way for a fair analysis and judgment. We have shown, not what it may be practicable actually to accomplish, but what a statesman should aim at and advance towards. We may be as sailors steering by a star which it were a vain hope to reach; but the voyage proves the more prosperous for there being a star to steer by. And if there be any political conditions under which the representative principle may be carried out fully and fearlessly, they are such as exist in this country. In America representation has to generate from itself the counteracting forces that are needed to check the impetuosity, insure the deliberativeness, and steady the course of a popular legislative assembly, naturally tending towards the purely democratic. It has elicited such forces in a marvellous degree. Of its constitution it may quite as well be said as of our own, *ponderibus librata suis*. With us, those controlling forces are otherwise provided. They are coördinate with representation itself. They hem in the representative power, and surround it as with walls of brass. It is bound within its sphere, as the ocean is circumscribed by the hand of Omnipotence. If the progressive principle be powerfully embodied in a House of Commons, the Conservative principle is not less powerfully embodied in Royalty, the House of Peers, and the Established Church. Beset with these controlling forces, we can afford to give popular representation "ample scope and verge enough." Directly or indirectly, these are securities against all democratic dangers, real or imaginary. Nor can we multiply or strengthen them, but by polluting representation at its very source, and making, or allowing to remain, the practice in shameful discordance with the theory. It is impossible to conceive that this great and intelligent nation can only be governed by a falsehood—by hypocrisy, corruption, and influence, under the abused name of representation; and that truth, in the democratic element of our constitution, is not as powerful as in the royal, the ecclesiastical, and the aristocratical. We only want a statesman with moral courage to apply himself to the work of reform, with firm faith in principles which have the sanction of antique usage, are recognised in our institutions, have been approved by experience, and are founded in the nature of man as a social being.

A LETTER TO THE REV. — — —,

UNITARIAN MINISTER OF — ,

FROM

THE EDITOR OF THE "MONTHLY REPOSITORY."

[*Monthly Repository*, 1833.]

MY DEAR SIR,—There has certainly been, as you state, a withdrawment of support, by Unitarians, from the *Monthly Repository*, which, though its tendency be amply counteracted by the rapid growth of public encouragement, yet requires some notice from me, on account of the circumstances under which it has occurred.

You know my opinions, and that I have never shrunk from any name, however unpopular, by which they might be fairly designated.

If not to perceive evidence of the doctrine of the Trinity, constitute a Unitarian, assuredly I am one as much as I have ever been ; but if the appellation be construed to imply approval of qualities and conduct which cripple, for most useful purposes, the power of a body of intelligent, wealthy, and influential persons ; and tend to degrade into a dwindling sect those who might, in conjunction with like-minded men of other classes, take the lead of public opinion,—then, I disclaim the term. I will not believe that things are yet come to such a pass ; although I cannot but perceive that the hostility manifested towards the *Monthly Repository* is of the same species with that which attempted to neutralise my opposition to infidel prosecutions, which embarrassed my advocacy of the East-India Missions, which for so long a time postponed the establishment of a City Mission, or ministry for the poor of large towns, and which has baffled various attempts that I have made, at different times, to render the Association more efficient. There are too many Unitarians who are lagging behind the age ; and if they

can hold back the body itself, it may lie down and die by the roadside, when it might be advancing, full of vitality, and rendering the noblest services to the community.

No religionists are so feeble as Unitarians for any little, narrow, mean, sectarian purposes; none so strong as they, did they but feel their strength, for general good. Their faith, taken controversially, is chiefly a string of negations; taken positively, it consists of the great and universally allowed principles of religion and morality. Of these principles, therefore, they are the natural advocates; of these principles, in all their boundless and beneficent application to the concerns of public and private life, of national and individual conduct, of politics, literature, art, philosophy, and the condition of society. This advocacy is their mission, and I verily believe that they will flourish or fall, as they ought, in proportion as it is discharged or neglected.

To this work I devoted the *Monthly Repository*; giving my name as editor, and freely taking all the inconveniences of such publicity, that there might be no annoyances to others on account of my individual opinions; ridding the magazine of technical theology, and petty details, and uninteresting, critical discussions, that its general usefulness might not be impeded; and sparing no time, toil, or sacrifice to render it a useful auxiliary in the great struggle for improvement, moral, mental, and physical. Every question which affects human enjoyments and hopes I have considered as within its scope, and have procured, if I could, the aid of the appropriate talent for its discussion. And the offence which I have given appears to be that in so doing I am considered to have made the work *less Unitarian*!

Have patience with me while I briefly comment on such reasons as have been assigned for this unexpected hostility. I shall begin with the minor offences, and proceed to the heavier charges; only premising that, paltry as the former may appear, the opposition had attained its full vigour, and put forth its strongest demonstrations, while these were all that could be alleged. In fact, an opposition magazine was talked of within three months after the sale to me of the *Monthly Repository*.

The first great complaint was of an alteration in the title. I omitted the words *Theology* and *General Literature*, because I thought they conveyed either too much or

too little. Fully to express my purpose, I must have added to them *Philanthropy, Politics, &c. &c.* *Omission* seemed better; especially as *Monthly Repository* had always been the whole title used in common parlance, or (mostly) in printed reference. It has been said that this indicated the future exclusion of theology; it might as well have been construed to portend the exclusion of general literature. It has also been confidently represented as a violation of the written contract of sale between the original proprietor and the Unitarian Association,—under which contract the work was sold to me,—by which he is bound not to raise the price of the *Christian Reformer*, and thus bring it into competition with the *Monthly Repository*; and by which the proprietor of the *Monthly Repository* was bound not to render useless the property of the back numbers of the old series. But besides that this change was less than that made by the Unitarian Association—they having commenced a new series; I merely omitted two superfluous words—I previously ascertained of the former proprietor, that the back numbers were no longer of the slightest account, and that I was, therefore, at perfect liberty.

Much was also said, and many copies discontinued, on account of the relegation of the Congregational Intelligence, Obituary, &c. &c., to the *Unitarian Chronicle*. To give that Intelligence as it should be given must occupy much space; abridgment displeases the parties; many Unitarian readers had expressed their non-interest in it, and wished to see the space otherwise occupied; even without it, the *Monthly Repository* was small for my purpose: and it was an obvious impediment to the efficiency of the work. I at first thought that the best place for it would be the *Christian Reformer* or the *Pioneer*. But I had bought it, and it was in a pecuniary view, in the then condition of the work, the best part of my purchase. I therefore offered, in succession, to treat with the proprietors of those works; they both declined, not my terms, but to treat at all; not being disposed to sell their property, any more than I could afford to give mine. The *Unitarian Chronicle* was therefore instituted; a measure simply equivalent to raising the price of the *Monthly Repository*,—which I had a right to do, and which the Unitarian Association Committee had once discussed the expediency of doing,—but raising it with this

advantage, that the rise was optional with the buyer ; and to those who only cared about the Intelligence, it was a large reduction.

A correspondent remarks, that, " as the year 1832 advanced," the *Monthly Repository* " was losing those peculiar characteristics by which it was the bond of union and the medium of communication among Unitarians." I must take these two things separately ; and first of the last : as a " medium of communication " the *Monthly Repository* had long ago ceased to be used to much purpose or extent. When I took the editorship, in 1828, I did all I possibly could to vivify and enlarge the Miscellaneous Correspondence, but to little or no purpose. The habit had passed away ; the want had ceased to be felt to any extent ; but so far as it might still exist, there was ample provision for it in the *Unitarian Chronicle*. And now as to the " bond of union." Is there no fitness for this in the purpose which I have described ? Will nothing unite us but the dry, ceaseless, and reiterated assertion of two or three points of controverted doctrine, with the arguments and criticisms thereunto appertaining ? Is theology never to be clothed with flesh and blood, and breathe the breath of life, and walk forth amongst men, and speak of all things pertaining to humanity, that by its sympathies, conjoined with its superiority, it may raise humanity towards heaven ? If not, why then it seems to me that the " union " must be of little worth and brief duration. Moreover, Unitarians had themselves pronounced a verdict which could not be mistaken on those " peculiar characteristics " which, if there be any ground for it, are the object of my correspondent's regret. Besides that, under the original proprietorship of the *Monthly Repository*, the cry of " help " was repeatedly heard, it must not be forgotten that the Unitarian Association, in the short space of five years, sunk upon it in vain the sum of *six hundred and seventy pounds*. This was warning to the present proprietor not to tread exactly in their steps, had there not been higher inducements—for the sake of which he purchased the work—to pursue a better course.

In consequence of this allegation, the contents of the volume for 1832 have been analysed, and the result shows that nearly one-half of the original articles, and of the books,

reviewed or noticed, relate directly to the truth of Christianity, devotion, theology, or some form of the higher and spiritual concerns of men, while the remaining portion includes all other topics whatever; and that so far from any gradual change, the last three months yield a larger proportion of the former class of topics than the preceding three months. But had the result of this analysis been ever so different, I should have protested against its being evidence that the *Repository* was losing any characteristic essentially connected with its title to Unitarian support. I should have thought that as the editor had neither asked nor received—what had been afforded in former times—pecuniary aid towards the expenditure, and the occasional payment of contributors, and as he was known not to have capital himself for that purpose, some allowance would have been made by all considerate persons for the unavoidable fluctuations of a work depending on voluntary contributors, where each will write on the subject that he himself selects, and not on that which may best accord with the editor's notions of the proportion and completeness of his forthcoming number. I should also have thought that some allowance would have been made for a larger admixture of miscellaneous matter, as thereby the *Monthly Repository* was gaining a character it never possessed before, of being generally readable. I must also mention, with whatever pain and regret, that as to articles of the first class, I suffered many disappointments. On purchasing the work, I applied in most Unitarian quarters where I had reason to expect both *ability* and *will* to assist me; previous experience had taught me that the latter was not quite coextensive with the former; and I received, together with some rebuffs, many promises,—of which some were only partially fulfilled, and others not redeemed at all. Still I chiefly looked to Unitarian writers, and they were the sole recipients of what resources I could apply on behalf of contributors. Moreover, besides all these fair deductions and allowances, it should be remembered that there was the *Unitarian Chronicle*—established by myself at a considerable expense—cheaper than any thing perhaps ever seen before the publications of the Diffusion Society; the first number presented gratuitously to all the subscribers; the additional expense very trifling; the intelligence collected with a pains

and completeness heretofore unknown amongst us; and that in this, together with the *Repository*, there was an ample provision made for the kind of want to which my correspondent refers; and I must say of much of it, superior in quality, as well as larger in quantity, than had ever before been presented.

Would it not have been more generous conduct in the leaders of the Unitarian body, if, on becoming dissatisfied with the work, they had made overtures for its repurchase, rather than have pursued a course of desertion, hostility, and threatened opposition, the obvious tendency of which was totally to ruin the publication for which their Association had just received the purchase-money?

Some complain of the work on account of its political articles. They object to its politics, *i. e.* they object to *my* politics—as I should object to theirs were they editors. For a publication to attain general interest and influence, as a vehicle of moral truth, and yet be silent or neutral on the stirring political questions of the times, is not possible, nor is it desirable. And if the work be the sole property of an individual, whose name also is given to the world as its editor, whose politics but his should be inculcated in its pages? Esteeming the power of the work to consist mainly in its frank and earnest spirit, I have been as little disposed to reservation on this point as on any other. And I should have thought that the benefit to society of introducing such a frank and earnest spirit into our literature might have been put in the balance against an occasional difference on a political question with a subscriber.

The gravamen of the political offence appears to be, that the *Monthly Repository* does not enforce confidence in his Majesty's Ministers. It *did*—and that upon the strength of the personal characters of some of them, their previous professions, the principles on which they avowedly took the government, their introduction of the Reform Bill, and their appeal to the nation's reliance—until after the memorable restoration in May last. From that time, their whole conduct seems to the editor to be a warning to the people to do that which it is commonly best and wisest for a people to do—rely solely upon themselves. And never can the people be largely and permanently benefited by any party, however well intentioned, until they do learn to rely upon

themselves by acquiring intelligence for self-reliance. Their only true friends are those who strive to advance this process—those who put knowledge within their reach, political knowledge; not those who limit the means of its attainment for considerations of revenue, which, if correct, are paltry, and of the incorrectness of which the proof has been repeatedly tendered. We shall never have confidence in any political men with whom the instruction of the people is not a paramount consideration. Lord Althorp has lowered the duty on advertisements: that is a boon to the great newspaper monopoly, which he had in his hands the means of breaking up, and giving fair play to the national intellect.

The remaining objection is to those articles which relate to the condition of woman and the marriage question.

That any of these should have been thought to be written “in a style adapted to awaken the conceptions of the sensualist”—for so a reverend correspondent expresses himself—is to me marvellous. It was evidently not only remote from, but totally inconsistent with, the purpose of the writer. Of the various public journals which have favourably noticed that number, not one has hinted such a charge, though many have quoted, and some largely, from the article particularly alluded to. Language cannot always be nice when great evils are to be exposed and corrected. But that is not the true and “virtuous delicacy,” either in man or woman, which therefore veils the evil. It is the situation in which society too often places woman that is itself the indelicacy, and not the roughness of the hand that is held out to raise her from it. No consideration would induce me to let pass a paragraph which I saw had a vicious tendency; but I am not over-critical in language, when a vigorous mind is striving for a great good. As to the topic itself, I will briefly restate my notion of the evil and of its remedy. The fearful number of unhappy and outcast women in this country; the miseries which render their lives—at least, so it has been estimated in London, when reduced to that condition—of only about three years’ average duration; the ceaseless supply of this fearful vacuity by the nefarious arts of seduction; the wide-spreading demoralisation of youth and manhood; the low and trifling objects to which what is called female *education* is commonly directed; the extensive failure of the marriage institution, as

at present existing in this country, as to the accomplishment of the higher purposes which it should realise ; the anomalies, grievances, and offences which arise out of this failure ; and the wretched defectiveness of that early influence which should form the rising generation to purity and excellence ;—these are a mass of evil which, if their removal do not constitute an exclusively Unitarian object, assuredly present one which ought deeply to move the heart of every good man and Christian. The remedy or alleviation which has been suggested, in conjunction with a thorough reform of female education and the increase of facilities for the independent support of woman, is one derived, not from untried speculation, but simply from the combination of a principle in the Jewish code with one which obtains in many modern states. The first, connecting seduction inseparably with marriage, and, by giving every deceived or ill-used woman legal rights, tending to eradicate the crime ; and the other, the adoption of which would be a needful consequence from the former, rendering the contract properly civil ; dissoluble by constituted authorities ; for causes legally defined ; and with due care for offspring, whose situation almost any provision would render better than that in which they are placed by discordant influences involuntarily held together. Now, if others can indicate a more effectual remedy, I am very ready to promote their views. Until they do, I must, of course, retain my own unaltered, whether or not uncensured.

Some Unitarians profess not to be able to reconcile these views with, not merely their interpretations of the language of Christ, but even “with the reception of his divine authority.” This novel test of Christianity does, I confess, somewhat surprise me. The first of my two remedial principles was the law, the divine law, of the land in which Christ lived ; and in any land it would be a noble protection for woman, and a powerful restraint on licentiousness. The second principle restricts the facility of divorce allowed to the Jews, even more than it was restricted by the words to which my correspondent referred (Matt. xix. 5-9). For I must observe, that our Lord is not here speaking of divorce by mutual agreement, or by adjudication—neither one nor the other ; but simply of divorce by the arbitrary and individual will of the husband.

He restricts that to one case. But as I do not perceive that he meant to enjoin it in the single case to which he restricted it, I am against its existence at all. I think that in no case should a man be allowed to put away his wife without the intervention of the proper authorities, although unhappily thousands of men in this country do put away those who, in my view, are their wives in a moral, as they should be in a legal, sense.

Having already made the reference in the *Monthly Repository*, I need not repeat that this is the exposition of the highest authority on such a subject, Michaelis *On the Laws of Moses*.

My venerable correspondent says, he is "an advocate for making marriage, as respects the law of the land, simply a civil contract, leaving it to the parties engaging in it to connect with it whatever religious service they think proper, and of course not making it compulsory to connect any." Very just; and herein is contained all that has been affirmed in the *Monthly Repository*. A simple civil contract cannot be independent of civil regulation. Civil authority can cease to enforce, or interpose to annul it, when so required by adequate considerations of public or private good. The necessity of enforcing a contract where no party concerned objects to a release, and the parties most concerned desire it, is a notion too incongruous to endure in the world, but as upheld by the misapplication of that religious sanction which has upheld so many incongruities in human credence. I agree that "this opinion has no relation to the wisdom and consistency with Christianity of making its duration depend on taste and temper," except this relation, that it leaves that, with other considerations, for civil regulation. He continues: "One among the greatest moral advantages of the conjugal relation is the discipline it gives to the principles and the character; and this would be greatly impeded, if divorce were easy in law and free from dishonour." Why, so we might say of sickness; but it would surely be an unsound philosophy to deprecate an increased facility of cure. Or, shall we try the argument upon the condition of slavery, which has, no doubt, some moral discipline in it? The simple substitution of the word will suffice. The proof will stand thus: "One among the greatest advantages of the

‘jugal relation,’ is the discipline it gives to the principles and the character; and this would be greatly impeded if emancipation were easy in law and free from dishonour!” It is said, that if divorce were legal, it would be disreputable. So much the better. It is, no doubt, in itself a great evil, and the seldomer it occurs the better. The tendency of all that has been said in the *Monthly Repository* is to make divorce—a legal separation—much rarer than separation—an illegal divorce—is now. This point was particularly argued by *Junius Redivivus*, pp. 228-230, and yet there has been talk of a tendency to throw down the barriers of profligacy! Are the Americans profligate? The Protestant States of Germany, both Lutheran and Calvinistic, are they profligate? They have only the half, and the more offensive half, of the remedy suggested. They do allow divorce, but they do not make seduction marriage, without which the manners of modern Europe will never be purified. But I mean not to argue this question at length; it is only one amongst many, on which great differences of opinion may reasonably be expected. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. And of all the people in the world, let not those be intolerant in such a matter, or make it a test of Christianity, whose faith is regarded by the great majority as a denial of the Gospel and a passport to eternal torment. I will not believe that the spirit I have exposed is cherished by any very large portion, and especially will I not believe it of the rising generation, of Unitarians. They cannot be so insensible of the moral and social power which ought to reside in the simple beauty of their faith, blending it with the cause of mental freedom, of political right, of expanding intelligence, and of human improvement. They will never consent to hold the most unsectarian religion in the most sectarian spirit; and, I trust, will rouse themselves in time to prevent the denomination from being dry-nursed to death upon the husks of a worn-out verbal controversy. Unless they do, all is over. But if they feel the importance of their vocation, and the worth of their position, and act accordingly, their principles—the principles of truth, love, freedom, and progressiveness—the principles of the soundest philosophy, the purest religion, the most useful morality, and the most inspiring hope—are

about to achieve wide and glorious triumphs. And if not a "bond of union," they will, at least, ever find a faithful ally in the *Monthly Repository*, which appeals to them, as it does to all good men and true, for support against sectarian hostility, and for renewed encouragement to persevere in its course of sparing no public wrong, neglecting the assertion of no public right, and promoting in every direction that which tends to the perfection of human character, and the increase of human enjoyment.

A VICTIM.

[*Monthly Repository*, 1833.]

IN our list of publications last month was inserted the title of Mr. Dove's biographical account of the Wesley family, with an intimation that we might probably advert to it again. We do so now, for the sake of Mehetabel Wesley, a younger sister of the celebrated founder of Methodism, of whose history the author says, in his twaddling way, that it is "a tale at which every feeling heart must sigh." In truth it is so; and a tale which should knock hard at some unfeeling hearts,—and one, moreover, which, if hearts have any connection with heads, should stir up thought in people's brains. For, however anatomy may reverse the relative position, the heart is as a heaven to the head, and emotion is the angel that comes and troubles the thick stagnation of the thinking pool, and gives it the power of healing. In morality and philanthropy, original thought is often the result of strong feeling. Necessity is the mother of that Invention which has Selfish for its prænomen. There is an Invention which affiliates itself on Sympathy. When the evils which press upon the feebler portions of humanity can make themselves understood and felt by the stronger, the discovery of the remedy, and its application, is drawing nigh. This is better than the sentimentality of a sighing heart. It is turning emotion to good account. Tears, like other water, should not run to waste. The moralist should be like the practical engineer, who, if he finds a full-flowing stream, gives a blessing on its beauty, and then puts up a corn or a cotton mill. We have found, very unexpectedly, in this family gallery of stiff and starched portraits, one which is most lovely and affecting. The unpromising name of Mehetabel Wesley is the title to a deep romance of real life, of which the pathos is most genuine; and the few

pages which contain it are full of moral instruction. She was a victim, and no common one, to those false systems of duty which have sacrificed so many hecatombs. Her life was a long-drawn tissue of suffering; religion and virtue (so called) stretching out the web till the quivering threads could hold no longer. How many more of earth's finest beings must yet be agonised and immolated, before the world will learn that religion is a law of love, and virtue the means of happiness!

From various indications in the brief narrative before us it is evident that Mehetabel Wesley—Hetty, as her brothers called her—was a beautifully organised creature, and endowed with that peculiarity of the nervous system which is the physical temperament of poetry; which quickens alike the organs of sense, and the apparatus of thought; which makes perception clear, imagination vivid, and emotion intense; and to which earth is either heaven or hell, as external circumstance harmonises or jars with the internal constitution. Such are the beings whom our clumsy framework of society, and our heavy millstones of theology, seem put up purposely to mangle; and who, formed as they are to love and be loved, to bless and be blessed, are continually crushed between this world and the world to come. For rarely, indeed, are they rightly posited. The chances must go hard against them till the world grows wiser. Their story should be conned and commented upon, that the world may grow wiser. Most frequently is Woman the Victim. The curse has been on her from the sacrifice of the daughter of Jephtha the Gileadite down to that of the sister of Wesley the Methodist; and her day of deliverance is not yet. But we are forgetting that our readers have not gone through the story with us, and may reasonably wonder what we are moralising upon.

Poor Hetty's primeval calamity was that of being born into what is called a well-regulated family. Her father, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, was a renegade Whig and Dissenter, who in early life took suddenly, and on paltry pretences, to abusing his former principles and companions, and then settled down into a regular High-Church and Tory priest for the rest of his days. He was an austere man; cold, stately, precise, dogmatical; his expectations disappointed, his temper soured, and his pride

mortified by the narrowness of his pecuniary means, and the continually impending embarrassment of his circumstances; he wrote long commentaries on the Book of Job; he believed that his house was haunted by a supernatural visitant; and "he considered his parishioners as a flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer, and for which he must render an account; he visited them from house to house; he sifted their creed, and suffered none to be corrupt in opinion, or practice, without instruction or reproof." He was, in short, as Dr. Adam Clarke says, and Mr. Dove says after him, "strictly correct." He was a most highly respectable man; he ought to have been more, he should have been a dean at least; and really conscientious and pious, according to the standard which then obtained in his party, and indeed in the country generally.

Mrs. Wesley, the mother of Hetty, was the feminine of her husband; or rather, perhaps, would have been the exact female counterpart of a being who stood individually higher in the same species. She was better in proportion; but with no essential superiority. "Before she was thirteen years of age she examined the whole controversy between the Established Church and the Dissenters." Only think of that! "She bore nineteen children to Mr. Wesley," and educated fifteen, besides attending to "the tithes and glebe," &c., all "by herself; and as she was a woman that lived by *rule*, she arranged every thing so exactly that for each operation she had sufficient time." Well might Mr. Dove adopt the dictum of Dr. Adam Clarke for his motto, "Such a family I have never read of, heard of, or known; nor since the days of Abraham and Sarah, and Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted."

Under such auspices was the gentle, fragile, playful, lovely, loving, and sensitive Mehetabel Wesley ushered into the world. She sprang up like the chance seedling of a delicate acacia between the cold, hard pebbles of a well-rolled gravel-path, in a square-bedded garden, with its formal box and thorny fence; there to be trained, nailed up, and crucified to an iron frame, or a varnished brick wall, and be tortured, chilled, and wither; beautiful even in her drooping and her death. Her first calamity was what there are too many who would still regard as the best of all possible edu-

cations. The industrious Mrs. Wesley, the paragon of moral and religious mothers, was soon hard at work upon her. The plans pursued are minutely detailed in a letter from the good lady herself, which is preserved as an almost infallible directory. It describes the law, order, and duty system—the fear, honour, reverence, and obey plan—in its most complete development. Every thing is summed up in submission; submission of heart, mind, and limb, in thought, word, will, and deed. “Mrs. Wesley taught her children from their infancy duty to parents. She had little difficulty in *breaking their wills*,”—O Mr. Dove, these are your approving italics!—“or reducing them to absolute submission. They were early brought by rational means under a mild yoke;”—don’t mystify, Mr. Dove;—“they were perfectly obedient to their parents, and were taught to wait their decision in every thing they were to have or to perform.” But let us hear Mrs. Wesley herself. “*When turned a year old (and some before) they were taught to fear the rod and to cry softly*; they were never suffered to choose their meat; there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine, for they durst not refuse it; they were taught to ask a blessing immediately after meals, which they used to do by signs, *before they could kneel or speak*.” So much for practice; the principle we shall state in a continued quotation from Mrs. Wesley’s letter:

“In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to *conquer their will*. To inform the understanding is a work of time; and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing that must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for, by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world, they pass for kind and indulgent whom I call *cruel* parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. When the will of a child is subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked, and others mildly reproved; but no

wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the *will* of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

"I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As *self-will* is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children insures their wretchedness and irreligion; whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we further consider that religion is nothing else than doing the *will* of God, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this *self-will*, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work, makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, for ever" (pp. 158-9).

This is the essence and perfection of a tyranny under which children are yet often doomed to groan, to the great deterioration and suffering of humanity. We believe and we know it to be quite practicable to "train up a child in the way in which he should go," solely by the agency and power of Love. We say more than that it is quite practicable; we contend that it is immeasurably preferable; that in the long run it is far less troublesome, and that with its efficiency there can be no comparison. We have known those who from infancy to the verge of maturity had never felt a blow; and children more remuneratory to a parent's heart for years of anxiousness and toil never trod the earth. We have known children placed—in that division of training which results from the separation of the school and the family—under both the systems at different intervals; and, as might be expected, far more docile to those who only aimed at influencing them by affection than they ever

could be made to the salutary-reverence people. It is very possible that some effects may be produced on the child by fear which love may fail to realise; but in proportion to the difficulty it is expedient to investigate the question, whether those effects be so desirable as to justify the means; or whether, *quoad* the child's happiness, they be desirable at all?

The established code of morals for children has been framed by adults, just as the powerful have ever taken especial care to define and enforce the morality of the feeble. Napoleon had his catechism; and so have all Napoleons, great and little. The rich inculcate the duties of the poor, the clergy those of the laity, and men those of the women. No small portion of the vice in the world, both nominal and real, arises from our being so ready to manufacture definitions of virtue for one another. It may fairly be suspected of such definitions, that the good of the proposer and imposer is not less consulted in them than the good of those on whom they are imposed. Real virtue, we know, tends alike to the good of all, but this has not been generally evident to either the duty-mongers or the duty-victims. The good child, in common parlance, is the child that gives least trouble to its elders; and not the child whose physical and mental qualities are most finely attuned and proportioned, and best developing themselves. It may be a great nuisance that children are dirty and noisy and boisterous; but the little animals enjoy it, and it is as great a nuisance to them that mamma will not have the carpet dirtied, nor papa endure a noise while he is sifting the creed of a parishioner, or talking politics with a neighbour. The true morality of the case is much more likely to be found in such arrangements as would accommodate all parties—which would be very practicable even for the poor, were it not for our national determination that every cottage should be a Castle Sulky, with its independent apparatus of coercion and punishment—instead of making it a cardinal point of infantile morality that the will of the child should be broken for crossing the will of the parent. “I am the oldest and the strongest; you like noise, I like quietness, and so I shall whip you till you *cry softly*, and then you will be good:” the morality of this we take to be sheer humbug, and we like it yet worse when it goes on into religious cant, and defames the Deity

by ascribing a similar process to his providence. The object of religion is to make the human will coincide with the divine will, by enlightening the mind till it perceives that the latter only consults the happiness of man. Such should be the object of infantile education. The mere subordination of will to will by forcible means tends to the utter destruction of worth of character. The will of the child is, like that of the adult, infallibly determined to the greatest apparent good. If mistaken in the estimate of good, and the error cannot be corrected by enlightening the understanding, it may still yield to confidence in a superior mind. This is not bending or breaking the will; it is a spontaneous change in the direction of the desire, wrought by affection. And thus should the rational being who knows, ever guide by love the rational being who does not know. But to overbalance the greatest apparent good, though it be but to the mind of a child, by an arbitrary association therewith of evil, by privation, stripes, or threat-enings, is a gross and brutal tyranny. The moral of its appeal to religion amounts to this, that vice would be very pleasant, if God had not arbitrarily tacked hell to its indulgence. A deity so described is only loved by the base selfishness which presumes on a peculiar favouritism. The parent who introduces such a religion into the analogous process of the education of his own children, is but in the position of the flogged negro slave flogging his jackass: "He my nigger." The antithesis of this system is not the giving children sweetmeats till they are sick, and allowing them to be always idle,—which is not disusing the rod, but only keeping it in pickle,—but it is the disposing them towards their real good by the two simple powers of light and love, the one waxing strong where the other fades away. Shame is it to an adult, and especially to a mother, to her clearness of head and fondness of heart, to her judgment and her patience, if she cannot make the child her spontaneous companion in any path in which it is really for that child's good that she should lead it. If she cannot do this, she should abdicate her maternity, and, finding a woman who can, she should delegate the task, ask no questions, commit no interferences, and pay the bills without grumbling, for holidays inclusive. What a heaven would such a school have been to poor Mehetabel! How must her little

heart have quivered in the cold breeze that blew upon it as constantly as a trade wind ! for every night Mrs. Wesley lectured every one of them separately upon their duties, not knowing that the trembling child's duties were her interests, and that her interests were her affections. The spirit of love could not be quenched, it was in her very frame ; but it must have been sadly chilled and sorely pained. It is a wretched alternative to drive the young soul into either servility or rebellion, or, what is worse than either separately, the combination of the one in the outward manner with the other in the heart. Hetty was of a truthful and gentle nature ; she always was so ; but though unspoiled by the discipline, grievously must she often have writhed under its infliction. Corrupt her opinions it did ; that could not be avoided, and probably it blunted her suffering. Pervert her heart it could not. Nature there was too strong even for Mrs. Wesley and her well-regulated family.

This was the first act of the tragedy ; the second was of a darker character. It was unavoidable that such a being as Mehetabel should love ; but after an education which implanted so much of false principle, and left so much of ignorance, and in circumstances unfavourable to accurate observation, it was almost equally unavoidable that she should love unhappily.

If tried by the lives of her daughters, nothing can be more complete than the condemnation of Mrs. Wesley and her plans. But let it not fall on her alone. In fact, she and they were alike the victims of those mistakes about religious principle and social morality which have done so much mischief in the world. The lot fell the heavier on them, on some of them at least, because they were the finer natures. She was as hard as the system, and so it has rewarded her with canonisation. But the one saint made many martyrs. Of her seven daughters, one passed a single life in uneasiness and privation. Of another, we are only told that of her and her husband nothing is known ; and this is the only biography in the chapter of the daughters which can be read without pain. A third made her escape, by an early death, from a profligate who would have been the torment of her life. A fourth had also an early escape by the early death of her "ill-suited mate ;" and the remaining three passed long and wretched years of marriage

hopelessness and helplessness. Here was a costly wreck of thoughts, feelings, hopes, and capacities of enjoyment, which surely nothing in nature rendered necessary or unavoidable. None of them appeared to have been marked by qualities which tend actively to induce misery. The substance of their wretchedness was simply this: they made a religious contract to pass the remainder of their lives with persons who turned out to be so uncongenial that the only alternative was the irregular suspension of the performance of the contract, or a state of endurance which cannot be read of or imagined without acute sympathy or irrepressible indignation. Where was the fault? Was it in their original training, which unfitted them for the correct discernment and appreciation of character? Was it in the notions and customs which precluded opportunities for their knowledge of character to be sufficiently complete, which cover with a veil of deceptiveness all ante-nuptial intercourse between the sexes? Was it in weariness of that life of pupilage and dependence which a woman leads in her father's house? or in influences, parental or social, bearing them along, as soon as a yet undetermined preference was felt or fancied, to the goal of marriage? Was it in the nominal irrevocability of the rite itself, which practically the course of events compelled them to revoke, or perish—perish by lingering tortures of the mind and heart? Whether it were any or all of these, certain it is that dreary were the destinies of the sisters of the Wesleyan patriarch, and the dreariest of them all was that of Mehetabel.

Of Mehetabel's love affair little is told. It only appears that it was terminated by the interposition of her father, and that her lover was not worthy of her, for he tamely gave her up when she saw that the obstacle was not insurmountable. The dastard deserved to lose a woman whom few men deserved to gain, although she committed the error of reckoning one amongst that few who only belonged to the many. Had events been allowed to take their natural course, such a mistake as this would not have been irretrievable. With the intelligence which she now possessed, and with all the strength, yet the purity and the depth, as well as quickness of her feelings, no being capable of that desertion could long have imposed on her imagination. Her heart would have required something more

and better; and if not fettered by factitious tenets, whose immorality is shown in their miserable consequences, she would have hoarded her love, until the Bassanio came whom the instinct of a kindred nature would have guided unerringly to the casket which contained the treasure. But it is sad to reflect that had she escaped the lot which awaited her, she would yet not have been allowed thus to fulfil her destiny. She would still have been precipitated into marriage, and one species of misery would only have been exchanged for another.

But to return to the history. In the bitterness of disappointment she made a vow to marry the first man who offered himself to her. A vow! Will not the time come when people will ask, What is that? And will they not be astonished to find that one branch of religion at one time consisted in the solemn renunciation of the free agency of the individual, at a certain future period, or under certain defined circumstances, whatever might be the intermediate accession of knowledge or change of opinion? The egregious folly! It is often hard enough to know and do the right, that is to say, that which is for the greatest happiness of all concerned, at the present moment; but to fix our conduct for a futurity when changes within and without may have occurred, baffling all our calculations, is trampling all morality beneath our feet. "But a vow is made to God, and therefore must be fulfilled." We say, No such thing; if it be made to him, let him judge; which he does, by the general results of such proceedings: and they plainly declare that he has no pleasure in them, that in his view the vow is a solemn folly, and the fulfilment—when not consisting in conduct dictated by other considerations—is only an immorality on the back of a superstition. Not so, unhappily, stood the case in the casuistry of the rector of Epworth. He was a great stickler for vows; he had signalised himself in that line; we must digress for a moment to tell how. Mrs. Wesley was a Jacobite, and did not say *Amen* to her husband's prayers for King William. This grievously offended his—not King William's, but Samuel Wesley's—majesty. Now the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance was carried to great lengths by this lady. On one occasion, during the rector's absence, she admitted the villagers to

her sermon-reading and prayers in the house, and was doing great good. He wrote down *desiring* her to desist ; but her conscience would not let her yield to simple *desire*, when souls were at stake ; so she wrote that she could only abstain if he *commanded*. The king's title seems to have weighed more with her conscience than the villagers' souls. "Sukey," said the rector, "why did you not say *Amen* this morning to the prayer for the king?" Susanna rebelliously replied, "Because I do not believe the Prince of Orange to be king." Whereupon the rector waxed wroth, and vowed a solemn vow—the tale is told rather coarsely—that if they were to have two kings, they must part. So he said his prayers, packed up his portmanteau, and left his wife and parish for a twelvemonth, at the end of which time King William died, the rector returned, and Sukey said Amen to the prayer for Queen Anne.

And on this solemn and obstinate ass was soon to depend the wretchedness or escape of that noble being, as she was, both body and soul, who had the calamity to call him father. A creature as low in mind as in condition, ignorant and grovelling, a Caliban civilised into vulgarity by the pot-house, had the audacity to offer the violence of marriage to this Miranda, and her father compelled her to submit to the brutality. His enforcement of his daughter's vow, in misery, was far worse than Jephtha's consummation of his own vow in blood. Four years afterwards the poor victim sent him the following letter ; it does not appear that he was moved by it to any degree of penitence :

"July 3, 1729.

"HONOURED SIR,—Though I was glad, on any terms, of the favour of a line from you, yet I was concerned at your displeasure on account of the unfortunate paragraph which you are pleased to say was meant for *the flower* of my letter, but which was, in reality, the only thing I disliked in it before it went. I wish it had not gone, since I perceive it gave you some uneasiness.

"But since what I said occasioned some queries which I should be glad to speak freely about, were I sure that the least I could say would not grieve or offend you, or were I so happy as to think like you in every thing ; I earnestly beg that the little I shall say may not be offensive to you, since I promise to be as little witty as possible, though I

cannot help saying, you only accuse me of being too much so ; especially these late years past I have been pretty free from that scandal.

“ You ask me, ‘ What hurt matrimony has done me ? and whether I had always so frightful an idea of it as I have now ? ’ Home questions, indeed ! And I once more beg of you not to be offended at the least I can say to them, if I say any thing.

“ I had not always such notions of wedlock as now ; but thought where there was a mutual affection and desire of pleasing, something near an equality of mind and person, either earthly or heavenly wisdom, and any thing to keep love warm between a young couple, there was a *possibility* of happiness in a married state ; but *where all or most of these are wanting*, I ever thought people could not marry without *sinning against God and themselves*. I could say much more ; but would rather eternally stifle my sentiments than have the torment of thinking they agree not with yours. You are so good to my spouse and me as to say, ‘ You shall always think yourself obliged to him for his civilities to me. ’ I hope he will always continue to use me better than I merit from him in one respect.

“ I think exactly the same of my marriage as I did before it happened ; but *though I would have given at least one of my eyes for the liberty of throwing myself at your feet before I was married at all*, yet, since it is past, and matrimonial grievances are usually irreparable, I hope you will condescend to be so far of my opinion as to own, that since, upon some accounts, I am happier than I deserve, *it is best to say little of things quite past remedy* ; I endeavour, as I really do, to make myself more and more contented, though things may not be to my wish.

“ You say you will answer this if you like it ! Now, though I am sorry to occasion your writing in the pain I am sensible you do, yet I must desire you to answer it, whether you like it or not ; since, if you are displeased, I would willingly know it ; and the only thing that could make me patient to endure your displeasure is, *your thinking I deserve it*.

“ Though I cannot justify my late indiscreet letter, which makes me say so much in this, yet I need not remind you that I am not more than human ; and if the calamities

of life (*of which, perhaps, I have my share*) sometimes *wring a complaint* from me, I need tell no one that, though I *bear*, I must *feel* them. And if you cannot forgive what I have said, I sincerely promise never to offend you by saying too much, which (with begging your blessing) is all from,—Honoured Sir, your most obedient daughter,

“MEHETABEL WRIGHT.”

There are other symptoms that the pure mind of Mehetabel had a glimpse of the truth as to this marriage. It struggled hard in those iron fetters of superstition which had been riveted on her by education. Had not her will been effectually broken down by the process which has been described, she must have seen the fallacy of its being a duty to make a profession of everlasting love from which her nature recoiled. But, according to the teaching she had received even from birth, resistance would have been a sin of double damnation, rebellion against her parents and her God. And the whole family were upon her, backed by their cohorts of religious and godly friends. They would all have the vow, the whole vow, and nothing but the vow. No, there was one exception: not a brother; not John, the founder of Methodism; nor Charles, his apostle; nor Samuel, the pink of High-Church piety,—the priests and Levites passed her by, or worse than that; the true religion of the case only beamed upon a woman's heart, and revealed itself in a sister's sympathy. Of Mary Wesley, the sister of whom we spoke as having escaped by death in the first year of marriage from their common sisterhood of suffering, Mehetabel thus writes in an affectionate elegy:

“When deep immers'd in griefs beyond redress,
And friends and kindred heighten'd my distress;
And by relentless efforts made me prove
Pain, grief, despair, and *wedlock without love*;
My soft Maria could alone dissent,
O'erlook'd the fatal vow, and mourn'd the punishment” (p. 236).

The victim is bound to the altar. A brand, never to be erased, marks her for the property of a brute. The truthful burst of agony from the lips of disappointed love was false in its form of expression, and superstition has made it a spell whereby to conjure up more vows, which are false in essence, and defy volition, which pledge her for ever

to love the unlovely, and honour the dishonoured, and obey what there were immorality in not resisting. It is done ; and the long train of hopeless years commence their lagging march through a world whose beauty should only echo the voice of joy and singing ; a wretched procession, in tears and anguish, slow winding to the grave.

And this endured, or rather she endured, through the quarter of a century. It was only in the six-and-twentieth year of her suffering that she was dismissed to tell Milton in heaven that his doctrine was still immoral upon earth. Some notion of her mode of existence may be formed from the following extract :

“The following beautiful lines by Mrs. Wright seem to have been a mere extempore effusion, poured out from the fulness of her heart on the occasion, and sharpened with the keen anguish of distress :

‘A MOTHER’S ADDRESS TO HER DYING INFANT.

Tender softness ! infant mild !
 Perfect, purest, brightest child !
 Transient lustre ! beauteous clay !
 Smiling wonder of a day !
 Ere the last convulsive start
 Rend thy unresisting heart ;
 Ere the long-enduring swoon
 Weigh thy precious eyelids down ;
 Ah ! regard a mother’s moan,
 Anguish deeper than thine own.

Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
 Late with rapture blest my sight,
 Ere your orbs extinguish’d be,
 Bend their trembling beams on me.
 Drooping sweetness ! verdant flow’r !
 Blooming, with’ring, in an hour !

Ere thy gentle breast sustains
 Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,
 Hear a suppliant ! let *me* be
 Partner in thy destiny !
 That whene’er the fatal cloud
 Must thy radiant temples shroud ;
 When deadly damps, impending now,
 Shall hover round thy beauteous brow,
 Diffusive may their influence be,
 And with the *blossom* blast the *tree* !”

“This was composed during her confinement, and written
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from her mouth by her husband, who sent it to Mr. John Wesley. The original letter sent with these verses was in Dr. Clarke's possession, who says, 'It is a curiosity of its kind, and one proof of the total unfitness of such a slender and uncultivated mind to match with one of the highest ornaments of her sex. I shall give it entire in its own orthography, in order to vindicate the complaints of this forlorn woman, who was forced to accept in marriage the rude hand which wrote it. It is like the ancient Hebrew, all without points.'

“ ‘ To the Revd. Mr. John Wesley Fellow in Christ
Church College Oxon.

“ ‘ DEAR BRO: This comes to Let you know that my wife is brought to bed and is in a hopefull way of Doing well but the Dear child Died—the Third day after it was born—which has been of great concerne to me and my wife She Joyns With me In Love to your Selfe and Bro: Charles—From Your Loveing Bro: to Comnd—

“ ‘ WM. WRIGHT.

“ ‘ P.S.—Ive sen you Sum Verses that my wife maid of Dear Lamb Let me hear from one or both of you as Soon as you Think Convenient’ ” (pp. 244-246).

It seems that Mehetabel made a vain effort to inspire something like feeling into the animal to which she was bound. The experiment only added to the disappointments which she was doomed to endure. His nature was capable of little above mere animal appetite. Children might have become something to her; but they all died very young. His occupation was that of a plumber, and, as she believed, “the white lead killed them all.” The touching lines just quoted breathe a sentiment which became habitual to her. She lived in the hope of death. After the loss of her sister Mary, there seems not to have been a human being in sympathy with her, or by whom she was properly appreciated. Devout she was—but it was the devotion of a martyr, whose sufferings were too great for her strength; her spirits sunk, and her beauty withered,—at least, so her biographers say; but the eye was unquenched, and the face would have beamed in happiness. There was a prudent man, one Mr. Duncombe, who saw her towards the close of her life, and who

writes to the celebrated Elizabeth Carter, "It affected me to view the ruin of so fine a frame; so I made her only three or four visits." This same sage remarks of her calling her brother, John Wesley, "the King of the Methodists," that it "looked like a piece of lunacy;" not much, we think. He probably thought the same of another expression which he reports, and which combines a delicate irony with deep grief, "She told me that she had long ardently wished for death, and the rather, said she, 'because we, the Methodists, always die in *transports of joy*.'" She died, as she had lived, more gracefully than beseems a Methodist. Her brother Charles preached a funeral sermon from a text which appropriately declares, "the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

Mehetabel Wesley was the victim, as woman is yet continually the victim, of bad education, perverted religion, and unequal institutions. The finer the individual nature, the more costly is the sacrifice. The feeling, taste, mental power, and moral purity which some of her poems, and many passages of her life, indicate, are such as to prove her capability, in favourable circumstances, of ministering most largely to social improvement and enjoyment, and at the same time to individual happiness, and of having both blessings amply measured back into her own bosom. And all this was wasted upon one for whom a comely scullion, with not a thought above her avocation, would have been as satisfactory a companion, probably much more so, and would have received from him much better treatment. How is this? Her brothers would have said that it pleased Heaven sorely to try her, and that is true as far as it goes; but we rather think it also pleases Heaven to show by this and similar examples, that the true morality, that which conducts to happiness, is not always correctly interpreted by society, not even by that portion of society which claims to be eminently religious. The restraint which crippled her faculties, the awful rod which made her an infant slave, was an immorality. This was the source of her own errors. The twig was twisted, and so grew the tree, though graceful even in its distortion. Her marriage was an immorality. So was her continuing through life in a sexual companionship where mutual affection was impossible; not that she was conscious of viciousness, but the contrary; she no doubt thought her

misery was her duty. Ill fare the machinery that wrought the perversion and the suffering ! For woman so situated there ought to be redress, open and honourable redress, in every country that calls itself civilised. Her situation was even worse than if she had committed that act which, by the law of Moses, would have subjected her to death by stoning ; for then she might have been liberated from an enforced and intolerable bond, and even have entered on a new state, perchance, of the affection and enjoyment for which she was framed. But her mind was enslaved ; it had been scourged into the faith that she was a property, and not a being ; her father had divorced himself for a twelve-month ; her husband probably did worse ; but she never expected reciprocity of right or equality of will. And they never suspected that there was degradation in the species of mastery which they arrogated. Savage man kicks and beats woman, and makes her toil in the fields ; semi-civilised man locks her up in a harem ; and man three-quarters civilised, which is as far as we are got, educates her for pleasure and dependency, keeps her in a state of pupilage, closes against her most of the avenues of self-support, and cheats her by the false forms of an irrevocable contract into a life of subservience to his will. The reason for all which is, “that he is the stronger.” And the result of which is, that he often lacks an intelligent and sympathising companion when most he needs one ; a high-minded helpmate to cheer him in noble toils and bitter sacrifices ; and a mother for his children who will take care that the next generation shall advance on the mental and moral attainments of the present. Truly he makes as bad a bargain as he deserves. Do not you think so, Mr. Dove ? Was not Mehetabel Wesley’s mother as much in the wrong as Andrew Marvell’s father ? And when you print your commendatory list of Critical Notices, especially for the advertisement in the *Methodist Magazine*, will you not again add, “See also the *Monthly Repository*” ?

LOCAL LOGIC.

[*Monthly Repository*, 1833.]

ALL the world has laughed at the mathematician who began to read Thomson's *Seasons*, but soon shut the book because he could not perceive what was to be proved thereby. But the world should remember that "it is good to be merry and wise," and perhaps in this case its own laugh may deserve to be laughed at. The ridicule has not fallen upon the right point. The mathematician is supposed to have been absurd, not for his want of perception of what the poem proved, but for his expecting that it should prove any thing. Now, in regarding it as a principle that a poem should prove nothing, the world is as inconsequential as the mathematician was blind in not seeing the consequences and corollaries of Thomson's *Seasons*. There has never been a true poem that did not prove more, and more to the purpose, than its equal in quantity of Euclid's *Elements*. All poetry is probative. There is that in it abundantly which might be thrown into the form of propositions, profound and universal ones, and ticketed with an undeniable Q.E.D. In fact, poetry has the privilege of geometry; it demonstrates. It helps us to truths, not by induction, but by intuition. There is no logic so rapid or so satisfactory. Look at that tower twenty miles off, on the top of Leith Hill, in the light of the setting sun; how distinct its outline, how beautiful its colouring, how picturesque its position, how true its picture on the eye!—that sunlight is poetry. It brings the object within the scope of your vision; it shows the object; it demonstrates. Logical induction orders a post-chaise; bargains with the landlord for eighteenpence a mile; asks the boy, as twilight is coming on, whether he knows the road,

and bids him look to the direction-posts; stops at the regular stages to change horses; and after several hours' riding, and much packing and unpacking, with a host of minor arrangements, troubles, and carefulnesses, works out its proof to your understanding of the existence and form of the tower on Leith Hill, with little of the facility and less of the beauty than attended the equally satisfactory accomplishment of the same thing by the far-beaming sunshine of poetry. It is thus that poetry darts and glances upon the remotest distances of the mental landscape. It stands upon a height; it sees the world in sunshine; its eye "glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;" and thus did many a bard of the barbarous olden time behold sights of beauty and grandeur in the soul of man, while the metaphysician, though travelling with the best post-horses with which logic could furnish him, goes jogging on, century after century, without arriving at the verification of them, according to that definition of verification which the world in its wisdom has adopted. Laugh no more at the mathematician. If Thomson proves nothing, he was very right not to read Thomson; but there was his blunder. I have read Euclid and Thomson both, and I take upon me to affirm that the one proves as much as the other. Of course I mean to the right subjects. A horse cannot draw an inference; there are thousands to whom Euclid proves nothing—to whom he never will prove any thing—save and except this single proposition, that to their minds he cannot prove any thing. Their minds either stand stock still, or move with a hop, step, and jump. Now, to travel with Euclid, one must walk, step by step, all the steps, well measured and rightly counted. In not proving something to every body, poetry is therefore only in the same category with geometry. Each requires what Jeremy Bentham used to call the appropriate intellectual aptitude; and each proves most where that is maximised, and least where that is minimised. Geometry demonstrates to the inductive intellect, and poetry demonstrates to the reflective and introspective soul. And the percipient of poetical demonstration imbibes also the demonstration, of all things in nature and in art which are poetical. He will take the mathematician, in the fulness of his heart, remembering his own enjoyment, and forgetting his friend's one-sidedness, to

look at some beautiful painting or statue ; and not laugh at him when he asks the question, What does that prove ? Why should he ? for he himself knows what it proves. And so it is with scenery, as I was well assured by getting into the country one day last month, when I found every object from morning till night as full of wisdom and demonstration as one of Harriet Martineau's illustrations of political economy ; indeed, I might say two, at least,—for it was both “ Life in the Wilds ” and the “ Hill and the Valley ; ” and so I shall tell the whole story of the day, or rather try to paint the scenes which in succession it presented, and conclude with something of a proof that those scenes of themselves prove something.

Don't be inquisitive about the locality, reader. It is true that very Venetian, Grecian, French, Canadian, Saxon, Kent-and-Surreyish, nondescript and omne-descript, house on the hill-top, beyond the common, above the wood, in which I slept on the — ultimo, may sometimes be hired for a summer, and perhaps occasionally even for a winter, by any respectable tenant who is qualified to summer and winter there ; but I have no relish for the profession of a gratuitous house-agent. So, no letters of inquiry to “ the able author, &c., care of the editor ; ” “ private ” on the right-hand corner, at the top, and “ to be forwarded—immediate,” on the left-hand corner, at the bottom ;—no, not even though they come with the signatures of “ Inquirer,” “ Admirer,” and, better than both, “ Constant Reader ; ” no petitions for an answer in the “ Notices to Correspondents ; ”—I will be party to no frauds upon the stamp-office, or on the editor or publisher, whom the Whigs are likely enough to tax, and surcharge, and exchequer, and all that, for any such accommodations. Let it all be done fair and above-board. Advertise like a man. The landlord will be sure to see it. He is a “ constant reader ” of the *Repository*, and a constant purchaser too, and an inquirer and admirer besides. So let all these sympathies come together in the proper way by advertisement. Happy be the match thereupon made ! And the editor will be very ungrateful if he does not hand over to me, his constant correspondent, the profits, or at least a moiety of the profits, of the inquiring and replying advertisements, to pay travelling expenses to that delicious retreat, and a dinner for

all parties, *sub Jove*, on the lawn ; and never was lawn more jovial than that would be.

Well, I awoke there very early in the morning, with no recollection where I was, or how I got there, but with a pleasant sensation all over me of being somewhere, where to be was very pleasant. How curious is the correspondence, even in the soundest sleep, between the external world and the internal ! Somehow or other, notifications of change, and of the character and colour of that change, are conveyed by the organs of sense to the brain, and it takes cognisance of them, our not seeing and not thinking notwithstanding : I mean to say, as we lie asleep. Such communications are as correct in spirit as in substance they are confused and imperfect. They are like the impressions conveyed by reading a newspaper to a very drowsy man with a pipe in his mouth. He gets a general notion, perhaps, that a glorious victory has been gained : and “his majesty’s arms,” and “stands of colours,” and “sprigs of laurel,” float about in his brain ; but exactly where, or when, or why, or by whom the aforesaid battle was fought, he has no distinct conception. But he feels very rejoiced, and glorious, and Old-Englandish, and life-and-fortuney, and heaven-born-ministerialish, nevertheless. Or these communications are like the Peruvian pictures, with hands, and swords, and bows, and serpents, and other ocular conundrums, which the last of the Caciques used to send to the last of the Incas, because they had neither *Moniteurs* nor *Gazettes Extraordinary* to report the proceedings of Cortez and Pizarro. Or they are, most of all, like the impression which one musically organised being may convey to another by extempore play on an instrument. You cannot tell the precise material object or the external event of which the player is thinking ; it may be of a castle in the air at sunset, or of Shelley’s poems, or of the Revelation of St. John, in one strain ; or it may be, in another, of Dominichino’s painting of Latona changing the inhabitants of Bœotia into frogs ; or of Southwood Smith’s Lecture on the Natural History of Death ; or of the third act of *Othello* ; or of the strange and entangled situation of our friend —— ; or of a philosophical and poetical mind reflecting on the history of the French Revolution. You cannot tell, I say, exactly what definite being, or condition, the melody is

associated with ; but you may tell infallibly, you may write down in words the most precise and distinct, the species of emotion, and the character of the train of emotions, which are in the soul of the player while the fingers are striking those notes. Such is the sort of intelligence which the nerves convey to the brain in sleep. Godwin, when a young man, used to receive it frequently and strongly ; although that mighty brain of his, with its stately logic and broad generalisations and calm abstractions, might seem so much of an independent world in itself as to render him little subject to the quick, unconscious vibrations of a more sensitive organisation. What a splendid outpouring of eloquence is the dream of St. Leon, in the deep sleep which followed his draught of the elixir of life ! I will not, as a critic, answer for it now ; but I shall never forget how I read it when a boy, and seemed to grow a god in reading it. But these things change strangely, or we change. I tried to read the *Pilgrim's Progress* the other day, and could not. It made me melancholy. I feared my heart or my imagination was growing old ; but I took up the *Arabian Nights*, and all was right again ; glory to "the good Haroun Alraschid" ! But to end this dream of the undreaming intelligences of sleep : prepared by their pre-libations for the certainty of waking bliss, I opened my eyes, not knowing upon what,—only sure that I was not in Paternoster Row, or within earshot of the ringing of Bow bells or the telling of St. Paul's. And there were the blue heaven and the green hill gently kissing,* with bright and dark clouds (cumulo-cirrus and cirrho-stratus) curling, clustering, and flowing about, like golden and hyacinthine locks. "Up with the lark," say I to myself,—always up with the lark in the country ; and then, before the impulse went into action, that everlasting and universal scepticism, which is the bane of all exertion and the torment of all orthodoxy ; to which medical men are so prone, that *religio medici* means no religion at all ; which makes our *literati* write so feebly and skittishly, all for want of faith ; which, since the French Revolution, has been so rife in the world, extending even to the foundations of our time-hallowed institutions, and the principles of our Constitution, once

* Stolen : "A heaven-kissing hill" (Shakespeare ; Boaden's ed.).
—P. D.

the wonder and envy of the world ;—that sceptical spirit, I say, whispered in mine ear, “What means *up* with the lark?” Call you it *up*, to exchange this easy recumbency, so favourable to meditation, philosophy, and poetry, for the mechanical drudgery of walking, or the stiff-and-stark conventionalism of sitting on a straight-backed chair? Call you it *up*, to stop this easy flow of thoughts and images that are gently trickling through the brain like a brook in springtide, rich with winter’s legacies, and musical with its own murmurs, for talk and argument, marshalled like soldiers by beat of drum, and parading hither and thither at the word of command? I say, the true “up with the lark” is to lie still, and “feed on thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers.” This is no idleness. I never laid in bed, like H—, till full noontide, reading *Letters on Early Rising*, and balancing the arguments; but I say the proverb is a fallacy,—that it begins with a misnomer; and that on a cool, elastic hair mattress, or, better still, on Dr. Arnott’s delicious water-bed (“Oh, it is pleasant to float o’er the sea”), one is most truly “up with the lark”, sailing on the bosom of the air, playing with the stars, or gliding afar off in the faint pearly car of the crescent moon. From such a state to rise, is to fall; the getting up is only a prelude to the coming down; and there ought to be a good reason for it. True, they say that

“Early to bed and early to rise
Is the way to be healthy and wealthy and wise.”

But that I doubt too. Goethe used to sit up late o’ nights, and he had more of all three together than any man of modern times. Besides, I don’t like the proverb. There is something suspicious in the way in which the three qualities are put together. If in this trinity “none is afore or after the other,” I refuse my worship. It looks as if the inventor thought first of his stomach, secondly of his pocket, and thirdly of his brains. I turn round, and ask, with my old friend the mathematician, “What does the poem prove?” I do not see the connection between the first line and the second. The poor factory children are bundled to bed the minute their work is over, and up early enough; but they are neither healthy, wealthy, nor wise. A comfortable farmer, with just cunning enough to vote for

a Corn-Law candidate at the county election, is, I think, as much as such means can realise. Some of the finest parts of *Paradise Lost* were written in the night. Whether Milton be one of your healthy, wealthy, and wise people, I cannot say ; but, certainly, he was one of the best and purest specimens of humanity—physically, mentally, and morally—that Nature has yet produced : *non Anglus, sed Angelus*. There are hosts of proverbs which are apocryphal. Their inspiration is only that of mammon. They are often the dirty excuses of the dirty tricks of a dirty majority. Nevertheless, I will get up, for the same reason that a lark sometimes will come down ; I hear sweet sounds which may “wile a lav’ rock frae the lift.”

I shall give the wholelong day—and would it were longer!—to this locality. Ask me at night what it proves ; but ask me not before. The premisses first ; the conclusion afterwards. The situation of this house is curious, inasmuch as it is the only one from which a particular effect, which I am about to mention, could be produced. It is chosen in defiance of the ordinary inducements for the selection of a site ; a little further one way, and it would have been more convenient of access ; a little further another way, and it would have had a more diversified view ; a little further in a third direction, and there would have been ampler space for lawn and garden ; a little down the hill, and it would have been sheltered from the winds which now rave round it and rattle through it ;—but here it is, and here am I, starting from it for my matin circuit, that I may earn one enjoyment by another, the duty being more delectable than the recompense—which is very virtuous. There is before you, from the open glass door of the house, only a small flat space of table-land (kitchen-garden, *i. e.* in part), and the rest laid out according to the established form, in square and oblong beds, with roses and tulips and peonys, and a second crop coming of hollyhocks and tiger-lilies,—and that at first seems all ; but as your eye travels round the verge and outer margin of the opposite side of the parallelogram, there rise before it certain wavy outlines and blue shadings,—faint and cloudy, yet having a reality and a distinctness withal,—that tell you of a wide though viewless world between. The sensation is a strange mixture of sense and imagination—a consciousness of the conjoined presence of

the visible and the invisible; you feel how much there must be more than you see. On the near view, the garden is all the world; but the eye is irresistibly drawn to that shadowy distance which is a revelation and a promise of a vast and glorious intermediate prospect. The boundary-line is made so distinct by the precipitous descent of the hill. Down it goes, headlong down, thickly covered with wood, graceful as the mantle of imperial Cæsar, that it may, like him, "fall with decency;" but so abrupt, that no tree-tops, peering above the path of that natural terrace, give you warning of that verdant ambush below: and yet there it spreads out, deep, thick, wide, and tangled, rich and populous with all that is musical and beautiful. And down we go too with a plunge into that abyss of foliage and flowers: oak, ash, and beech, and birch, and pine, are there; and yonder the stately chestnuts, by themselves, with their dainty blossoms; and harebells, and euphorbia, and the wild geranium, and the orchis tribe; and, true to the greenwood still, Robin Hood, scarlet and green,—a pleasanter memory than that of being Earl of Huntingdon; and, better than all, mine own sweet woodruffe;—and they all inweave and inwreath themselves together, above and below,—shade, light, fragrance, softness, form, colour, and the hum of insects, and the song of birds,—a bath of sense; until you seem to be blending and dissolving with them too into the elemental principles of pure physical delight. And through the trees there are glimpses of the wide prospect. Up to the higher and clear ground; there the eye reels over and through the immensity of the valley. There are the softly swelling hills of Kent, undulating in the gentle and graceful wave which is peculiar to the surface of that county,—the true line of beauty; and there are the Surrey hills, fit counterpoise for the perfection of the picture; and yonder the bolder downs, which one knows have "towers along the steep," and overlook the mighty sea beyond; and all between, though so vast, is yet so soft and fair and fertile. There is nothing harsh, nothing obtrusive; Nature has licensed no one object to rise proudly and claim to be the centre of the scene, reducing all this diffusive loveliness to its mere appendage and accompaniment; and man has not marred the plan of Nature. There is no city or town even, with its congregated roofs,

spires, and towers, to transfix the eye in its wandering, and shine with a false glitter in the sun, as it broods over the indistinct expanse of meadows, glades, and groves. The artist would want an object and a foreground; Canova would have called for crags, as he did at Richmond; but we do quite as well without, as the citizens of Berne said when their bear was dead. Why should scenery be constructed on the monarchical principle? In the thousand unobtrusive lovelinesses, there is harmony and unity, without the erection of a central pyramid to refer them all to it; it would but throw over them an artificial shade, and give them an unnatural insignificance. We should not then see the valley, but the pyramid that stood in the valley. The loss would be greater than the gain. That unbroken expanse gives one the idea of equality in enjoyment and infinity of extent. It looks like a fraternal world, blessed and basking in the smile of Providence. If you want more diversity, there it is, in the lights and shadows which can only exhibit themselves in such an ample scene. How strange are the forms of clouds projected on the earth! but there are yet stranger forms at hand. Come back by this lane, which is such a trenchant wound on the fair earth's bosom. This is the deepest cut of all, and has laid bare and left in air the projecting roots of those fine old trees, which resemble, not the Elgin marbles indeed, but similar fragments of the sculpture of some more antique race of artists. They must have lived, too, in some preadamite state of the world, when form and organisation were subject to other laws, or while Nature was yet experimenting. This approaches towards a colossal human figure; but one side is twisted like a boa-constrictor, as if it were the father of that deceitful lady who wrought such woe to the guileless Christabelle. That has a griffin front, the tail going off into the flourish of a weary painter with his brush, when his hired and toilsome copy of a worthless picture is completed. Here are figures like those with which Blake adorned the *Night Thoughts*. Did they but break the second commandment, how well would they exhibit at a missionary meeting, in long procession, as the idols of some Antipodean or Hyperborean region, or of beings that inhabit the inner crust of the globe,—the next of those concentric surfaces of which some say the world, like

a Chinese puzzle ball, consists, and which would, I suppose, have been lawfully seizable as property or prize, had Captain Parry succeeded in his patriotic enterprise, and nailed the royal standard of Britain to the pole of the earth. Tree-roots are a class of beings but little known. They are like nothing else upon, below, or out of the earth. One might suppose the Frankenstein family had set up a manufactory of monsters here, and, in haste to pack up the raw material,—from an alarm of fire, or some such cause,—had stuck together whatever parts were nearest, to be sorted afterwards. One also might suppose—that it is breakfast time.

It is not wholesome ever to pass an entire day in utter *idlesse*. I do not mean to advance such an absurdity as that the enjoyment of nature can be the loss of time. I leave that for those who, in their ceaseless occupation, do, in fact, lose all their time, and know not what a treasure they lose. But all enjoyment is the richer for the contiguity of honest mental occupation. The steady employment of though it be but an hour or two, will spread a satisfaction over the day, and spiritualise its sportiveness, and prevent its pleasure from becoming *fâde*, and preserve the elasticity of the springs within us. Away, then, to the woodland study; and be it a study in right earnest. One may meditate there; and, thanks to dictation, composition is but thinking aloud, with the double advantage of uninterrupted thought, and a consciousness of the presence of the recording spirit. The mechanical art of writing is a sore nuisance—at least, to me. I never can write contemporaneously with my thoughts. They pass; and I only put down my recollections, often a faint shadow. And then a silent, intelligent amanuensis!—Had J—— possessed such a treasure, that vigorous originality of his would never have run away with him, a madder race than that of the wild horse of Mazeppa. He ruined himself by being his own penman. A presence which he respected would have made him respect his own intellectual reputation; and it might have been a bright and useful one, lasting and growing too. So, to work: on the shady bench, behind the belt of oak-trees, that screen both the landscape and the sun. The senses are undistracted there, and the stream of thought flows clear, and pure, and bright. He must be a bold man who could dare to be a sophist there, in the

presence of God and nature; and a base one who could there prepare for the world aught that tends not to humanise the affections and elevate the soul.

What was there prepared may be some day judged of; its introduction here would be rather too long an episode. I have some conscience about digression, though rather lax. Not so about intellectual labour. I mean by that, active mental operation; not mere reading. And yet reading should have its share of the day too, or it will not be a good day of pleasure, unless in travelling through a very extraordinary country, and with very extraordinary companions. All scenes have their appropriate books; and all books have their appropriate scenes—except the Bible, which is universal, and Shakespeare, which is next to it. Milton is much less so; he is for lawns and stately avenues and antique mansions, or for the stern simplicity of such a coast as Sandown. Books should have a harmony of spirit with the locality, not an identity of subject. One does not want to read beggarly verbal pictures—as the best must be—of beauties which are before the eyes; but one wants something which excites emotions that will not jar with those excited by the scene. Now, here is the *Political Unionist's Catechism*, by Junius Redivivus, just out; I cannot, for the soul of me, open it again *here*. Set me down in London, or Birmingham, or Liverpool, or Manchester, or Norwich, and I shall have gone again and again over its nervous and manly language, shall be all heart and soul in the writer's noble purpose, and would call as with a trumpet voice to the working men of Britain, to learn from it how to qualify themselves for, and how to struggle for, those political rights without which there is no hope of any efficient improvement of their condition, or of any repose for the community. I would tell them to make it their daily manual, and to have it, not merely by rote, but by *heart*. But *here*—I do not know what Whig and Tory mean here; they are not things of God's making, and none else are free of this paradise. Shelley and Tennyson are the best books for this place. They sort well with the richness—richness to every sense; with the warm mists, and the rustling of the woods, and the ceaseless melody of sound. They are natives of this soil—literally so; and, if planted, would grow as surely as a crowbar in Kentucky sprouts tenpenny nails.

Probatum est. Last autumn, L—— dropped a poem of Shelley's down there in the wood, amongst the thick, damp, rotting leaves; and this spring some one found a delicate, exotic-looking plant, growing wild on the very spot, with *Pauline* hanging from its slender stalk. Unripe fruit it may be, but of pleasant flavour and promise; and a mellow produce, it may be hoped, will follow. It would be a good speculation to plant a volume of Coleridge. The singing of the nightingales would promote its growth.

Dinner! dinner! Not that way; here is the hall-passage, between these verdant clustering pillars, under these natural Gothic arches and rich tracery-work; now we enter the anterooms, treading the thick carpet of harebells, and looking out through the beautiful latticework of the thinned copse on hill, wood, and valley; and yonder is the *salle à manger*. How gracefully the festoons of our pavilion hang from branch to branch, just fluttering in the sun, yet not scaring away the birds; and there she sits beneath, the queen of our simple revels, in all the unassuming state and absolute power of affection, the granddaughter of Pestalozzi—not by father's side, nor by mother's—and calls her pupils to come, like the hen gathering her chickens,—and they *will*. See how they muster, like the pretty stage witches in *Macbeth*, but at a sweeter spell, and to a better kettle of fish and soup. One toddling wee thing raises her blue-bonneted head amid the rank grass, like a springing harebell. Another drops gently from tree to ground like a mellow apple. Among the roots of the old tree where they overhang the declivity, a broad straw hat, surmounting a white jacket, ascends like a fast-growing mushroom, with a face as roguish beneath as that of Puck the fairy. And here they come: Sweet-William, and Pease-blossom, and Mustard-seed, and Cob-web, and all. The pretty pageant! sing to them as they come, ye who sing; and sketch them, ye who sketch; and then,—for “neat-handed Phillis” has done her best,—“mingle, mingle, mingle” at the table, and blessed be the memory of Pestalozzi; amen.

Oh, the weary years through which I used to ask of every body that pretended to know, what Pestalozzianism was; and none of them had the sense to tell me that it is no *ism* at all at all. I have my answer now; “I feel it here,”

as the stout gentleman on the right of the chair says, when the company have drunk his health with all the honours, and one cheer more. Here is one cheer more ; and very cheering it is for those who grow faint and heart-sick in battling for the world's good against the world's perversity. Look at those children ; they are spurred by no rivalry, they struggle for no prizes, they are not drilled in classes : and discipline—what is their discipline ?

“The sound of the child-striking rod
These valleys and woods never heard ;
Ne'er sighed at the threat of a task,
Nor smiled when vacation appeared.”

And yet they learn ; ay, learn abundantly. They know more of objects than others of the ages do of words. Their vocabulary has meanings to it ; their counters represent something. And who will get on better with books, provided the books are worth getting on with ? They have the love of learning in them, and the love of their teacher, and these are two powers that draw them along, and pull away faster than a pair of flying dragons. Moreover, and that is the best of all, with all their getting they get *understanding*, and with all their learning they learn wisdom.

It were a good place, this, for an adult school on the same principle. Every body here seems rational and happy : the secret of which is, that every body does what every body likes, without endeavouring to compel any body else to do the same, and say they like it too, whether or no. The consequence is, that there is more coincidence from spontaneous sympathy than ever can be produced, even in outward appearance, by arbitrary control.

Very sweet is the truce from that everlasting strife of *will* which is kept up in society. People feel here that “there is room enough in the world for thee and me,” as Uncle Toby said when he opened the window for the blue-bottle fly to go out at. Here we open the window for one another, instead of saying, “You wish to walk, but I prefer sitting, and also prefer that you should sit with me ; so bide still, and be proper, and say, as you ought, that you are not uncomfortable. You want to sing, do you ? let down the portcullis of your throat, that the melody may not escape till my request has furnished it with a passport ;

meanwhile, declare you are grateful to me for reading to you some book which you don't wish to hear." This is all quite contrary to the principles on which the New Adult Pestalozzian Kent and Surrey Union Education Company is to be established. Read, if you like, sir; but, in spite of your "due emphasis and discretion," I am off to court the cuckoo, or run a race with the dog. I shall read, myself, presently, under the tree yonder; it does my lungs good, and my heart too; and then you may run, if you like. "Allow me to hand you to the instrument." Not she, indeed; you never heard such singing after that sort of prologuing and pantomiming. How it bubbles up from amongst the trees, here and there, by fits and snatches, clear as the blackbird's song, and varied as the nightingale's! "Now, that's what I call melody; I do, indeed." You are right, sir,—more right than you know of; for you did not see Purcell bending from above to listen, nor hear him ask Shakespeare what he had sent Ariel down for.

Away, whither? not now to the churchyard, though that is a place for sunset, a beautiful and touching place at sunset. What a light and gay, an airy and joyous-looking fringe of trees and shrubs it has,—the delicate lilac, and the glaring laburnum, and the pale guelder rose; and how the rays of the sun, as he gives them his last blithe blink and smile from the summit of the hill, get entangled among the leaves and boughs and pendent blossoms, and linger and sparkle there; and how the birds all carol above, and the grasshoppers chirp below; and in the "centre of the glittering ring" stands that huge and ancient yew, overshadowing the graves with its broad, dark, massy foliage, the branches spread out as the wings of Ariel, and its vast, hollow, mouldering trunk standing as if in the strength of some mysterious, anti-vital principle, a solemn image of death in the midst of life! That is a shade to sleep under soundly and peacefully. But not thither now; this way, here, along the common,

"grassy, wild, and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air."

Turn not this way, towards the bridge that swings aloft over the deep lane, like the back scene of a melodrama when the catastrophe is coming; nor that way, towards where the hill makes a bold, steep, semicircular promontory,

where you stand as on the quarter-deck of a gigantic ship, and look down on the wide ocean-valley sending up a mimic ripple from its wavy woods ; but hold on, on, till the surface begins to break, toss, and tumble about, and the path narrows and winds round the side of the hill, and you are—in Scotland, are you not?—for this is fairly a pass ; not Killiecrankie or Glencoe, indeed, any more than we are Dundee or Ossian ; but it is a beautiful little ravine, and looks the portal to scenery which the warrior should never tread, but which the poet were no poet not to seek. Yon fir-grove hymns our entrance. Fragrant firs!—the beech and the fir in masses are ever fragrant. But how varied is the music of trees ! They are all Æolian harps, but differently strung and tuned. These sound a solemn anthem. They are the organ of the woods, and their cadence is deep, mellow, sustained, sometimes pealing forth with grand choral swell, and then subsiding into low but rich modulations. Was not such the worship of the lofty cedars, when of old on Lebanon they praised the Lord ? The path goes winding on into the ravine, a new pair of contrasted pictures at every step, the wooded and the grassy bank striving in beauteous, harmonious rivalry. Here rest, on this rich, soft, elastic couch of cup-moss, and look down the declivity. What fairy magic has etherealised the dancing leaves of those large beech-trees ? What exquisitely delicate creatures of the elements they seem, their tender green fluttering in the purest and most attenuated halo of light that ever mortal eye beheld ! There is water below, though hidden from us here : broad, placid, limpid water ; and the light of the setting sun is on it ; and the branches overhang it and thee ; and the water reflects up the wild radiance on those young, trembling, restless leaves. A trick of Nature ; she delights to treat her loving children with all kinds of experiments on loveliness. Those who will see beauty, she surrounds with superfluity of beauty. The sun is sinking lower, and our path is at the bottom of the ravine, by the water's edge. How fast the trees gloom ! their thick trunks are dark ; they are black. But look up to the trees above—their trunks are burnished and radiant gold. Their foliage is glittering and blazing, like that of the magic garden of an oriental enchantress. And look across to the opposite side of the ravine. On the lofty brow of that

smooth, grassy, gently shelving bank, the sunlight has laid itself down, and sleeps and dreams like Tennyson's Lotos-Eater, and seems as it would rest and sleep eternally. Another change : and no wonder,—for this strange old building on the river has a cabalistic look ; the broad, full stream—the infant Medway, is it not ? don't be sure ; I am not precise in my topographies and potamology ; the child may be a changeling—the broad, full stream is sunk down, down to the very bottom of two steep, deep banks, and there it murmurs along unseen, as all things else are now unseen ; for we are in a close alley of the darkest hollies, and large as they are dark, rustling their unchanging and spiky leaves in concord with the low but more living sound of the flowing brooklet. It is unearthly music. This portion of the walk may be reckoned the region of northern superstition, as the last was of Arabian magic and fairyland, bordering, by its oriental character, on the locality of the Syrian and sacred chant that consecrated our entrance on those successive scenes of enchantment. And now we emerge from the holly shade, to receive from the genius of classical mythology a brief and bright farewell. The sight is dazzling. There is the day-god's blazing car, and his fiery-footed steeds on the gallop. In their mad speed, they are dashing huge masses of light and flame all over the horizon. The river here is wide and still as a lake. What strange splendours are in that mirror ! How distinct, yet how idealised, is every reflection on its surface ! There, from the trees in shade, are—cold, graceful, fantastic—the pillars of the quiet grotto of the water-god ; and there, from the intervals of the opposite trees, behind which the sun is descending, are the flaming columns of Apollo's own palace :

“*Regia Solis erat sublimibus altæ columnæ,
Clara micante auro flammasque imitante pyropo.*”

The gorgeous show is over ; it fades away : and twilight, in her “gown of sober gray,” bids us also depart in peace. Sweet twilight,—sweet alike on this gentle park land, and on the wild common which now we enter through an avenue of gorse which may be called majestic ! The bushes are six feet high, and covered over with blossoms which this dim light touches with a peculiar softness. It is a welcome sight to eyes that ache with splendour and vanity. One knows how the vizier in the story must have

felt when he stole away from the court, in the dusk of evening, to look on the shepherd garb and crook which belonged to his boyhood. It were foolish to despise the gorse. Linnæus never saw it till he came to England ; and the first furze-field he came to so touched his feelings, that he knelt down and blessed Heaven for so beautiful a sight. The emotion was worthy of the great interpreter of nature. What would he have said to this? If, like some fanatics that I know, he had estimated worship in proportion to its length, and fitted his devotions to the occasion by the rule of three direct, he would have recited the Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm at least, or the Book of Common Prayer entire. But Linnæus was a philosopher, and all the better Christian ; his worship was gratitude,—brevity of expression best suiting the intensity of feeling.

Tea may be taken any where, or when, that any body pleases, who can get it ; I prefer it after such a walk, within reach, without a walk, of that moonlit wood and valley. Just get within its shelter, a few steps down the declivity, and the air is balmy even for an invalid. Pleasant alternative, of looking at the moonlight through the foliage, or at the valley through the moonlight ! And there is a single nightingale piping at intervals that one note of call which, after a few repetitions, goes off in a brief and rapid trill, as one said, so distinctly like “Come, come, come : here he is !” And true is the interpretation, for there he is : and a joyous burst of song ; and the melody spreads ; “another, and another, and another ;” and it gushes up, like a hundred fountains of music, here and there and every where playing in the air with their fantastic jets, till the sweet sound pervades the atmosphere, dewes the trees, and seems to fall on us like summer rain-drops. And next morning, broad white waves of mist were over all that vast valley ; the distant hills were based on its curling clouds. Yet we would not part so, the scene and I ; and here and there the veil was gently raised ; and then it closed again, and the vapours were thickening and rolling and in commotion ; and I heard the voice of stern Necessity, who rose up with a black cap on his head, and said, “The law is, that you return to the place from whence you came ;” and I felt very much disposed to make the reply of the prisoner at the bar, “My lord, if I do, I’ll be hanged !”

Summary of Principles illustrated by this Locality.—

First, that if the reader cannot see that it proves any thing, he has something yet to learn ; “ there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy :’ *argal*, he would be a greater philosopher if he had more dreams.

Second, that truth, the jewel of the soul, is many-sided at the surface, though single-centred. Paradoxes and contradictions may yet be all truths, and the simplest truths may be falsehoods. Minds are prisms. We should be thankful for every contribution towards a spiritual theory of light and colours.

Third, that the primary are more satisfactory than the secondary. A sense of beauty in a high degree may be produced by the simplest elements and combinations. The scenery above described has not a single historical association ; it has not even a single prominent picturesque natural object.

Fourth, that, notwithstanding the conquest of England by the Normans ; the extinction of the Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart dynasties ; the discovery and independence of the Americas ; the French Revolution, and the passing of the Reform Bill,—Oberon and Titania yet reign in Fairy-land, as they did in the days of Charlemagne, although many respectable and generally well-informed persons are not aware of the fact.

RULE BRITANNIA.*

[*Monthly Repository*, 1833.]

WHAT a glorious wind! How it tears about over heaven and earth, like a mad devil broke loose from the adamantine prison-house! Clouds above are flying before it like the leaves below. Why, this wind is a whirlwind! How it rushes, raves, and roars! it blows the world topsy-turvy; one might walk, if one could but stand, over a milky way of acacia-blossoms. The little peaches and nectarines are pelting like hail through the green-house windows. The oaks are tossing about their mighty arms, like fierce Saracens of old, with their maces and war-clubs; and the tall poplars are bending before the blast, their foliage flying, till you see their bare trunks straining like the masts of a ship in distress when her canvas is all abroad in tatters. And there's the music of the main too, piping loud and high, all around and through the grove. How well the trees do it! right *Æolian* harps are they, and *Æolian* trumpets, clarionets, bassoons, and trombones too. Splendid are the billows now in the Bay of Biscay. If I were there in my hammock, I should reckon it rough rocking; and yet, if I were as heavy as I am now, methinks I should sleep even to such a motion and to such music. Heavy, heavy! and sleep I must. The sounds are dim in my ears, yet ever and anon they are too startling. Qualify them, I pray thee, with some of that new music, whatever it may be.

And the piano blended its tones, though what they were I heeded not, with the rushing and rustling of the trees without; and though it was midday in June, and I am most unused to daylight sleeping, I went off fairly and soundly on the sofa, and then and there I dreamt a dream.

* *A Characteristic Fantasia for the Pianoforte, on the National Air of "Rule Britannia,"* by M. Marielli.

I have seen and heard of large and majestic billows ; I have watched those which, when the wild winds have been working their will, break at the foot of St. Catherine, up-rearing their huge forms as they strike upon the sands, their tops retreating and curving, till they form a colossal archway, where the sons of Anak might stand for a moment beneath the vaulted watery roof, till down they come in thunder. I have tossed on those which approach the Hebrides and the Orkneys, swollen with the pride of having rolled unbroken from the western world ; and much have I heard of those on which the giant of the Cape looks down, those broad mountain masses, those watery Grampians, where, in the trough of the sea, one intervening wave may hide from those who pace the turrets of our floating Indian towers the top-masts of their comrade ; but not even these, nor aught save those of Martin's "Deluge," could compare with the measureless billows of my vision. And yet there was no fury in their greatness ; they were not like the heavings and frettings of Sea at war with Earth ; but as parts, proportionate and harmonious, of a world of waters. It was not as if "a shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe," but these waves were as the ample and graceful foldings of the world's vast oceanic mantle. They rose and fell like the regular heavings of a living world's gigantic bosom. And the splendid sun was shining on that "azure main" as if he loved it ; and his image was reflected there, clear, bright, and deep, as if he were loved again. It was there when the billows rose, and it was there when the billows fell—glittering, but yet unbroken in the change. And as I admired the simple and serene magnificence of this elemental scene, there burst from that cloudless sky a peal of thunder,—of thunder so full and sonorous, and as it seemed to me so significant and supernatural, that a sensation of troubled awe spread over my frame, and I felt as if present at that wonderful work in the beginning, "when the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters, and God said, Let there be light, and there was light." The scriptural recollection was probably suggested to my sleeping senses by the unbounded expanse of that visionary ocean ; and under the influence of the association thus called up, the long rolling of that thunder fashioned itself into a resemblance of syllabic utterance ; such a resemblance as

there is of form in the dim outlines that grow upon the eye out of thick darkness, or even from blazing light, like the angel of the Lord emerging from the glory at the top of Jacob's ladder in Rembrandt's painting of the patriarch's dream. It was possible to persuade oneself that it only thundered; and yet the sensation of my dream, wrought out in verbal record, would rather be, "There came a voice from heaven saying, Let Britain arise!" And the progress of events confirmed the interpretation. I was, indeed, present at the last act of creation. The voice from above was echoed by a hollow, murmuring, responsive sound, that came from the very bottom of the abyss, beneath all that weight of waters. In a moment all was convulsion and confusion. Strange noises, deep, shrill, rapid, rolling, voluminous—a chaos of sound—terrified my ears. The placid majesty of sea and sky vanished. Dense vapours blotted out the sun. From the ocean, columns of flame burst forth abruptly, ascended high, and disappeared, and were followed by others in quick succession. Wild meteors were blazing here and there throughout the atmosphere. The stars, which became partially visible as the sun was obscured, had "forgotten their courses," and reeled in the sky, and rose and set confusedly, like warriors' plumes in desperate conflict. A hurricane swept madly along over the surface of the waters, which sometimes yawned to the very centre, and then swelled up "as high as huge Olympus." And still the submarine thunderings continued, and swelled louder and louder, and the volumes of flame became more ample; and as I began to madden with the uproar, and felt my temples throbbing, and was struggling to awake as one struggles with the pressure of deadly nightmare, all was hushed, and there was the sweet music of a heavenly harp, and it played imperfect snatches and suggestive notes of the music of that noblest of all national airs; and I looked, and the elements were sunk to repose, and the sun was beaming down that sweet first smile of fond complacency that follows passion and agitation; and the billows were as giants who had died and been regenerated into little children, and they were gently and playfully kissing the feet of the white cliffs of our island, which had, amid those convulsive throes of nature, arisen "from out the azure main." And the meaning of what I saw re-

vealed itself to me, and I knew by the thrilling prelude of that harp that angels were about to hymn "the charter of the land;" but their song was not yet. The island was covered with mist. It hung heavy over the valleys, and wreathed itself around the hills and mountains; but towards their summits it was thin and fleecy; and, as it departed, I had glimpses of celestial forms, the minstrels who struck at intervals the broken yet most harmonious symphony of that well-known "strain," the new-born genii of the new-born land, its "guardian angels" in the delicate spring of their being; the same that were seen by the bard of the "Seasons," of patriotism, and of liberty.

There was one amongst them who appeared to be their queen, so lofty was her stature and so stately her bearing. She stood on the summit of a cliff, and stretched her hand towards the waves, as if demanding of them some token of submission and fealty. But the billows dashed themselves upon the cliff, and flung their foam high up against its face, as in defiance and in scorn. And the deep abysmal thunders again uttered their voices, but in angrier and discordant tone. And that wild volcanic action, and the elemental confusion, came back with aggravated horrors. Yet amid it all, from time to time, I heard stray notes of that heavenly harping, till at one louder and longer swell it seemed—but all was quick as lightning—as if that being of loveliness and majesty had thrown herself from the cliff-top into the furious waves, snatched from some reluctant power beneath a colossal trident, and regained her rocky throne, waving it proudly around her crowned and helmed head. Then the thunderings ceased, and the sea was calm and gentle as an inland lake, and the mists cleared away, and the land lay in sunshine; and I had vision of sparkling rivers, and waving fields, and crowded ports, and stately towers, and multitudinous cities; and the spirits thronged around their queen, and they twined a laurel-bough in her helmet-crown, and their harps and voices rung out the full strain of the patriotic chant, and it resounded with a martial clang, and there were armies on the heights in glittering array, and gallant navies covering the ocean; and lightly as I reek of the glory of arms, I felt my heart swell within me at that triumphal chorus.

But soon I perceived that, though the familiar air

was again and again repeated, it was with a varied tone and spirit. The associations, which in these diversified changes it called up, ceased to be either insolent or warlike. Among them there was the solemnity of the hymn and the lightsomeness of the dance; and as the sound varied, so varied the visible scene, and those bright genii bent the knee, or moved in joyous measure; while she whom they encircled smilingly doffed her diademed and laurelled casque, threw it upon the ground, placed on her brows a simple wreath of oak and olive, and the trident in her hand became a cornucopia. Again the chorus of the strain rung sweetly and loudly in mine ear—so loudly that I awoke; yet still the sound went on, with chords and modulations so rich and fanciful and full of harmony, that I was bewildered to find it did *not* proceed from the genii of my dream, and said amazedly, “What *are* you playing?” The answer was: “Oh, such a beautiful and imaginative composition—Marielli’s *Fantasia on ‘Rule Britannia.’* she has developed all the poetry of the song in such a musical commentary as only genius and science together can produce. Look at this introduction, or rather listen to that, and to the variations which follow.” “I have,” said I; “I have heard them all unconsciously; they have been acting on my associations as I slept; the music interprets my dream to myself, and my dream may interpret the music to others. It is a truthful criticism as far as it goes; but wide awake should the critic be who would do full justice to the expressiveness, science, grace, and fancy of Marielli’s compositions.”

TENNYSON'S POEMS.*

[*Monthly Repository*, 1833.]

IN the autumn of 1830, when the last desperate blow of despotism struck sparks that fired the mine beneath the palaces of the elder Bourbons; when barricades were piled, and sabres clashed, and musketry and cannon roared, and Fury with her thousand weapons fought in the streets of Paris; when the rainbow tricolor again spanned the political heavens, and the shouts of French victory were echoed back by those of British gratulation; when, stimulated by the strife, the spirit of reform in this country roused itself from seeming torpor, and girded itself for conflict with the great captain of the age and all corruption's hosts, and raised its voice for that inspiring shout which rallied the friends of freedom through England, Scotland, and Ireland,—it was our blessed hap to escape awhile from the feverish and tumultuous scene, with a little book which no flourish of newspaper trumpets had announced, and in whose train no reviewers had waved their banners, but which made us feel that a poet had arisen in the land, and that there was hope for man in powers and principles and enjoyments which flow—a deep and everlasting undercurrent—beneath the stormy surface of political changes and conflicts. We profess no indifference to the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire; but that still small voice sunk profoundly into our hearts, breathing a calmer and a holier hope. It was the poetry of truth, nature, and philosophy; and, above all, it was that of a young man, who, if true to himself and his vocation, might charm the sense and soul of humanity, and make the unhewn blocks in this our wilderness of society move into temples and palaces. The

* 1. *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*. By Alfred Tennyson. Wilson. 1830.
2. *Poems*. By A. Tennyson. Moxon. 1833.

enjoyment of that hour of the spirit's rest, and of its revival to breathe the morning air of a purer day, came back upon us when we saw that there was another volume of poems by Alfred Tennyson,—that to our little book a brother book was born,—and when we found it so like and so lovely in its likeness, even with less shade of difference than any of his own “dualisms.”

“ Two bees, within a crystal flower-bell rockèd,
 Hum a love-lay to the west wind at noon-tide,—
 Both alike they buzz together,
 Both alike they hum together,
 Through and through the flowered heather :
 Where in a creeping cove the wave, unshockèd,
 Lays itself calm and wide,
 Over a stream, two birds of glancing feather
 Do woo each other, carolling together,—
 Both alike they glide together,
 Side by side ;
 Both alike they sing together,
 Arching blue-glossed necks beneath the purple heather.

Two children, lovelier than Love, adown the lea are singing ;
 As they gambol, lily garlands ever stringing,—
 Both in blos'm-white silk are frockèd ;
 Like, unlike, they roam together,
 Under a summer vault of golden weather ;
 Like, unlike, they sing together,
 Side by side,
 Mid May's darling golden-lockèd,
 Summer's tanling diamond-eyed” (vol. i. p. 145).

As fruit hath its inner core and its outer rind, and, in the perfection of its ripeness, when the one is become most rich and mellow for the taste, the other is most soft to the touch and lovely to the sight ; and as, in man, there are the organs of sense without, and the faculties of intellect and feeling within,—the one, the eye that beams in light, the voice that speaks in music,—and the other, the brain that works and the heart that throbs ; so has perfect poetry its inner spirit of deep and rich significance, and its outer shell of melody and varied loveliness. The true poet is compounded of the philosopher and the artist. His nervous organisation should have internally the tenacity which will weave into the firmest web of solid thought, and in his sense, externally, be tremulous as the strings of an

Æolian harp, that quiver in every breeze, but ever tremble tunefully. The author has a large endowment of both these qualities, yielding perhaps, among poets of modern fame, only to Wordsworth in the one, and only to Coleridge in the other; and affording, by their combination, a promise which the world requires and needs of him not to doom to the bitterness of disappointment.

The music of poetry is as far from having been cultivated to the perfection of which it is capable as the poetry of music. The latter is yet in its infancy, kept and crippled there by the affectations of fashion, the mean arts of trading master, the theatrical monopoly, and the want of that popular taste which only a more rational and more extensive system of education can efficiently cultivate. How far the former had advanced in the poetry of antiquity, it is as impossible for us to ascertain as it is to call Homer from the dead to chant his own verses. There is melody, even yet, in our barbarian pronunciation of the Greek metres; probably as like the original as the sharp tappings of a drum to the soft, long breathings of a flute; but the tune itself is gone with the tongue that sung it, and the ear that heard, and the nerves that thrilled, and the eyes that glistened at it. We are left, by inference, to believe or not, as we may, that they who could chisel the form of Apollo knew also how to string his harp, and that their fingers touched it deftly. However that may be, in our language the art of poetical melody has gradually advanced like any other art. The great masters may have boasted themselves to "feed on thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers:" but the seeming spontaneity was only a facility derived from their general power and excellence. It is the same as in music: Marielli will improvise passages of the most difficult execution—because the pianoforte, with all its capabilities, is to her as a plaything; but those vivid thoughts and feelings to which she makes the instrument give utterance would lack their expression by less practised and skilful fingers. Only the habitually laborious can efficiently extemporise. Great poets have become so, however rude the age in which they lived, by acquired mastery of the powers of language, as an instrument not only of sense but sound. The construction of their verse grows into a study, in which the elements

and principles are traced, derived from nature and the genius of a language, of the art of verbal harmony ; and by these the superior workman is taught, and the critic is guided, and the dull sense is quickened, and the finer organisation is gratified and perfected, and yet more and more of this purer species of sensual enjoyment is ministered.

No writer seems to have studied more, or, considering the quantity of his productions, has done so much, by means of this art, as the author of these poems. Some lines, for their soft and easy flowing, others, for their stately march, their dancing measure, or their luscious sweetness, might be culled from his writings, which have never been surpassed, and which it would be difficult to match. The verses which claim this kind of praise, in a high degree, abound in both volumes. We scarcely know whether to consider it as a defect that, in the pursuit of this object, he has recourse to several unusual artifices, such as the full pronunciation of the final *ed*, the elision of the *w* when preceded by a consonant, and the occasional use of obsolete words. The perfection of the melody is thus preserved unimpaired, and a quaint and rich character imparted, though at the hazard of the charge of affectation.

The author is a mental philosopher, as the greatest poets have ever been, and as every poet of these later ages must be, to take distinguished or permanent rank. The first onset of poetry conquered the external world, and erected as trophies descriptions of object and action never to be surpassed ; but observation has yielded the foremost place to reflection, in ministering to poetical genius. The classic portrayed human character by its exterior demonstrations and influences on the material objects of sense ; the modern delineates the whole external world from its reflected imagery in the mirror of human thought and feeling. This change has taken place not simply because the ground was preoccupied, but as a necessary result from the progress of the human mind, from the stronger light which has been cast on its constitution and operations, and from a juster appreciation of the fact that mind alone

“ The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime.”

Poetry, in becoming philosophised, has acquired new and

exhaustless worlds. The changing moods of mind diversify a landscape with far more variety than cloud or sunshine in all their combinations; and those moods are in themselves subjects of description which may at once possess the deepest interest and allow the most luxuriant ornament. "The Confessions of a Sensitive Mind, not in Unity with Itself," in Mr. Tennyson's first volume—in a lower degree, the "Ode to Memory," and the "Palace of Art," in the present publication—are noble poems of this class. They are the writings of one who has gazed on the diversities and the changes of the human spirit, on the loftiness of its pride, the splendours of its revelries, the heavings and tossings of its struggles, the bewilderment of its doubt, and the abysmal depths of its despair,—with the same poetical perception that young Homer, yet unblinded, watched the tent of council and the field of battle; or that Virgil saw the husbandman making glad furrows on the fertile plain, beneath propitious constellations.

And this reflective character of modern poetry, which is, in a peculiar degree, the character of Mr. Tennyson's productions, while it is exhibited, directly, in such compositions as those just mentioned, pervades, by its indirect influence, almost every verse,—we might say, perhaps, almost every word,—being a principle of selection in the choice of terms which often renders them productive of strong and permanent effects even on the inattentive reader.

The following introductory lines to the "Palace of Art" will give those who have not already become acquainted with it a glimpse of the author's philosophy:

" I send you, friend, a sort of allegory—
You are an artist, and will understand
Its many lesser meanings—of a soul,
A sinful soul, possessed of many gifts,
A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,
A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love Beauty only,—Beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind,—
And Knowledge for its beauty; or if Good, Good only for
its beauty; seeing not
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears.

And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
 Shut out from love, and on her threshold lie,
 Howling in outer darkness. Not for this
 Was common clay ta'en from the common earth,
 Moulded by God, and tempered with the tears
 Of Angels to the perfect shape of man" (vol. i. pp. 68, 69).

The allegory itself is as profound in conception as it is
 gorgeous in execution :

" I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
 Wherein at ease for aye to dwell ;
 I said, ' O soul, make merry and carouse,
 Dear soul, for all is well.'

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnished glass,
 I chose, whose ranged ramparts bright
 From great broad meadow bases of deep grass
 Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf
 The rock rose clear, or winding stair,—
 My soul would live alone unto herself,
 In her high palace there.

' While the great world runs round and round,' I said,
 ' Reign thou apart, a quiet king ;
 Still as, while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
 Sleeps on his luminous ring.'

We are then led through long sounding corridors to
 stately rooms, some hung with arras, where, amid many
 beautiful paintings, beautifully painted,

" The maid-mother by a crucifix,
 In yellow pastures sunny warm,
 Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx,
 Sat smiling, babe in arm."

Of the statues—

" One was the Tishbite, whom the raven fed,
 As when he stood on Carmel steeps,
 With one arm stretched out bare, and mocked and said,
 ' Come, cry aloud—he sleeps !'

Tall, eager, lean, and strong, his cloak wind borne
 Behind, his forehead heavenly bright,
 From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,
 Lit as with inner light."

Then there are ample courts, and cloisters, and galleries,
 and fountains, and terraces, and towers, with " great bells
 that swung, moved of themselves, with silver sound," and

"choice paintings of wise men," hung around the royal dais, or "in the sun-piercèd oriel's coloured flame," where the soul gazed on Moses, and Isaiah, and Plato, and "eastern Confutzee;" and

"Many more that in their life-time were
Full-welling fountain-heads of change,
Between the stone shafts glimmered, blazoned fair
In divers raiments strange;

Through which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue,
Flushed in her temples and her eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from Memuon, drew
Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong
Her low preamble all alone,
More than my soul to hear her echoed song
Throb through the ribbèd stone.

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,
Joying to feel herself alive,
Lord over nature, Lord o' the visible earth,
Lord of the senses five,—

As some rich tropic mountain, that infolds
All change, from flats of scattered palms,
Sloping through five great zones of climate, holds
His head in snows and calms,—

Full of her own delight and nothing else,
My vain-glorious, gorgeous soul
Sat throned between the shining oriels,
In pomp beyond control."

And, then, there was all that could minister to sense, in flavorful fruits, and graceful chalices, and "fragrant flames of precious oils;" and amid it all, the change comes :

"Sometimes the riddle of the painful earth
Flashed through her as she sat alone ;
Yet not the less held she her solemn mirth,
And intellectual throne
Of full-sphered contemplation. So three years
She throve, but on the fourth she fell."

And, lest in her fall she should perish utterly, "God plagued her with sore despair," and the palace becomes haunted with fearful fantasmis; and the soul is tried like Christian in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death;" and

"So, when four years had wholly finished,
 She threw her royal robes away;
 'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
 'Where I may mourn and pray.
 'Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
 So lightly, beautifully built;
 Perchance I may return with others there,
 When I have purged my guilt.'"

And may we return there too, and abide for evermore! Amen. But our readers must not think that the author is only at home in the Delectable Mountains, or in the Domdaniel caverns, under the depths of the metaphysical ocean; we can instantly shift the scene to a cottage in a remote hamlet, and let the reader take two songs which should never be separated, "The May Queen" and "New-Year's Eve." Portraits, mental and material, abound in both these volumes; and they are sketched with rare felicity—at least, those in the first volume, which we prefer. He has furnished a female gallery as graphic in external delineation as ever was Vandyck, Reynolds, or Lawrence, and more fraught with expression.

With all their poetical qualities, his women are "spirits, and yet women too;" but he can paint fantasms also—creatures of the elements—mermaidens and sea-fairies; and then he can descend on man, not merely the enthusiast, the mystic, the poet, or the hero, but good, honest, workaday man, such as our friend the miller.

The songs to an owl, in the first volume, are amusing specimens; as are the lines to Christopher North, in the second:

"You did late review my lays,
 Crusty Christopher;
 You did mingle blame and praise,
 Rusty Christopher.
 When I learnt from whom it came,
 I forgave you all the blame,
 Musty Christopher;
 I could *not* forgive the praise,
 Fusty Christopher" (p. 153).

In "Mariana," "Nothing will Die," and "All Things will Die," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," and the "Lotos-Eaters," there is a rich display of the action and reaction of mind and matter—of the effect of external scenery upon the soul within, and of the colouring which

the soul spreads over all the external world. Rich and strange is the harmony here produced, and deeply must its truth be felt. The best combined display of the author's powers, reflection and imagination, description and melody, is the "Legend of the Lady of Shalott."

Two years are no very long time, and we ought not to be disappointed, perhaps; but we should have been gratified to see a more strongly marked improvement than the second of these volumes exhibits over the first. All great intellects are progressive. The mind that only feeds upon itself will not become such "an athlete bold" as the world wants. Mr. Tennyson must have more earnestness, and less consciousness. His power must have a more defined and tangible object. It were shame that such gifts as his should only wreath garlands, or that the influences which such poetry as his must exercise should have no defined purpose, and only benefit humanity—for any way, true poetry must benefit humanity—incidentally and aimlessly. Let him ascertain his mission, and work his work, and realise the aspirations of the sonnet with which this volume commences:

" Mine be the strength of spirit fierce and free,
Like some broad river rushing down alone,
With the self-same impulse wherewith he was thrown
From his loud fount upon the echoing lea :
Which, with increasing might, doth forward flee
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape, and isle ;
And, in the middle of the green salt sea,
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a mile.
Mine be the power which ever to its sway
Will win the wise at once, and by degrees
May into uncongenial spirits flow ;
Even as the great gulf-stream of Florida
Floats far away into the northern seas
The lavish growths of southern Mexico" (p. 1).

PAULINE.*

BY R. BROWNING.

[*Monthly Repository*, 1833.]

THE most deeply interesting adventures, the wildest vicissitudes, the most daring explorations, the mightiest magic, the fiercest conflicts, the brightest triumphs, and the most affecting catastrophes, are those of the spiritual world. Many a self-educated man could tell a history, as full as that of Robinson Crusoe, of ingenious expedients and contrivances to supply the deficiency of his mental furniture and resources; and fascinating would be the narrative of the toil, the desperation, the inventions, and the perseverance of his solitary intellectual life. A poor gardener's boy in the Highlands of Scotland, such as Stone the mathematician, had quite as much to do for himself mentally as must have been done for his physical support had he been shipwrecked on Juan Fernandez. And would not the history of Lord Bacon's rich and stately intellect, the showing how he built up its regal palace, and organised its powers, and conquered remote provinces to its dominion, and cultivated its various possessions, and overturned, first in himself, and then for others, the ancient dynasties and despotisms beneath which reason had crouched, and founded a new order of things in the world of philosophy,—would not this be as great a theme as the battles of Alexander, the conquest of Darius, the invasion of India, the scenes of the temple in the Lybian desert, and of the banqueting-hall in Babylon, the founding of Alexandria, and the generation of a brood of kingdoms? The faculty of description may be as efficiently exercised in conveying the conception of a state of mind, as in imparting that

* *Pauline: a Fragment of a Confession*. London: Saunders and Otley. 1833.

of a group of figures or a landscape. The abasement of a mighty spirit, brooding over the wreck of character produced by its own mistaken daring, may be invested with all the touching sublimity of the historical incident of Marius sitting amid the ruins of Carthage. The soul has its seasons, which may be sung with all their contrasted yet connected phenomena, and with as many an episode to be naturally and gracefully interwoven, as the solar year. There is an art, not less felicitous than that which produces characters like a creator, and links events together like a providence, and makes its combinations tend to the pre-meditated result like an overruling fate or destiny, in that which traces the growth of an individual mind, the influences upon it of things external, the powers unfolding themselves within it with all their harmonies and discords, the ties of association flowing hither and thither like the films of a spider's web, yet strong as iron bands, its prevailing tendencies and frequent irregularities, with all that makes it a microcosm,—if it be not rather the world of matter that is the microcosm, and that of mind the true and essential universe alone worthy of observation and interest. Whoever may tell of visiting Timbuctoo, and tracing the course of the Niger—whatever veracious histories may be put forth of kingdoms, ancient or modern, near or remote—how wondrous soever may be the legends which romancers indite of heroes who braved the terrors of magic, who slew the brave, and loved the beautiful, who now ascended thrones, and anon were cast into dungeons—in all the facts and fictions of outer being, which is but as outer darkness to the light within, never let the world be unheedful of those who have aught to tell concerning the human soul, so that they be but duly qualified by “metaphysical aid,” and make their revelations with the ascertained authority of philosophical observation or poetic inspiration. Rightly has Dr. Channing told us, in that noble exhortation to “honour all men,” that “the great revelation which man now needs is a revelation of man to himself;” and that “the mystery within ourselves, the mystery of our spiritual, accountable, immortal nature, it behoves us to explore,—happy are they who have begun to penetrate it.” With sorrow and shame we say it, that little is to be expected from professional theologians in this

great service. Here and there, amongst philosophers and poets, we find a true hierophant, one who knows what is in man, and makes it visible ; so that we gaze fixedly, as if at the upraising of the veil of Isis. From whatever quarter the light may come, we hail it reverently and gladly. In this is the power of Channing's own eloquent preachments, to which we have repeatedly done homage. This was the charm of those benignant speculations, in which Bailey showed the growth and rights of opinion. This is the soul of the luscious melodies of Tennyson, and of the loftier strains of Coleridge. And this must be found in every one whose brows are destined to wear laurel, or be irradiated by the halo. The knowledge of mind is the first of sciences ; the records of its formation and workings are the most important of histories ; and it is eminently a subject for poetical exhibition. The annals of a poet's mind are poetry. Nor has there ever been a genuine bard who was not in himself more poetical than any of his productions. They are emanations of his essence. He himself is, or has been, all that he truly and touchingly, *i.e.* poetically, describes. Wordsworth, indeed, never carried a pedlar's pack, nor did Byron ever command a pirate ship, or Coleridge shoot an albatross ; but there were times and moods in which their thoughts intently realised and identified themselves with the reflective Wanderer, the impetuous Corsair, and the Ancient Mariner. They felt their feelings, thought their thoughts, burned with their passions, dreamed their dreams, and lived their lives, or died their deaths. In relation to his creations, the poet is the omnific spirit in whom they have their being. All their vitality must exist in his life. He only, in them, displays to us fragments of himself. The poem in which a great poet should reveal the whole of himself to mankind would be a study, a delight, and a power, for which there is yet no parallel, and around which the noblest creations of the noblest writers would range themselves as subsidiary luminaries.

These thoughts have been suggested by the work before us, which, though evidently a hasty and imperfect sketch, has truth and life in it, which gave us the thrill, and laid hold of us with the power, the sensation of which has never yet failed us as a test of genius. Whoever the anonymous

author may be, he is a poet. A pretender to science cannot always be safely judged of by a brief publication, for the knowledge of some facts does not imply the knowledge of other facts; but the claimant of poetic honours may generally be appreciated by a few pages, often by a few lines; for if they be poetry, he is a poet. We cannot judge of the house by the brick, but we can judge of the statue of Hercules by its foot. We felt certain of Tennyson, before we saw the book, by a few verses which had straggled into a newspaper; we are not less certain of the author of *Pauline*.

Pauline is the recipient of the confessions: the hero is as anonymous as the author, and this is no matter; for *poet* is the title both of the one and the other. The confessions have nothing in them which needs names: the external world is only reflected in them in its faintest shades; its influences are only described after they have penetrated into the intellect. We have never read any thing more purely confessional. The whole composition is of the spirit, spiritual. The scenery is in the chambers of thought; the agencies are powers and passions; the events are transitions from one state of spiritual existence to another. And yet the composition is not dreamy; there is on it a deep stamp of reality. Still less is it characterised by coldness. It has visions that we love to look upon, and tones that touch the inmost heart till it responds.

The poet's confessions are introduced with an analysis of his spiritual constitution, in which he is described as having an intense consciousness of individuality, combined with a sense of power, a self-supremacy, and a "principle of restlessness which would be all, have, see, know, taste, feel all;" of this essential self, imagination is described as the characteristic quality; an imagination steady and unfailing in its power. A "yearning after God," or supreme and universal good, unconsciously cherished through the earlier stages of the history, keeps this mind from utterly dissipating itself; and, which seems to us the only point in which the coherence fails, there is added an unaptness for love, a mere perception of the beautiful, the perception being felt more precious than its object.

In the progress and development of the being thus

constituted we first see a solitary boy, whose mind neither parent, teacher, nor friend seems to be in communion with, or influencing; untutored by any one, unattracted towards any one, shut up by himself in a library, and spontaneously intent on those great classic writers of antiquity, who should be thus studied, when studied by boys at all, instead of being vulgarised by the whippers of grammar schools.

“They came to me in my first dawn of life,
Which passed alone with wisest ancient books,
All halo-girt with fancies of my own;
And I myself went with the tale—a god,
Wandering after beauty—or a giant,
Standing vast in the sunset—an old hunter,
Talking with gods—or a high-crested chief
Sailing with troops of friends to Tenedos :—
I tell you, naught has ever been so clear
As the place, the time, the fashion of those lives.
I had not seen a work of lofty art,
Nor woman’s beauty, nor sweet nature’s face;
Yet, I say, never morn broke clear as those
On the dim clustered isles in the blue sea,
The deep groves, and white temples, and wet caves—
And nothing ever will surprise me now—
Who stood beside the naked Swift-footed,
Who bound my forehead with Proserpine’s hair.”

But the ideal, though thus strongly infused into his being, did not wholly pervade or permanently elevate it. A vague sense of power was generated; but the pressure of circumstances kept the spirit down; restraint humbled and corrupted the soul; and the mental and moral degradation which had commenced would have proceeded rapidly and fatally, but that a purity of taste had been produced which interposed to check the downward progress; and in music a ministry was found, which was one of preservation, till the soul was ripened for higher aspirations:

“As peace returned, I sought out some pursuit :
And song rose—no new impulse—but the one
With which all others best could be combined.
My life has not been that of those whose heaven
Was lampless, save where poesy shone out;
But as a clime, where glittering mountain-tops,
And glancing sea, and forests steeped in light,
Give back reflected the far-flashing sun;
For music—which is in earnest of a heaven,

Seeing we know emotions strange by it,
 Not else to be revealed—is as a voice,
 A low voice, calling Fancy as a friend
 To the green woods in the gay summer time.
 And she fills all the way with dancing shapes,
 Which have made painters pale; and they go on,
 While stars look at them, and winds call to them,
 As they leave life's path for the twilight world
 Where the dead gather. This was not at first,
 For I scarce knew what I would do. I had
 No wish to paint, no yearning—but I sang."

Dissatisfied with his own acquirements and achievements, the young minstrel now seeks to know what has been done by the master spirits of the earth; he gazes on the works of mighty bards and sages; he looks unappalled, for he finds his own thoughts recorded, and his own powers exemplified; he turns from them to self-study and analysis; his sight is sharpened, and his power excited, by introspection; he feels the misgivings felt of old, and would make or recognise the discovery desired of old: he, too, would solve the world's enigma:

"I dreamed not of restraint, but gazed
 On all things: schemes and systems went and came,
 And I was proud, being vainest of the weak,
 In wandering o'er them, to seek out some one
 To be my own: as one should wander o'er
 The white way for a star."

He enters the world, and the bright theories which at first spread their lustre over the affairs of real life are soon darkened and dissipated by his nearer observance. A corresponding change in himself follows:

"And suddenly, without heart-wreck, I awoke
 As from a dream—I said, 'twas beautiful,
 Yet but a dream; and so adieu to it.
 As some world-wanderer sees, in a far meadow,
 Strange towers, and walled gardens, thick with trees,
 Where singing goes on, and delicious mirth,
 And laughing fairy creatures peeping over;
 And on the morrow, when he comes to live
 For ever by those springs, and trees fruit-flushed,
 And fairy bowers,—all his search is vain.
 Well I remember * * * *
 First went my hopes of perfecting mankind,
 And faith in them—then freedom in itself,
 And virtue in itself—and then my motives' ends,
 And powers, and loves; and human love went last.

I felt this no decay, because new powers
 Rose as old feelings left—wit, mockery,
 And happiness; for I had oft been sad,
 Mistrusting my resolves: but now I cast
 Hope joyously away—I laughed, and said,
 ‘No more of this’—I must not think; at length
 I look’d again to see how all went on.”

The consciousness of intellectual power, when the faculties were thus chilled into heartlessness and selfishness, is splendidly pictured:

“My powers were greater—as some temple seemed
 My soul, where naught is changed, and incense rolls
 Around the altar—only God is gone,
 And some dark spirit sitteth in his seat!
 So I passed through the temple; and to me
 Knelt troops of shadows; and they cried, ‘Hail, king!
 We serve thee now, and thou shalt serve no more!
 Call on us, prove us, let us worship thee!’
 And I said, ‘Are ye strong?—let fancy bear me
 Far from the past.’—And I was borne away
 As Arab birds float, sleeping in the wind,
 O’er deserts, towers, and forests, I being calm;
 And I said, ‘I have nursed up energies,
 They will prey on me.’ And a band knelt low,
 And cried, ‘Lord, we are here, and we will make
 A way for thee—in thine appointed life;
 Oh, look on us!’ And I said, ‘Ye will worship
 Me; but my heart must worship too.’ They shouted,
 ‘Thyself—thou art our king!’ So I stood there
 Smiling.” * * * * *

This state, which every superior mind has probably been in, and which has endured through the whole existence of some extraordinary men—Voltaire, for instance—is described through several pages, with its various incidents, fluctuations, and modifications, until the moral power shows its returning life, by a feeling of irritable dissatisfaction, a longing after higher good, and a sense of capacity for its enjoyment. There is a groping about after something to rest upon; a vain attempt to cherish delusion and prejudice, rather than be left utterly loveless; and at length the soul throws itself upon religion, like a hunted bird dropping into its own nest:

“O God! where does this tend—these struggling aims?
 What would I have? what is this ‘sleep,’ which seems
 To bound all? can there be a ‘waking’ point

Of crowning life? The soul would never rule—
 It would be first in all things—it would have
 Its utmost pleasure filled,—but, that complete,
 Commanding for commanding sickens it.
 The last point that I can trace is, rest beneath
 Some better essence than itself—in weakness;
 This is ‘myself,’—not what I think should be,—
 And what is that I hunger for but God?
 My God, my God! let me for once look on thee
 As though naught else existed: we alone.
 And as creation crumbles, my soul’s spark
 Expands till I can say, ‘Even from myself
 I need thee, and I feel thee, and I love thee;
 I do not plead my rapture in thy works
 For love of thee—or, that I feel as one
 Who cannot die—but there is that in me
 Which turns to thee, which loves, or which should love.’
 Why have I girt myself with this hell-dress?
 Why have I laboured to put out my life?
 Is it not in my nature to adore,
 And e’en for all my reason do I not
 Feel him, and thank him, and pray to him?—*Now*,
 Can I forego the trust that he loves me?
 Do I not feel a love which only ONE * * *
 O thou pale form, so dimly seen, deep-eyed,
 I have denied thee calmly; do I not
 Pant when I read of thy consummate deeds,
 And burn to see thy calm, pure truths outflash
 The brightest gleams of earth’s philosophy?
 Do I not shake to hear aught question thee

* * * * *
 If I am erring, save me, madden me,
 Take from me powers and pleasures—let me die
 Ages, so I see thee: I am knit round,
 As with a charm, by sin, and lust, and pride;
 Yet, tho’ my wandering dreams have seen all shapes
 Of strange delight, oft have I stood by thee—
 Have I been keeping lonely watch with thee,
 In the damp night by weeping Olivet,
 Or leaning on thy bosom, proudly less—
 Or dying with thee on the lonely cross—
 Or witnessing thy bursting from the tomb!”

And now, when he has run the whole toilsome yet giddy round, and arrived at the goal, there arises, even though that goal be religion, or because it is religion, a yearning after human sympathies and affections, which would not have assorted with any state or moment of the previous experience; he could not have loved before: at one time it would only have been a fancy, a cold and yet

perhaps extravagant imagining; at another, a low and selfish passion. Some souls are purified *by* love, others are purified *for* love. Othello needed not Desdemona to listen to his tale of disastrous chances—they were only external perils repaid by elevated station; but the mind that has gone through more than his vicissitudes, been in deeper dangers and deadlier struggles, even when it rests at last in a far higher repose and dignity, yearns for some one who will “seriously incline” to listen to the “strange, eventful history,”—one who will sympathise and soothe, who will receive the confession, and give the absolution of heaven its best earthly ratification, that of a pure and loving heart. The poem is addressed to Pauline; with her it begins and ends; and her presence is felt throughout, as that of a second conscience, wounded by evil, but never stern, and incorporate in a form of beauty, which blends and softens the strong contrasts of different portions of the poem, so that all might be murmured by the breath of affection.

The author cannot expect such a poem as this to be popular, to make “a hit,” to produce “a sensation.” The public are but slow in recognising the claims of Tennyson, whom, in some respects, he resembles; and the common eye scarcely yet discerns among the laurel-crowned the form of Shelley, who seems—how justly, we stop not now to discuss—to have been the god of his early idolatry. Whatever inspiration may have been upon him from that deity, the mysticism of the original oracles has been happily avoided. And whatever resemblance he may bear to Tennyson,—a fellow-worshiper probably at the same shrine,—he owes nothing of the perhaps inferior melody of his verse to an employment of archaisms, which it is difficult to defend from the charge of affectation. But he has not given himself the chance for popularity which Tennyson did, and which it is evident that he easily might have done. His poem stands alone, with none of those slight but taking accompaniments, songs that sing themselves, sketches that every body knows, light little lyrics floating about like humming-birds around the trunk and foliage of the poem itself; and which would attract so many eyes, and delight so many ears, that will be slow to perceive the higher beauty of that composition, and to whom a syc-

more is no sycamore unless it be "musical with bees." That his not having done so is owing to no want of the picturesque faculty, the grace, the sentiment, which give their charm to such minor effusions, can soon be shown by a few quotations, taken as they rise in the volume. We shall intermix with these, as they may happen to come, others of a higher class, to complete the exemplification already contained in our citations of the author's powers.

The following is a pretty instance of that peculiarity of modern poetry, arising from its more philosophical character, by which the internal is brought to illustrate the external, and the feeling is made an image of the object :

" Spring's first breath
Blew soft from the moist hills—the blackthorn boughs,
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening
In the sunshine were white with coming buds,
Like the bright side of a sorrow—and the banks
Had violets opening from sleep like eyes."

Shelley was the author's adoration and inspiration when it was, or seemed to him, a solitary thing to feel that power, which he now believes to be expanding into dominion. The fervency, the remembrance, the half-regret mingling with the exultation of the following passage, are as true as its leading image is beautiful.

" Sun-treader ! life and light be thine for ever ;
Thou art gone from us—years go by—and spring
Gladdens, and the young earth is beautiful,
Yet thy songs come not—other bards arise,
But none like thee—they stand—thy majesties,
Like mighty works which tell some Spirit there
Hath sat regardless of neglect and scorn,
Till, its long task completed, it hath risen
And left us, never to return : and all
Rush in to peer and praise when all in vain.
The air seems bright with thy past presence yet,
But thou art still for me as thou hast been
When I have stood with thee as on a throne
With all thy dim creations gathered round
Like mountains,—and I felt of mould like them,
And creatures of my own were mixed with them,
Like things half-lived, catching and giving life.
But thou art still for me, who have adored,
Though single, panting but to hear thy name,

Which I believed a spell to me alone,
 Scarce deeming thou wert as a star to men ;
 As one would worship long a sacred spring,
 Scarce worth a moth's flitting, which long grasses cross,
 And one small tree embowers droopingly,
 Joying to see some wandering insect won
 To live in its few rushes—or some locust
 To pasture on its boughs—or some wild bird
 Stoop for its freshness from the trackless air ;
 And then should find it but the fountain-head,
 Long lost, of some great river—washing towns
 And towers, and seeing old woods which will live
 But by its banks, untrod of human foot,
 Which when the great sun sinks lie quivering
 In light as some thing lieth half of life
 Before God's foot—waiting a wondrous change,—
 Then girt with rocks which seek to turn or stay
 Its course in vain, for it does ever spread
 Like a sea's arm as it goes rolling on,
 Being the pulse of some great country : so
 Wert thou to me—and art thou to the world.
 And I, perchance, half feel a strange regret,
 That I am not what I have been to thee."

Painful, and yet one of the few pains which are lovely,
 is the change described in the lines which follow, and the
 feeling with which it is combined :

"And then know that this curse will come on us,
 To see our idols perish—we may wither,
 Nor marvel—we are clay ; but our low fate
 Should not extend to them, whom trustingly
 We sent before into Time's yawning gulf,
 To face whate'er may lurk in darkness there—
 To see the painter's glory pass, and feel
 Sweet music move us not as once ; or worst,
 To see decaying wits ere the frail body
 Decays. Naught makes me trust in love so really,
 As the delight of the contented lowness
 With which I gaze on souls I'd keep for ever
 In beauty—I'd be sad to equal them ;
 I'd feed their fame e'en from my heart's best blood,—
 Withering unseen, that they might flourish still."

Here is a picture :

"Andromeda !

And she is with me—years roll, I shall change,
 But change can touch her not—so beautiful
 With her dark eyes, earnest and still, and hair
 Lifted and spread by the salt-sweeping breeze ;
 And one red beam, all the storm leaves in heaven,

Resting upon her eyes and face and hair,
 As she awaits the snake on the wet beach,
 By the dark rock, and the white wave just breaking
 At her feet ; quite naked and alone,—a thing
 You doubt not, nor fear for, secure that God
 Will come in thunder from the stars to save her.”

Our next quotation is towards the conclusion of the poem, where the recovering spirit meekly and trustingly invokes the tendings of affection for its perfect restoration :

“The land which gave me thee shall be our home,
 Where nature lies all wild amid her lakes
 And snow-swathed mountains, and vast pines all girt
 With ropes of snow—where nature lies all bare,
 Suffering none to view her but a race
 Most stunted and deformed—like the mute dwarfs
 Which wait upon a naked Indian queen.
 And there—the time being when the heavens are thick
 With storms—I’ll sit with thee, while thou dost sing
 Thy native songs, gay as a desert bird
 Who crieth as he flies for perfect joy,
 Or telling me old stories of dead knights.
 Or I will read old lays to thee—how she,
 The fair pale sister, went to her chill grave
 With power to love, and to be loved, and live.
 Or we will go together, like twin gods
 Of the infernal world, with scented lamp
 Over the dead—to call and to awake—
 Over the unshaped images which lie
 Within my mind’s cave—only leaving all
 That tells of the past doubts. So when spring comes,
 And sunshine comes again like an old smile,
 And the fresh waters, and awakened birds,
 And budding woods, await us,—I shall be
 Prepared, and we will go and think again,
 And all old loves shall come to us—but changed
 As some sweet thought which harsh words veiled before;
 Feeling God loves us, and that all that errs
 Is a strange dream which death will dissipate ;
 And then when I am firm we’ll seek again
 My own land, and again I will approach
 My old designs, and calmly look on all
 The works of my past weakness, as one views
 Some scenes where danger met him long before.”

Our limits compel us to pause. Our opinion will be readily inferred from the quantity which we have quoted from a publication of only seventy pages. The chief blemish is a note ascribed to Pauline, p. 55 ; and there

are a few passages rather obscure, "but that's not much." In recognising a poet we cannot stand upon trifles, nor fret ourselves about such matters. Time enough for that afterwards, when larger works come before us. Archimedes in the bath had many particulars to settle about specific gravities, and Hiero's crown; but he first gave a glorious leap and shouted, *Eureka!*

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END.*

[*Monthly Repository*, 1834.]

A REGULAR review of this beautiful book is beyond our power. We are fairly in love with it; and how, then, can one treat it syllogistically or mechanically? Did ever sculptor try to model with mathematical exactness the features of her he loved, and in the very gush of his affection stick the point of his compasses in her nose to measure the elevation of her forehead? "A question not to be asked," as Sir John says; and, therefore, there is no question as to our reviewing this book *secundum artem*, seeing that we can only speak of it *con amore*.

A child's book, indeed! We will see all the children in Christendom six feet high, and bearded—the male ones, at least—before we will give up our right and title in it. We would sooner throw it into Chancery, where, if, like other contested property, it remain to eternity, or be absorbed by the lawyers, all the better; the court will never be so well reformed by Lord Brougham and Vaux. Dearly as we love children, such a monopoly would rouse our gall. "I can't see," said Rowland Hill, "why the devil should have all the pretty tunes;" and undevilish as they naturally are, no more can we see why the children should have all the pretty books—to themselves, that is; for we do not set up an exclusive privilege; we are for free trade, and universal sympathy. But we do protest against putting this volume into the category of children's books. Did not Bonaparte fall through ambition, and set the final seal to the proved impossibility of universal empire? Let children and their champions think upon that, and have some moderation.

* *The Story without an End*. Translated from the German by Sarah Austin. Illustrated by W. Harvey, Esq. Wilson. 1834.

They have surely enough to content any Christian and charitable child. Is there not Tom Thumb—the mighty Thumb, whose prowess astonished even our King Arthur? Have they not Jack the Giant-Killer, the “glorious John” of Lilliputian celebrity, who, besides cutting off the heads of the big people, filled not only his belly but his bag with pudding? Have they not Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, whose black head one remembers feeling beneath one’s foot? And are not theirs the *Arabian Nights*? Do they not see the beautiful lady come and touch the fishes with her wand, and make them speak? and is not the good Haroun Alraschid listening under the window while they are reading? Have they not—but we will not proceed. We have some tenderness for Oxford, notwithstanding its Toryism; we will not shame its libraries, though the doors be locked, and the keys lost, and the manuscripts mouldy; and the Dissenters making a dust. We will not proceed in our catalogue, nor show how in used and appreciated literary riches the babies beat the Bodleian. We will consent to a compromise. There shall be a treaty of reciprocity. The Queen of Translators, who has planted our English banner on this lovely region, has dedicated it to her daughter; and it is not for us to be obstinate. We will be both just and generous in stating how the case stands. The book is a good book for children; it is a beautiful and useful book for children. It is worth volumes of grammar, and geography, and history, and botany, and mineralogy, and geology, and chronology, and theology, and omniology. Never before have we seen such a picture of an Infant Soul living and loving in the bosom of nature. And what can be better for a child than that? If there must be an interpreter between childhood and the flowers, birds and insects, let the office be filled by this book. It expounds all their languages like a Bowring or an Adelung. The sweet silver tube that it is, through which infancy may listen to the ringing of the harebells! Come, come along, little ones! Don’t think we ever meant to quarrel with you, especially about such a book as this. Come, and let us all breakfast with the child, and make a feast, and then we must away to other business.

“There was once a child who lived in a little hut, and in the hut there was nothing but a little bed and a looking-glass which hung in a dark corner. Now, the child cared

nothing at all about the looking-glass ; but as soon as the first sunbeam glided softly through the casement and kissed his sweet eyelids, and the finch and the linnet waked him merrily with their morning songs, he arose, and went out into the green meadow. And he begged flour of the primrose, and sugar of the violet, and butter of the buttercups ; he shook dew-drops from the cowslips into the cup of a harebell ; spread out a large lime-leaf, set his little breakfast upon it, and feasted daintily. Sometimes he invited a humming-bee, often a gay butterfly, to partake his feast ; but his favourite guest was the blue dragon-fly. The bee murmured a great deal, in a solemn tone, about his riches ; but the child thought that if *he* were a bee, heaps of treasure would not make him gay and happy ; and that it must be much more delightful and glorious to float about in the free and fresh breezes of spring, and to hum joyously in the web of the sunbeams, than with heavy feet and heavy heart to stow the silver wax and the golden honey into cells.

“ To this the butterfly assented ; and he told how, once on a time, he, too, had been greedy and sordid, how he had thought of nothing but eating, and had never once turned his eyes upwards to the blue heavens. At length, however, a complete change had come over him ; and instead of crawling spiritless about the dirty earth, half dreaming, he all at once awaked as out of a great sleep. And now he would rise into the air ; and it was his greatest joy sometimes to play with the light, and to reflect the heavens in the bright eyes of his wings ; sometimes to listen to the soft language of the flowers, and catch their secrets. Such talk delighted the child, and his breakfast was the sweeter to him, and the sunshine on leaf and flower seemed to him more bright and cheering.

“ But when the bee had flown off to beg from flower to flower, and the butterfly had fluttered away to his playfellows, the dragon-fly still remained poised on a blade of grass : her slender and burnished body, more brightly and deeply blue than the deep blue sky, glistened in the sunbeam ; and her net-like wings laughed at the flowers because *they* could not fly, but must stand still and abide the wind and the rain. The dragon-fly sipped a little of the child’s clear dew-drops and blue-violet honey, and

then whispered her winged words. And the child made an end of his repast, closed his dark-blue eyes, and listened to the sweet prattle" (pp. 9-14).

If the book be a good book for children, it is a better book for men: we mean grown-up men both in body and in mind. When the day's toils are over, in mart or study, court or senate; when wisdom is so wise, and folly is so foolish, that it palls upon or irritates the jaded mind; when strong faculties have been on the stretch for many hours, in the strife of business, politics, or philanthropy;

"When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won,"—

then let them take this book for the soul's refreshment and revival; and each will have the sweeter rest, and rise, the morrow's morn, a purer, wiser, better, happier man. They will feel as if they had been unconsciously transported a thousand leagues from London into a lovely, lonely, happy valley, and laid gently down on a bed of the softest moss, a transparent rill murmuring "a quiet tune" at their feet, while all the birds are at their vespers in the neighbouring wood, and the setting sun looks as if his mighty heart were melting in tenderness within him, while he smiles on the scene his parting benediction.

If the book be really a child's book, it must be for such a child as the spirit of the just made perfect becomes in order to enter the kingdom of heaven. Only aright can it be understood, appreciated, and felt in the nursery of the soul's regeneration. The pictorial beauties, and pretty fancies, and objective realities, with all the interest and love they generate in the little first-form people of humanity, and the deeper poetry and philosophy, not un-mixed with the ruder stimulus of satiric allegory, and over-spread with an all-covering mantle of loveliness, which may recreate the spirits of the bustling boys who are struggling through the world's curriculum,—these are only the outer covering; and after this delicately tinted blossom, and within the leafy texture of this gracefully formed calyx, there is the inmost kernel of a psychological parable, enriched and adorned with various subordinate similitudes, allegorical hints or developments, hieroglyphics, mythoi, and heavenly visions, which are oracular to the child-spirit

that upturns its meek and holy countenance to the descending light.

We have transcribed the first chapter; and now, if only following our inclinations, we should transcribe the second also, showing how the child sat by the gurgling brook, talking to the little waves, and asking "them whence they came; and how, while they danced away one over another without stopping to reply, a little drop of water rested behind a piece of rock, telling strange histories, far better than the mystic purification which the Grecian "Epicurean" borrowed of the Egyptian "Sethos,"—for she told him about her former life among the depths of the mountains: and the third chapter, how the child dreamt of gloomy caverns, and of being in the clouds, and catching lambs of mist and vapour, as the moon's soft light lay on his eyelids; while she lingered a long time before his little window, and went slowly away to lighten the dark chamber of some sick person: and the fourth chapter, showing the flowers in their airs, and the child justifying Wisdom of her children; "the tulips speaking their love in bright looks, and the hyacinth uttering hers in fragrant words:" and the fifth chapter, with the ramble in the wood, which fills the child's heart with joy even to the brim, where "the little birds warbled and sang, and fluttered and hopped about, and the delicate wood flowers gave out their beauty and their odours; and every sound took a sweet odour by the hand, and thus walked through the open door of the child's heart, and held a joyous nuptial dance therein; and the child set himself down, and almost thought he should like to take root there and live for ever among the sweet plants and flowers, and so become a true sharer in all their gentle pleasures:" or the sixth chapter, of the mouse and lizard, where the one thinks that, because he is gray, the bright flowers should throw away their handsome clothes; and the other, while severely reproving him, cannot, for his part, imagine of what use birds are in the world: and the seventh and eighth chapters, where the child is benighted, and the dragon-fly finds for him a "local habitation" in a cave—where let him rest, for "the leaves have already beaten the tattoo in the evening breeze;" and the flowers had welcomed him with their music, the tone of the bluebells deep and rich, and that of the white high and clear; and hanging on

the edge of the cave, strawberries which had drunk so deep of the evening red, that they bowed their heavy heads down to his touch : and the ninth chapter, the legend of the fire-flies—but stop here ; we must have this :

“ And when he had eaten his fill, he sat down on the soft moss, crossed one little leg over the other, and began to gossip with the fire-flies. And as he so often thought on his unknown parents, he asked them who were their parents. Then the one nearest to him gave him answer, and told how that they were formerly flowers, but none of those who thrust their rooty hands greedily into the ground, and draw nourishment from the dingy earth only to make themselves fat and large withal ; but that the light was dearer to them than any thing, even at night ; and while the other flowers slept, they gazed unwearied on the light, and drank it in with eager adoration—sun and moon and starlight. And the light had so thoroughly purified them, that they had not sucked in poisonous juices like the yellow flowers of the earth, but sweet odours for sick and fainting hearts, and oil of potent ethereal virtue for the weak and wounded ; and at length, when their autumn came, they did not, like the others, wither and sink down, leaf and flower, to be swallowed up by the darksome earth, but shook off their earthly garment, and mounted aloft into the clear air. But there it was so wondrously bright, that sight failed them ; and when they came to themselves again, they were fire-flies, each sitting on a withered flower-stalk !

“ And now the child liked the bright-eyed flies better than ever ; and he talked a little longer with them, and inquired why they showed themselves so much more in spring. They did it, they said, in the hope that their gold-green radiance might allure their cousins, the flowers, to the pure love of light” (pp. 77-80).

And now we could go on with the tenth chapter, where the spiders weave their curtain before the mouth of the cave, and the moss had grown joyfully for a couch, and the wood became stiller and stiller, while here and there fell a dry leaf, which had been driven from its old dwelling-place by a fresh one ; and the child in his loneliness looked up at the stars, which were indeed “ far, far away ; yet he knew them, and they knew him, for they looked into his eyes.” But,

dear daughter of Mrs. Austin, do ask your mother not to allow, in the next edition, the spider to creep tip-toe along his web, and give the gnat that gripe in the windpipe which soon spoilt his trumpeting. And even the eleventh chapter, though perhaps we like this the least, we could transcribe, moralising on those disagreeable Wills-o'-the-wisp, the vain, glozing Willy, and the envious Willy: and the twelfth chapter, which comes brightening upon us like the morning it announces,—a chapter that, when we heard it after the other, fell on us like its own dew-drop, that “trembled, sparkling and twinkling, on a blade of grass, and knew not that beneath him stood a little moss that was thirsting after him:” and the thirteenth chapter, where the lark sings a lyric rich as those of Coleridge or of Tennyson; but we can only make room for the critical comments of the corn-poppies, when the dingy little bird had fulfilled her mission of carrying the earth’s thankfulness up to the sun, and from the pure element dropped suddenly to the ground.

“Then the red corn-poppies laughed at the homely-looking bird, and cried to one another, and to the surrounding blades of corn, in a shrill voice, ‘Now, indeed, you may see what comes of flying so high, and striving and straining after mere air; people only lose their time, and bring back nothing but weary wings and an empty stomach. That vulgar-looking, ill-dressed little creature would fain raise herself above us all, and has kept up a mighty noise. And now there she lies on the ground, and can hardly breathe, while we have stood still where we are sure of a good meal, and have staid, like people of sense, where there is something substantial to be had; and in the time she has been fluttering and singing, we have grown a good deal taller and fatter.’

“The other little red-caps chattered and screamed their assent so loud, that the child’s ears tingled, and he wished he could chastise them for their spiteful jeers; when a crane said in a soft voice to her younger playmates, ‘Dear friends, be not led astray by outward show, nor by discourse which regards only outward show. The lark is indeed weary, and the space into which she has soared is void; but the void is not what the lark sought; nor is the seeker returned empty home. She strove after light and freedom,

and light and freedom has she proclaimed. She left the earth and its enjoyments, but she has drunk of the pure air of heaven, and has seen that it is not the earth, but the sun, that is steadfast. And if earth has called her back, it can keep nothing of her but what is its own. Her sweet voice and her soaring wings belong to the sun, and will enter into light and freedom, long after the foolish praters shall have sunk and been buried in the dark prison of the earth.'

"And the lark heard her wise and friendly discourse, and with renewed strength she sprang once more into the clear and beautiful blue.

"Then the child clapped his little hands for joy, that the sweet bird had flown up again, and that the red-caps must hold their tongues for shame" (pp. 113-117).

But we must close this little book, which is as much without an end as the world is without an end, and we must look away from the illustrations, so full of pencilled poetry and truth,—always excepting the little old-man-ish face which envizors the child's features; but let us take its last moral lesson as we go, and carry it with us, and treasure it up, and make it useful, and not quarrel with it, because we may think that a time will come when the child must cease to care nothing at all about the looking-glass which hung in a dark corner in his little hut; for after that season must come another, when that inner gazing shall have ceased, and the glass have done its duty.

"And the child was become happy and joyful, and breathed freely again, and thought no more of returning to his hut, for he saw that nothing returned inwards, but rather that all strove outwards into the free air; the rosy apple-blossoms from their narrow buds, and the gurgling notes from the narrow breast of the lark. The germs burst open the folding-doors of the seeds, and broke through the heavy pressure of the earth, in order to get at the light; the grasses tore asunder their bands, and their slender blades sprung upwards. Even the rocks were become gentle, and allowed little mosses to peep out from their sides, as a sign that they would not remain impenetrably closed for ever. And the flowers sent out colour and fragrance into the whole world; for they kept not their best for themselves, but would imitate the sun and the

stars, which poured their warmth and radiance over the spring. And many a little gnat and beetle burst the narrow cell in which it was enclosed, and crept out slowly and half asleep, unfolded and shook its tender wings, and soon gained strength, and flew off to untried delights. And as the butterflies came forth from their chrysalids in all their gaiety and splendour, so did every humble and suppressed aspiration and hope free itself, and boldly launch into the open and flowing sea of spring'' (pp. 121-123).

RETZSCH'S FANCIES.*

[*Monthly Repository*, 1834.]

Non omnia possumus omnes; we cannot all of us review every thing: and for ourselves we claim a special license from over-much labour in this department. We are only an eighteen-pennyworth. Let the six-shilling quarterlies "from their Alpine height look round the wide horizon to survey Niles or Ganges," and map out the world of literature; let the three-and-sixpenny monthlies load their portly forms with double panniers of periodical criticism; let the regular reviews keep pace with the march of publication, in quick time and close column: they are labouring in their vocation. But we are no review; we are a magazine. We are not bound to discuss books as they are; nor bound to any thing else, till the year's end, when we are bound to stand on the shelves of our subscribers. When we have a hit at authors, it is like sportsmen, not butchers. We are not obliged to cut up calves. We just take a chance shot or so in the season, when we see a tempting book on the wing, and thus make our readers a present of some game by way of a civil compliment. But while we enjoy this immunity, and, in reply to the author who exclaims, "You never noticed my book," say, "Well, sir, and what then?" we do freely confess that when we meet with a name that we believe destined for inscription in the calendar of fame, but which we have not put in illuminated letters on our own pages, or when we see a book which is launched for eternity, and to which we have not bidden good voyage, it does give us a sore twinge. Not for that

* *Fancies: a Series of Subjects in Outline, now first published from the Original Plates.* Designed and etched by Moritz Retzsch; with prefatory remarks and descriptions by Mrs. Jameson. Saunders and Otley. 1834.

our praise or homage could be of any worth to such name or book, but simply because we grieve that there should be a shrine at which we have neglected to kneel, or the dawning of a glory without our having said "good morrow to the sun." We feel like a soldier who has allowed a general to pass without presenting arms, or a child that has not said its prayers. We cannot answer it to our own hearts that there is genius in the world, and we have not worshiped. We cannot afford not to have had the consciousness of recognising and reverencing the spirits that shall rule future ages, whether or not they be appreciated in their own. And therefore it is that never to have named Retzsch is almost enough to make us wretched. It savours of the sin of ingratitude. To have seen the Shakespeare creation made more distinct to sense than ever before, whether by painter's or by actor's art,—to say nothing of the Bell, and Fridolin, and Faust,—and yet have gone on inditing, printing, and publishing as if nothing of the sort had happened, grates harshly on our memories. Nor is our conscience quiet as to the other name on this title-page—the priestess of this temple of art, the enunciator of its oracles, and the hierophant of its mysteries. We have neglected Mrs. Jameson. The more shame for us! She is the most graceful ornament of the womanly literature of our country. And her gracefulness is ever that of truth. There are no compositions at once so feminine and so philosophical. She reminds us of a text in that rich old book of wisdom, the Ecclesiastes, and may appropriate to herself the declaration of Solomon, who "sought out words of delight, and lo, they were words of truth." Mrs. Jameson's writings often indicate that there is more in her than the world yet knows of, or, perhaps, than she knows herself, although she is certainly wiser than the world in this matter. In her playfulness, or her sentiment, there is often a depth of reflectiveness that makes the reader reflective too. Her mind is like the bottom of the sea, as described by the divers of the Brazilian coast; the general expanse of thought is not far below the surface of things, but every here and there you come to an abyss that goes down to the very centre of our moral being. Her best work is the *Characteristics of Woman*. It is more abundant in the indications we have noted than any other of her writings;

and, notwithstanding the eloquent panegyrics it has called forth, seems to us to be not yet rightly or fully appreciated. This work is the highest point to which her remarkably progressive mind has attained ; and it is good evidence of the capability of accomplishing much more. The fragments of moral treasure which may be gathered up in it show a mine at hand that will well bear working. Her power is self-derived and self-nurtured. It is fed from the fountains of her own beautiful nature. And this is the reason why Mrs. Jameson is best when reflective. She suffers from sociality. We always love her in soliloquy ; but she often teases us in colloquy. Her dialogues make us long to tell her to cut her company. They almost vulgarise her own manners. Her wit degenerates into smartness. The fairy spirit becomes a mortal. The world's people are not her proper associates. She should ever dwell amongst the *Loves of the Poets*, or the *Women of Shakespeare*. Or, when she has communion with folks of this world, her intercourse should be, and so we trust it will be on the present occasion, as that of a gentle interpreter between genius and popularity. Right worthy is she to introduce to her countrymen and countrywomen of England the *Fancies* of the poet-artist of Germany.

The simple, free, and expressive manner of these sketches is the same that we have already been familiarised with in the *Outlines*. There is the same power of realising the conception, with the least possible employment of means and machinery : the power which is characteristic of genius in all its varied productions ; and which is akin to that of nature in its elemental combinations. And they are, in this case, his own conceptions to which the artist gives embodiment. He is not merely the expositor, but the revealer. And his aim is a bold one ; for although these designs were originally only the offerings of individual affection, and treated as trifles in comparison with those of his productions which were intended to meet the public gaze and glorify his art, yet do they in fact belong to the highest order of pictorial composition. Mrs. Jameson truly describes them as lyric poems. They do not all satisfy us ; there is what we take to be both error and failure ; but though not always perfect poetry, they are poetry,—and that is glory sufficient.

The first sketch consists of a group of three children peeping under a hat for the butterfly which they believe to be there, but which has somehow given them the slip, and is off and up in the air, "away to the meadows again." It is called "Deceived Hope." The character of the expectation is beautifully diversified. In the youngest figure of the three, who is standing and leaning over towards the supposed prize, it is a keen, twinkling, gleesome, and joyous anticipation; his muscles are on the spring for a laugh and a shout as soon as he shall see the captive. He will clap his hands and cut a caper. A very child is he; but this is a childhood which sometimes lasts through life, and ends in a simple-hearted and cheerful old age. The disappointments of its hope are not deeply grievous; it will always laugh to think of the butterfly which it has under the hat; and if that be gone, it will catch another. The boy is certainly a twin brother of Tennyson's "airy, fairy Lilian." The next is of stronger mould and more dangerous temperament. He is kneeling down with intensely eager gaze, and head and hands stretched towards the object: there is passion in him; a butterfly to him is more than a butterfly—it is *his prize*—his disappointment will be wrathful. Keep out of reach, pretty little thing; could he catch you again, he would not be stopped by thinking whether his grasp might not crush you. He would have loved and been proud of you *under the hat*, and have rapped the little playful fingers of his gleesome brother, that trembled to touch your wings; but he will storm at your flight, and spring after you like a tiger. The other is the sweetest face and form: the soft round figure reclined at length upon the grass; the two hands gently raising the verge of the hat; and as the head rests upon the arm, the half-closed eyes softly and even fondly falling on the about-to-be-uncovered spot, to *see* the beautiful object there, not to see whether it *be* there. That trusting soul will feel the most. Deceived reliance is so much worse than baffled desire or baulked pleasure.

The next in favour with us is No. 3, "The Fate of the Poet." A youth of Byronic face, with his harp slung behind him, is attempting to cross a broad stream on a floundering steed, from which the Ondines, or water-nymphs, are drawing him down to perish, as we are told on autho-

rity, "in their cold twilight chambers beneath." The material beauty of the sketch is in these multitudinous Ondines, with their flowing hair, lovely faces, outstretched arms, and earnest unity of purpose. They are one and many; every wave and riplet is alive; it is one expanse of floating locks, which are flowing waters. The stream lives, and is a conscious whirlpool of loveliness, drawing down the bard into its vortex; or rather, perhaps, receiving him in the fall which, from such a steed, over such a ford, was inevitable. There is no confusion in their multitude. The artist has combined, in a most extraordinary manner, the simplicity of elemental action with the distinctions of individual exertion and emotion. Some are clinging round the affrighted horse, lashing him like the waves, pulling him like the quicksands, in which he is plunging and floundering; others are pushing, but with hands that make no more pressure than the viewless wind against the form of the poet, who is almost blown from his horse by the blast; while others, on the opposite side, hanging on him by their arms, are drawing him down to the closer embrace of the waters; and his very cloak, dragged from his shoulders by the hands of the more distant nymphs, is floating away on the breeze. Never did pencil make more palpable, and yet preserve so ethereal, the spiritual version of the material catastrophe. Mrs. Jameson is, we think, somewhat at fault in her exposition of the author. It is true that the poet is wrong in abandoning the winged steed that would have borne him on the lofty region of which genius is the denizen, and employing a meaner agency for a lower purpose; if he will ride an earthly Pegasus, he must encounter earth's mischances. He might have soared above the deceitful stream or the flooded marsh; but if he will venture in them and upon them, he must encounter as he can their perils. Becoming the partisan and the worldling, he forfeits his invulnerability; will be as roughly handled in that rough warfare as the coarser natures fitted for such conflict, and feel that handling far more deadly. But even though he should, if there be the poetic spirit in him, that spirit will reveal the beauty even of the absorbing and crushing material elements, will render his sufferings musical, and can only destroy him by the swan's death,—so that his last sigh is itself a song. Indeed, Mrs. Jameson, they are not

the Ondines that destroy him ; *they* destroy her ! look at her who is swinging on his arm ; look at her full, soft eyes, and those parted lips of eager intensity ; or that other form whose arms will receive him as he falls—are already receiving him ; and whose face says with supernal fondness, Come, rest thee here ;

“ Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave.”

These spirits do, indeed, pervade the destructive elements ; but are themselves spirits of beauty and of love. Though the waters drown him, he will die in the arms of the fond Ondines ; and in their voices, those very billows of destruction will murmur his melodious dirge. The bard in whose soul, from that soul's infirmity, the genius of poetry is not strong or lofty enough to sustain him in the sphere of perpetual peace and brightness, may perish by the insolence of pride, and the poison of calumny, and the blows of unscrupulous hostility, and the clashings of interests, and the neglect of indifference, and the collision of his own susceptibility with the coldness of cold natures, and with the hardness of hard natures ; but even in perishing, he will see more and better things in the powers that destroy him than they themselves are conscious of ; and in the waters that engulf his dying limbs will feel the embraces of the beautiful and immortal Ondines.

“ The Tormented Spirit,” No. 5, is one of those instances in which the inspiration of art presents an analogy with the inspiration of religion. The prophets, we are told, did not always themselves understand the oracles which they delivered. They spoke that which Heaven impressed upon their minds with lips that would have failed to expound entirely the high truths. And so it is with genius. Campbell cannot read his own poems ; Retzsch does not, in this instance, perfectly describe his own fancies. And Mrs. Jameson follows her leader, when that reflection of which she is so capable might have enabled her to comment in the manner of Warburton upon Pope. “ The Tormented Spirit” is “ a good angel, or genius, vainly struggling in the power of two demons, who are tearing the plumes from his outstretched wings, and shake their infernal torches over his head. ‘ The Tormented Spirit’ looks upward for

aid, but sees, interposing between himself and compassionate Heaven, the fiend by whose mandate he is thus afflicted." And the explanation is, "that there are those among the best and most gifted of human spirits who suffer for a term under the agonising influence of evil thoughts and unknown sin." Now, looking at the sketch with this exposition, we really cannot feel satisfied with it. The fiend above is certainly a magnificent fiend in his way; he is a sullen, malignant rascal, cursing and accursed. His imps are a poor pair of stage demons; German brothers, with their masks and torches, from *Der Freyschutz*, or *Azor and Zemira*. Why such a pure and plumed spirit as that should so submit to be kicked and cuffed about, we cannot imagine. He can only endure by oblivion of his own powers. With a single bound, his pinions, though ruffled, could spring above any elevation to which the demons could be borne by those bat-like parachutes upon their shoulders; and one spurn of his foot would send down to the regions of fog and mist their cloud-cinctured master, as he passed him in his ascent. What Retzsch thought he was illustrating is superstition, and not religion; and the incompatibility of the figure of his tormented spirit with the inflictions to which he submits, is the real incompatibility of the purifying and peace-giving power of religion with the useless and enfeebling agonies to which the soul has been so often subjected by priestcraft. The artist could not give so much of purity as he meant without giving more of power than was consistent with the action of the infernal tormentors. The truth of art cannot be sustained when the design is at variance with the truth of nature and morality.

"Love and the Maiden," No. 4, and "Love Reposing," No. 6, are, especially the former, graceful compositions, but both of inferior, though unequal, interest.

We hope we have no prejudice against No. 2, "The Enigma of Human Life," though Mrs. Jameson did give us, in her preface, an unpleasant association with it, by one of those bad colloquialisms to which we have already alluded as her chief failing. She calls it "something quite Miltonic," just as the minor canon of a cathedral will say that the crimson-damask curtains of his cloistered windows make his apartment "something quite prebendal." Instead of being Miltonic, it is not even Spenserian. It is full

of conceits, and in the worst style of allegory. There are thorns and thistles to represent trials and troubles. A rose is losing its leaves, to show that pleasures are taking their leaves. There is a serpent for sin, that has killed a dove, for death. Two chrysalids represent a couple of corpses, while a brace of butterflies are flying upwards, for their immortal souls. The thistles are tall, because mortal grievances are great. Their down is up to the back of the sphinx; whose head is in clouds and mist, to show that mortality is a cloudy mystery. The spirit of humanity is a big genius, though a little boy; and sits on the back of the sphinx, as though he were going to ride a-cockhorse. It is a wonder that Luna was not put behind him on a pillion, to show that genius loves the moon, and that life is moonshine. Now, this is not a poem, but a puzzle. It is not an enigma—it is only a conundrum. My first is a genius, my second is a sphinx, and my whole is a dogma. The whole getting up is very like that which Mrs. Jameson has condemned in the preface. “With reason are we sick of all those ‘hieroglyphical cattle,’ as Horace Walpole terms them: Hope leaning sentimentally on her anchor; Death shaking his hour-glass; Valour brandishing his sword; Victory flourishing her palm; and Fame puffing at her trumpet.” These are worse than the genius of humanity sitting on the sphinx to represent an enigma; but they are of the same genus. Were the sphinx to eat all who could not guess the riddle, she would soon grow as fat and flourishing as would a donkey browsing on those cloud-capt thistles, whose growth has never been rivalled since the days of Jack and the beanstalk.

Graphic allegory, instead of being the characteristic and the charm of the compositions, as Mrs. Jameson seems to suppose in her preface, is really the weak point. Nos. 1 and 3, which are entirely free from allegory, are decidedly the most beautiful, poetical, and impressive. Nos. 2 and 6, which are the most allegorical, have the least power over sense or soul. How could Mrs. Jameson, with so much perception and appreciation as she has displayed, confound things so different as an allegory and a lyric poem? It is by the latter that Retzsch succeeds, and that any artist must succeed, in the “attempt to address the moral sentiments and the imagination through the medium of de-

sign." She observes truly, that many of these fancies may bear more than one construction; which, if they be really allegories, would make them the most intolerable species; for double, treble, or quadruple, is, in exact proportion, so much worse than simple allegory. Parallel lines are the representatives of allegory; running along side by side, like the go and return railroad. The poetry of design has as little as any other poetry of these infinitely producibles. It is simple and single in conception, and germinates with the expansiveness of vegetation. "The Fate of the Poet" is no more an allegory than the two very dissimilar legendary subjects, to both of which, unlike as they are, it bears some resemblance. We mean "Orpheus and the Bacchantes," and "Tam O'Shanter and the Witches." They are all suggestive, and that most abundantly. But not at all by somebody representing something, and something representing somebody. So far to corporealise a feeling, as to make it an object of sense which shall become a stimulus to imagination, is the province of graphic poetry, as displayed in this sketch and in "Hope Deceived." When this is done, it is a pity that even the poet himself should bind up the infinite suggestiveness of his subject by his own particular applications of it. He thereby conveys something to the meanest capacities; but he hedges up the path of those loftier capacities whose host he is, and who should freely wander over his spacious domain. When a really poetical object has once been sketched by pen or pencil, there should it be left, instead of going on to say, "such is the man," "such is the maiden," "such is the lover," "such is the chieftain," &c. &c., which is only drawing so many parallel lines. Burns should have left the daisy to wither, when once his ploughshare had again demolished it in verse. It would have grown again in every heart that was a fit soil for the seeds of poetry. Our old poets, whom Retzsch is said to resemble, did sometimes, for a fancy, work a little while with a double ruler, but they never could hold it long. The vitality within was too mighty, it animated all they touched; and if they were so false to their art, which is nature, as to attempt to stick straight sticks in the ground at equal distances, those sticks put forth shoots, and one branched out this way, and some looked brightly green in the sun, and others looked darkly green in the shade; and one stem was gracefully twisted,

and another was beautifully straight, till the dead parallelism of allegory had all vanished into the wild living forestry of that luxuriant imaginativeness which is the world's nature, and of which man's nature is the reflection. Thus it is that, whether by literature or art, the best effects will be produced, not only on the gifted few, but eventually on the popular mind. True it is, that "to address the moral faculties through the medium of imagination, for any permanent or beneficial purpose, is the last thing thought of by our legislators and educators;" and so be it, while it is the first thing thought of by such men as Moritz Retzsch, and by such women as Mrs. Jameson.

ADAM THE GARDENER.*

[*Monthly Repository*, 1834.]

HERE is a new and natural year-book; a daily gardener's guide, and a monthly mirror of the meadows; instructions for rearing tender thoughts and spring lettuces; a journal of education and horticulture; directions for digging, decorated with didactics; physics and metaphysics, for man and boy, from January to December.

"Adam Stock was the eldest son of a gentleman, who, having retired from London to the southern coast of our island for the improvement of his health, had there purchased an estate, consisting of a house, a large garden, a field, and a poultry-yard. He knew the value of industry, and that, to an independent and contented mind, few things are *really* necessary to our comfort; he therefore determined to cultivate his own ground, and, as nearly as he could, to do every thing for himself."

One new-year's day he resolved to associate little Adam in his labours; and the book shows us, in a chapter for each month, how the cultivation of the father's garden and of the son's mind went on at the same time, and how in due season each bore fruit according to its kind.

The *groundwork*, then, of this book, is a horticultural directory. And here we must honestly allow our critical incompetence. We confess entire ignorance and inaptitude. "A time there was when every rood of ground maintained its man." It must have been a clever and generous rood that would have maintained us. We hope for a little leisure some day, but our *otium* would not be an *otium cum digging-a-taty*. Like the people who have "nothing to do with the laws but to obey them," we have nothing to do with the radishes but to eat them. Mr. Clarke may be either a Conservative or a Destructive in

* *Adam the Gardener*. By Charles Cowden Clarke. Wilson, 1834.

the vegetable kingdom, with impunity, for us. All we can say is, that the instructions are very intelligible; that we observe none of the mysteries and cruelties which have so often perplexed us in horticultural operations, and made us almost weep over the poor trees and things that were cut and twisted about, "all for their good," as the gardener said, speaking in a tone that we thought very like a Tory;—and that, if it does all come round at last, as Mr. Clarke says, and the roses, and ranunculi, and spinach, and poached eggs, be realised in the necessary sequence of cause and effect, why, then, *finis coronat opus*—and we are travelling back towards "Paradise Regained."

But there is plenty in the book more in our way. It is a natural history of the year. It abounds in descriptions; lively, graphic, and racy. It is, in fact, a work of education. It touches on various points of moral philosophy. It tells us much, and suggests more. Here we find ourselves at home; this is our field—our garden; and we shall straightway go to work in it. These are such sunny spots as we love to cultivate. "The first thing we will do shall be to dig up this bed under the south wall; to sow in it our peas, beans, radishes, onions, and mustard-and-cress." Let little Adam come to us, and we will soon show him "how thick it is proper to sow the seed." Moreover, we must teach him to sort the articles in Mr. Clarke's intellectual green-grocery; for while some are very good, others are very bad—like Jeremiah's figs.

To give our readers a general notion of this book, we will take a month by way of specimen. And the better to insure the application of the maxim, *Ex uno disce omnes*, the month shall be selected simply because it is that of our present number, February.

The chapter is headed by a motto from Thomson, with whom several other bards, of very different degrees of celebrity, are employed, as priests of Nature, to say grace before the twelve successive feasts which the author serves up from her rich store of provisions for the senses, and, through them, for the soul. This is "meet and right." And pleasant it is to see them, like the priests of old in the temple of Jerusalem, "ministering in their courses," and enhancing the enjoyment of the guests by their gracious presence. They are there in their orders, from Milton, the

high-priest of the poetical profession, to Cornelius Webbe, who, if he be only a simple deacon in Nature's temple, yet wants not his authentic diploma. Indeed, Mr. Clarke is too acute a trier of the spirits to let in any one altogether unworthy of that goodly fellowship; and when, in plain terms, we praise his selection of mottoes for his chapters, we ascribe to him a faculty for giving pleasure which is often not appreciated so highly as it ought to be. Walter Scott set a bad example in his alterations and fabrications of passages for this purpose. The detection of his falsifications was a positive annoyance. The fetching from far, even from the ends of the earth, a quotation which is not only germane to the matter, but which aptly and poetically, and as it were prophetically, prefigures or shadows forth the beings, action, and scenery, of the coming chapter, is rightly called a *felicitous* adaptation. The unexpected association; the recollections, not distinct perhaps, but unconsciously revived sensations, called up by the words or the mere name of a favourite author; the dim expectancy as to the external material, and yet the definiteness as to the character of feeling to be elicited, which belong to this poetical tabling and foretelling of contents, are all pleasurable, and worth some care to a benevolent author. Even when the motto lacks the adornment and suggestiveness of poetical quotation, and only consists of some quaint and pithy saying, it may yet come under the description (which was once tendered as a literal version of the *Maxima Felicitas* on the *Westminster-Review* medallion of Jeremy Bentham), and be truly a *Maximy Felicity*.

February (the February of our book) set in rainy. "The frost appeared to be quite gone, although there were patches of snow still remaining under those hedges which sheltered it from the noon-day sun; the roads were deep in mud, and the garden-ground was soft; the wind was blustering, and the weather altogether very unpleasant; for the rain which came from time to time was cold, and now and then, being mingled with small snow, rendered it extremely disagreeable to be out."

Extremely disagreeable; we feel it now to our very skin; and though we have a great respect for Mr. Stock, who, "when there was any work to be performed, would

not allow the weather to prevent him, and brought up Adam to care for it as little as he did himself," yet we cannot but feel some sympathy with the young gardener, who "at last became a little peevish, and said, he hated rain." To be sure he did; there spake the spirit of old Adam in Adam the younger. But all hatreds are to be got over by creating and multiplying pleasant associations with the object of hatred; and Mr. Stock, being a philosopher, did not take the boy and "*whip* the offending Adam out of him," but tells him pretty tales of "fruit and flowers, and good eating of all sorts," to spring from the fertilising influences of this hated rain, and sends his imagination far off into eastern countries, with their terrible drouth and refreshing dews; and this was all very good for the boy, for "so they digged up a bed, and prepared it for some of their spring crops; and the following day being fine, they sowed a fresh crop of beans in it:" all perfectly right; but, for ourselves, we overcome our hatred by a different process, albeit it is somewhat analogous.

In February we prepare our spring crop too; an editor always lives at least a month, and sometimes more, in advance of other people; when his body is in February, his soul is in March, or getting forwards to April—and so on, all the year round. And what can stimulate the imagination, or supersede the occasion for its being stimulated, like that glorious fire which is the necessary adjunct, complement, and antidote of the chilly, drizzling, soaking rains of February? That is the true fire of genius. If that be stirred, no matter that we stir not. As the foul weather is without, the fair fire must be within; and only look at it—the mere sight makes the nights of February, "*Arabian Nights*." There should be a good solid mass of coal, duly perforated, for a substratum; and a half-charred log sticking out, the unconsumed end gnarled and fantastic-looking, with patches of moss yet unshrivelled; and the blaze above sweeping up like a living pyramid, and parting and breaking into fiery tongues; and below, caves and tunnels and deep mazy recesses, with their walls and pillars of solid fire, the crypts of Pandemonium, figured with forms and faces grotesque and beautiful manifold,—a compound of romance, utility, and loveliness. There; wave the poker like a wand, and touch with its tip the magic grottoes

gently, and see how they dissolve and break into fairy palaces and gardens, and anon harden, and glow into massiveness again,—the temple and court of the fire king blazing defiance against Jupiter Pluvius and all his hosts. Patter away without there, on the windows; wax wroth, and rage, and rattle; “blow, winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout;” you only justify and glorify our fire. Draw the sofa closer to it; that is our “bed,” which we will “dig up,” say rather plough, with heels and elbows, and in our semi-recumbency dictate an article that shall make our March number a banner for the march of intellect, and rush over men’s souls like the mighty winds of the month, whose trumpet sounds herald a coming spring-time.

Adam asks his father the meaning of the name of the month, which is explained to him with all due and true etymology; and the same question is sometimes asked in the other months; and whether asked or not, it is answered all the same. The paternal respondent is as accommodating as a certain statesman supposed Mr. Babbage’s calculating-machine to be. The statesman had learned, in the intervals of politics, that the machine was a sort of mill to grind calculations; the question being put into the hopper, and the answer coming out of the spout. “And, pray,” said Wisdom, “if the question were not put into the machine, would the solution come out all the same?”

They then sowed beets, parsneps, carrots, cabbages, including some red ones for pickling; also celery, leeks, parsley, and onions; and peas for a second crop; and transplanted cabbages, which had been sown in the preceding autumn, and the cauliflower plants, which were under the glasses—for all which operations we must refer our readers to the book itself. Then comes a walk, with the looking-out for flowers which were preparing to blossom, and the listening for birds which were going to sing, and a little disserting upon leaf-buds: “the colour is generally delicate; a light brown, tipped at the end with a soft green. And the bud of the horse-chestnut is richly coloured; at the same time it is protected from the rain and damp by being covered over with a natural varnish, something like turpentine, which no wet can penetrate.” And then they “heard the loud and rich song of a throstle, or thrush, which was

in a hazel-tree in flower, at the back of a little mud cottage ;” and talked of birds, and migrations through Holland into Italy, and Romulus and Remus, and the rookery, and “Evenings at Home,” until they got back to tea.

Next they attended to the flower-garden. “As the weather was still mild and open, they sowed sweet-peas, lupins, candytuft, larkspurs—bless their sweet names, and sweeter selves!—Virginia stock, mignonette, major convolvulus, minor convolvulus, and other annuals.” These are the annuals for our eyes. Not Colburn, Longman, nor Ackerman will ever match them for either poetry or picture. It must be a delicious feeling to be accessory to their production. But gardening, as well as book-selling, is commonly only an art, and too often sinks down into merely a trade. Adam Stock is trained to better things; and all his digging, and pruning, and taking the suckers from the shrubs, and earthing up the auriculas, are delightful, because they are done in love, and for the sake of the beauty which is thus generated and cherished.

While dressing the strawberry-bed, Adam “observed a bee bustling about in the cup of a crocus ;” *apropos* to which are four sweet pages about bees, and their sayings and doings,—for they seem at least to talk by signs. Afterwards we have a walk to the mill, through the fields, where men are ploughing, sowing, and harrowing; whereupon Mr. Stock moralises upon the less harrowing appearance of the fields than it would be were the labourers transformed into soldiers, and the occupation of preparing food into that of destroying life. There is a tail to this moral which we do not exactly like—a coat-tail; for it relates to dress :

“Adam said, ‘he should like to have such fine dresses as the soldier, and be able to buy them like the ploughman.’ ‘Well,’ said his father, ‘it is very natural that you, who are but a little boy, should like those fine gay clothes; for the soldiers themselves like them very much. You have only to be diligent and honest, and you will be able to purchase for yourself much handsomer clothes than a soldier’s; and you will be a great deal more respected and beloved by good men’ ” (p. 32).

The love of “fine gay clothes” has not much that is

“natural” in it. Nor is the desire of them an expedient means for stimulating exertion. Nor do the diligence and honesty, which are put forth for the purpose of becoming able to purchase them, deserve the respect and love of good men. The appetite for finery is engendered of ignorance and vanity, and no community deserves to be called thoroughly civilised until it is entirely exploded. The desire for a showy and costly appearance, whether it be simply a craving for attention to the individual, or a manifesto of his wealth and station, is one of the remains of barbarism amongst us. Gentleman or lady, wearing expensive or fashionable clothes for such purposes, is but a variation of the advertisement vehicle, which one sometimes sees a poor donkey dragging about the streets of the metropolis. Form, colour, convenience, gracefulness of adjustment, and picturesque effect, are recommendations of a very different kind. These are the last things thought of by the savage or the dandy, the man of ostentatious opulence or the woman of fashionable pretension. These are the only things, in relation to dress, which deserve thought by rational beings. If not entirely, they are yet to a considerable degree, independent of expensiveness. The vulgar—and vulgarity abounds in all ranks—the vulgar love of finery will never raise the art of dress to a place among the fine arts. An Irishman with a blanket and a skewer approaches nearer to such drapery as a sculptor prefers for a statue than do any of the habiliments of the aristocracy. Perhaps there is no great disparity in the inconveniences, though they doubtless are of different kinds. At what a cost of pains, time, and money, do women often array themselves in vestments, the frightfulness of which no loveliness of form or face can redeem ! The most graceful bonnet we have lately seen was of coarse straw, bought for four shillings, and which, therefore, not one lady in a thousand would have courage enough to wear. We say *courage*, for there is greater lack of that than of taste. They fear lest they should not be thought able to afford the price of the fashionable shapeless disfigurement. Nor can hats throw stones at bonnets. The beavers, we suppose, have vested interests, and caps would interfere with chartered rights, the wisdom of our ancestors, and the safety of the Constitution. Yet O’Connell and the wild

Irish are allowed to wear them in the streets ; and most others adopt them to enhance the enjoyment of travelling. They like all the good things together, and save them for that purpose, as boys do their plums. Or perhaps the hat is borne on the same principle as a friend of ours, of the true John Bull breed, used to put on a thick flannel waistcoat next the skin in the dog days, in order that he might enjoy the exceeding comfort of taking it off at night. Now, without going further into this matter, we must say, that although it is quite hopeless to reverse the proscription which would banish from society either man or woman who should only consult the convenient, the graceful, and the becoming in their costume, we are nevertheless bound to protest against the doctrine that diligence in earning money for the purchase of "much handsomer clothes than a soldier's" can entitle any one to be "respected and beloved by good men."

"We are now come to the end of the month ; and if you look round our garden, you will find many cheerful and lovely flowers in blossom. There is the aconite, the Alpine alysson, the beautiful anemone, the crocus, and the snow-drop still ; the primrose, too ; the richly coloured wall-flower, which was known to the Romans, and bore the same name ; the polyanthus, with its various bright colours ; the periwinkle, with its delicate heavenly blue ; the perennial Adonis ; the graceful Persian iris ; hepatica ; hellebore ; the heart's-ease, as beautiful in its name as it is in its velvet blossom of gold and royal blue ; the cheerful and long-lasting daisy ; the daffodil, that seems to laugh at the cold, and dance with every wind that blows ; and cyclamen,—I believe the last. Then, among the shrubs, we have that elegant tree, the almond, which was a favourite of one of the sweetest poets that ever lived, Spenser ; our cheerful and steady friend, the laurustinus, that begins to flower when the gay colours of summer leave us, and never ceases till they return to us again ; the Glastonbury thorn, about whose blowing the artful and deceiving monks of old time told a foolish story, of its having formerly been the walking-stick of a disciple of Jesus Christ, who planting it in the earth near the abbey of Glastonbury, it flowered at Christmas, in honour of his Master Jesus, who was born at that time. Then follow the carnelian cherry, and cherry-plum, together with the meze-

reon, which is a beautiful little plant; and the phillyred, spurge laurel, and pyracantha, with its clusters of bright red berries. Here is a famous catalogue of beauties for this season of the year! Who would think there was such a variety, when but a few weeks since the snow covered the ground, and the tender shoots of the flowers were bound in by the frost? When we get home, you may, if you wish, gather a few of all, and take them to mamma, to adorn the parlour. If this month has been very stormy and wet, remember what I told you about rain. The inconveniences we meet in life are not to be compared with the delights; and when we think of the great good that rainy days will hereafter bring us, we must not be discontented with the month of February." They now arrived at home, and "Adam went immediately to gather the flowers for his mamma" (pp. 32, 33).

In this pleasant way the book goes on, month after month, till one wishes there were six-and-thirty months in the year, all of them bringing fresh work for Adam Stock as gardener, and Charles Cowden Clarke as chronicler. But it is not needful for us now to track the sun through all the signs of the zodiac, or those terrestrial signs, the beautiful constellations of earth, which also mark his progress. So chase him yourself, reader, through Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, and the rest in their order; and through Primrose, Daffodil, Violet, Harebell, and the rest, in *their* order. We will only further request your company in a rapid turning over of the leaves of the other chapters.

The author evidently appreciates, feels, and therefore often writes, poetry. In his *Tales from Chaucer*, which we recently noticed, it was natural to suppose that his style had derived its character from the great master between whom and our youth he stood as interpreter. But his style here is Chaucerian too. Its flavour is that of waters from "the well of English undefiled." He has that picturesque precision which distinguishes the observer of things from the mere combiner of words. We have already praised his descriptions. We will give some specimens as they arise. This is from *March*:

"And, indeed, it is pleasant to have the gleams of sunshine after the dark storms, and to see the great clouds moving before the wind like mountains of snow, and to

watch the shadows of them passing over the ploughed lands ; and when they are far off, to see the showers descend in long streaks. See, now, how beautiful those pigeons look, hurrying home after their meal, with the black cloud behind them" (p. 37).

The next shall be a thunderstorm, from *July* :

" As Mr. Stock finished speaking, they heard a very low rumbling, like the noise of a heavy cart on an iron road. Presently they observed, from a dark lead-coloured cloud, a bright flash, like a fiery snake, dart down upon a distant hill ; after waiting for some time, the thunder followed, as if it had been the same heavy cart that had fallen, and was afterwards dragged rattling along, then had stopped, then fallen again, and ended by rumbling till it was out of hearing. The dark cloud all this time was changing its appearance and shape : sometimes it was very ragged at the edges, like wool puffed or snatched off. Every thing around was quite silent ; not even a little bird was heard to whistle. The sheep in the fields huddled their heads together, and bent them down towards the ground. Presently the wind rose all at once with a great roaring, and whirled up the dust of the road in a cloudy pillar ; then ceased again, and all was silent. In a few seconds some large drops fell, and immediately after a broad flash burst out of the cloud, followed almost instantaneously by a crashing and tearing, as if houses were being overturned and dashed to pieces ; and every now and then there were great bangs heard like cannon firing off. At the sudden bursting of this thunder-clap, some horses in a neighbouring field snorted, started, and galloped away. For a moment or two after the thunder had ceased there was a dreadful stillness, and then the rain came down in a torrent, driving up the dust of the road, and making a soft noise as if it fell upon wool, till it was soaked through and beaten down, when it made a quick splashing, and seemed to be lashing the ground.

" They now had to run for it, and did not reach home till they were nearly soaked through. The lightning and thunder still continued, and the rain seemed to smoke along the ground, and upon the thatched roof of a shed opposite to their house. Sometimes the thunder sounded very high in the air, as if above the clouds ; at others, as if

it were down on the road. That which but a few minutes before had been a lovely day, with a blue sky, and stately clouds like snowy rocks that scarcely moved at all, was now one dull lead-coloured covering. In about an hour it became lighter, and in another hour they had the pleasure to see that stormy cloud sailing away from them, still looking black, with its edges touched by the light of the golden sun. From time to time they heard that the storm had not ceased, though it was not so loud; at length it was so far off, that the thunder made only a low, surly rumbling; and the cloud, which had before looked so angry when over and near them, now shone like a snow-covered mountain, with crags and precipices, and deep hollows and caverns. The family all remarked how pleasantly cool the air had become, and how calm; and admired the fresh and glittering appearance of the grass, and the leaves of the trees, and flowers, in the sunshine; and they snuffed up with delight the smell of the earth after the rain" (pp. 102-104).

A September sunset:

"The sun had now drawn nearly to the close of his journey, and was shooting his lovely beams between the trunks of the trees. The party, therefore, began to bend their steps homeward, and upon reaching the outskirts of the wood, they all at once expressed their admiration and delight at the grandeur and beauty of the heavens. It was one of those gorgeous sunsets for which our climate is so remarkable during the first autumnal months. They saw above and around them nothing but the richest and most vivid colours. In the centre was the golden glory of the luminary; next to this, and mixed in streaks with the gold, were dashes of pale green; at a greater distance, and circling the sun so as to form, as it were, the mouth of a vast cavern, were purple clouds deeply crimsoned towards their edges; and at the extreme edge, nearest to the sun, they were of a bright copper-gold. Still further removed, the clouds were mottled like tortoise-shell; their sides next the sun being rose-pink, and the opposite ones of a grave indigo tint. Above was one superb expanse of gold, green, purple, and crimson; and below, the rays of the orb were giving the surrounding trees gold for gold; for there were, in succession, the plane, the hazel, the maple, the ash, and

the hornbeam, all of a fine bright yellow, and made brighter. The dull brown of the sycamore was enlivened ; the orange leaf of the elm, the tawny yellow of the hawthorn, and fine red of the wild cherry, all showed to advantage. Besides these pleasant delights to the eye, they were regaled by the agreeable smell of the wood, and of the dried leaves which they crushed under foot in their passage. They also, from time to time, slightly caught the odour of burning weeds, brought in a long unbroken train by the evening breeze from some neighbouring cornfields ; for the harvest was all gathered in, even to the beans, which are the last to ripen” (pp. 155, 156).

While such descriptions as these spring up here and there, like flowers in all their natural beauty, “when unadorned, adorned the most,” there are more solid productions, the fruits, born in their season, and inviting us to “learn and inwardly digest.” In glancing at some of the more prominent of these moralisings, we have unfortunately to quarrel with the first we come to, the more so as the mistake—in our view—is one which pervades the work, as indeed it pervades society.

Little Adam Stock serves his moral apprenticeship—his education, that is—under a system of artificial rewards and punishments ; not the least artificial means consisting in his being told that he is the object of anger and of love in proportion to his obedience or disobedience. This last is the worst part of the story. When his father, “for a reward, allowed him to sit up to supper, and have poached eggs and salad, and a good draught of home-brewed bottled ale,” his father taught a very foolish lesson : but the following passage inculcates one which deserves a stronger censure :

“ ‘Do you not feel a great deal more happy, now you know that you have been industrious and useful, than when you used to crawl about, and endeavour to escape doing any thing?’ ‘Yes, papa,’ said Adam, ‘and I like to talk to you now, because you look more kind than you did.’ ‘To be sure,’ said his father, ‘because I love you better’ ” (p. 8).

We would ask of the common sense of every parent, which is the strongest reformatory power,—the menaces of roused indignation, or the tears of grieved affection ? Look

unkindly on a poor inexperienced child, that, hunting after good, has sought it in the wrong direction! Oh, it is a wretched plan to adopt! Older children than Adam Stock are often driven by this species of discipline into a dreary and dangerous condition. A little timidity, and consequent suppression of the external indications of affection; a little originality, and consequently some eccentricity; a little pertinacity, the result of having intellectual and moral perceptions of its own; and you have the materials of a youthful character, which this government, by loving and not loving, is almost sure to put under proscription, and make the victim of family persecution. The brand is soon fixed. Who smiles upon or fondles the perverse one? Let her—for this calamity falls most heavily, if not most frequently, upon a girl—let her speak: the reply is in a hard, cold tone; let her smile: there is no responsive smile. She is intractable, and papa and mamma don't love her; and brothers and sisters follow in their wake. But she *may* hear the kind tones that greet others. She *may* see the fond looks that meet their looks. Can any thing be more unwholesome for her heart than the ceaseless contrast? The frost incrusts her countenance, driving all feeling inwards, to concentrate in her heart's core; and it is no merit of the system should it not become concentrated venom. The family opinion naturally spreads amongst connections and associates. The victim breathes like a consumptive patient in a freezing atmosphere. The internal sensitiveness and the external air become keener together. Now suppose her transplanted before the corrosion has eaten too deeply into her moral vitality. Suppose her domesticated with those who "live in love," and who are allowed to receive her without prejudice. In no long time there will be such a change as, were it on face and form—indeed, it is there too, and marvellously does it beautify them—would render recognition impossible. Frankness displaces the suppressive manner which had been deemed so sinister or haughty. She fears not now to send forth her kindly emotions, knowing that they will no longer be driven back upon herself, like the routed outposts of a hostile army. Mind and heart have expanded in the sunshine. Can this be the dull and selfish member of that kind and clever family? Indeed it is; she who used

to be so often punished by "nobody's loving her." One of the noblest women we ever knew was trained in this way—and by a father, too, who was both wise and good, as the world goes. She escaped utter desolation by early self-dependence. But the hard external incrustation was never thawed or broken. Few ever knew what she was. People called her cold, satirical, pragmatical; but the rough glove, which she wore defensively, covered a skin that any weed or insect could sting and blister. *They* talked of her want of feeling whose nerves were cart-ropes to her thrilling organisation! And when once her emotion had way, what a burst, a gush, a torrent, it was! Her father never saw that. A quarter of a century after education had ceased, his presence would have instantly made all as still as the Neva in December. He believed she was tolerably good, very affectionate, and rather obstinate.

The affections are involuntary; and were they not, are yet too delicate to be made an agency of bribery and coercion. The father who says, "I won't love you," if he does not tell a falsehood, at least affirms an uncertainty. There was a father who had a prodigal son. The parable does not record a declaration of not loving him as the means of restoration. Nature is the best rewarder and punisher. The natural consequences of actions, external and internal, are the most safe and wholesome discipline. The parent or pedagogue has only to act as their expositor. If he content himself with explaining, and pretend not to legislate, he will do well. Imitation, sympathy, and affection, will establish all the power which any adult ought to exercise over the young, provided he begin at the beginning, as all moral education should. And more in this mode than in any other way may be effected, even when the process does not commence till a late period. There is too little love in this child. Make him feel, by the tone of unkindness, that he is not the object of love, but of anger, and so diminish what there is. Why, what an egregious blunder is this!

A mistake of the same family is produced by Mrs. Stock, when, in her commentary on cruelty to animals, she says to Adam (p. 46), "Learn to love and be gentle to every creature, and you will have many happy hours when you think of your conduct." How much better to have

said, "What delight it will be to see them all happy!" Love is objective, and impels with simplicity of aim to the production of good. A loving nature *cannot* be ever laying schemes of self-gratulation. A man may wrap himself up in the warm cloak of his good works; say to his soul, "Thou art like virtue itself, which is the most virtuous of all things;" and make himself very comfortable, thinking of his conduct;—yet all the while nature may be half destroyed in him, and love not generated. It is not one's own conduct, but the enjoyment of others, that, being vividly realised in the imagination, is the food of benevolence. Mrs. Stock's lesson would only teach Adam to regard love and gentleness as part of a stock in trade, which might yield a balance when he cast up his accounts.

Still worse is the "true story" to which her remark is appended; the tendency of the story, that is, as here told. It is a disgusting anecdote of a man who roasted a gamecock alive because it had lost a battle, and being interrupted in the atrocity, was so violently enraged, that "HE FELL DOWN DEAD UPON THE SPOT" in capital letters. The implication is, that Providence put him to death as a punishment for his cruelty. The story has often been told to produce that impression. The assumption is unprovable. The man burst a blood-vessel in consequence of strong vicious emotion. The blood-vessel would have burst as soon from virtuous emotion equally strong. This mode of frightening people out of vice leads to a dilemma from which there is no escape, and either alternative of which is bad. Either the imposition is found out, and the discovery of the trick enfeebles all moral restraint; or it is not detected, and then a false standard of morals is set up, or a false estimate of character,—calamity being taken as evidence of guilt, as in the days of Job's friends. A man takes a boat on Sunday, his foot slips, and he is drowned. The shout is instantly raised, "Behold a judgment on sabbath-breaking!" The other day, as a devout man was boarding one of the floating chapels in the river to preach to the sailors, his foot slipped, and he was drowned. Is this a judgment on preaching to watermen? This sword cuts both ways. It is a dangerous tool to be used in education. Such events have their moral, but this is not it.

Mr. Clarke generally philosophises much more soundly

than in these instances. In *March* there is a good paragraph on independence; in *April*, a somewhat questionable one on the happiness of boyhood as compared with maturity; *May* is full of beauty and wisdom, with the exception of old Stock's being unkind to young Stock, because young Stock had been unkind to his brother; *June* opens with a mistake about the effect of early rising upon the memory. It is the repetition over-night that does the work. There is also another judgment story, though not so bad as the former. All this vanishes, however, before the beautiful morality of the may-fly:

"As they were walking home, well-pleased with what they had seen, they ran about collecting all the curiosities they could find, both animal and vegetable. They gathered wild roses and woodbine in abundance, and every now and then the sweetly delicate smell of a spacious bean-field came to them upon the soft summer wind, and added to their happiness. They also found several sorts of the green beetle, and examined them; and they caught one of that very large and rare kind which is called the stag-beetle, to the great horror of all the young party; for one or two nips, which he gave those whose fingers came within reach of his great pincers, astonished them. They also caught one of those poor little creatures called the may-fly, which they were informed by their father is born at sunrise, and dies at its setting. Adam said it was not worth being born, to have such a short life as that. 'Do not suppose, Adam,' said his father, 'that real enjoyment of life consists in living a long while. That man and that animal lives the longest, that passes through the greatest variety of scenes, and who is capable of feeling in a lively manner both joy and sorrow; and no one can feel what true joy is who is not quick in perceiving sorrow. You will perhaps understand me when you grow older. The toad has been found enclosed and alive in the trunk of a tree, where it must have remained more than fifty years; and there is a wonderful instance related of one that was discovered in a block of marble, and it would be useless to guess how long it had been there. Now, do you think that those two animals could have been as happy as the butterfly, which flutters so giddily over the meadows, and drinks the morning dew from the buttercup and honeysuckle; and which now and

then, when he is weary, will sleep upon some sweet blossom, and lay his wings at rest upon it? That tender little creature, however, has many more enemies than the long-living toad; and, if it should escape them all, lives but a few days. Yet who would not rather be a butterfly than a toad? A cold and stormy day is but a dreary blank in its little life; but, then, observe it in the bright sunshine, and the soft summer wind, and no creature seems more happy. The toad, on the other hand, appears to be indifferent to every thing around him. He remains in his hole all day, and in the evening comes shuffling along the dusty roads in search of insects. He is frequently trodden upon by the passengers, and blunders away at the same pace as he did before the accident happened to him. I do not say that the toad is in itself an unhappy animal, for I believe that God has given more happiness than misery to all his creatures; I only wished to show you that the may-fly, or butterfly, in its short but very varied career, experienced fully as much delight as the toad with its long-drawn and monotonous existence' " (pp. 91-93).

In *July*, the warning against hasty credit in ill reports is badly motivated; "it shows that you possess a spirit and an understanding superior to the common race of mankind." In *August*—we really must escape out of moralities into merriment. Is not this story good? The scene is a harvest supper:

"As they were clearing the board of the provision, a lubberly young lad, at the further end, who had sat for some time quite silent, and with his mouth wide open, suddenly burst into tears. 'Hul-loa! what's the matter with you, Giles?' 'My *naame* ain't Giles—it's Jowley—mother calls me Jowley for shortness.' 'Well, Jowley, what are you howling arter?' 'Why—why,' said he, sobbing, 'ain't it enough to make any one roar to see all that 'ere nice pudding going away, and I can't eat no more?'" (p. 139.)

August concludes with a moral on authority, and it would be difficult to find man or maxim more excellent:

"Bear in mind, to your life's end, the saying of your friend Mr. Vincent, that 'there is nothing in the whole world worth the cost and trouble of a lie.' The uniform simplicity and honesty of his character, throughout his valuable

life, have gained more admiration and love from those who have known him, than his shining musical talents: yet these of themselves alone would command the respect of mankind" (p. 144).

There is a beautiful propriety in this last expression, which can scarcely be appreciated but by those who identify Mr. Vincent with the eminent musician and composer who is elsewhere alluded to in this book. Much of what passes for shining musical talent neither commands nor deserves respect for itself or its possessor. His does; because his musical character is his own character: the same genuine simplicity, and total absence of every species of affectation, trick, pretension, or conventionalism; the same inwrought and all-pervading truthfulness; the same fancy, feeling, and sensibility, working in harmony with an acute and discursive intellect; the same appreciation—which must ever imply a kindred spirit—of poetic beauty, scientific combination, and the nobler kinds of artistical power; and the same utter negation of competitive littleness in the absorbing sense of the pure, refined, and good, whether contemplated in itself, or in its influences on human enjoyment and improvement. Truly he holds, in head, heart, and hand, God's patent of nobility; and let his character be the stamp on his maxim, to give it currency through the world. *Probatum est.*

September opens with a *Concio ad Venatores*, to which we say Amen most heartily. In *October* there are some excellent observations on keeping a diary, which is strongly recommended to the young. "All young persons should devote a few minutes in putting down upon paper the principal occurrences of the day, and, as often as possible, their thoughts upon those events; and while doing this, they should write in as clear and intelligible a language as possible." Few teachers have any notion of the good account to which this practice may be turned in schools, always provided that the child is left entirely to himself, that his diary is as free as his thoughts, except by an occasional, unobtrusive, and uncommenting inspection. The diary may become the depository—who can tell of what importance hereafter?—of a thousand stray scraps of information, observation, and reflection, which else might be blown out of the mind as lightly as they were wafted

into it. There, too, will be found the surest indications of the pupil's character, and of the intellectual or moral effect which instruction is producing upon him. Habits of accurate thought and expression will be formed which are of inestimable worth. This plan has been tried, with delightful success, in the Academic Institution at Hanwell, conducted by Mr. Emerton. Nor does the practice belong more to school education than to that self-education which then commences, but which should continue through life. If honestly done, this would be real biography, and a very different sort of thing from the poor shreds and patches of external event which are continually put forth under that designation. A few entire and faithful records would soon pour light into the dark regions of morals and metaphysics. The writers might be martyrs, but never was the memory of martyrs more blessed than theirs in the day of the world's regeneration. An incidental effect, of a subordinate description, is mentioned by Mr. Clarke, which is not unworthy of notice: "The labour of writing for the public will cause you no greater effort than that of inditing a letter to a friend." The author's allusion is to the store of material and the habit of composition; but it is not improbable that he was unconsciously influenced by observation of the great change which is taking place in the function of the art of printing. We are beginning at length to understand the use of the press. From being little more than the means of preserving and multiplying copies of a few standard works, it is becoming the medium of universal mental communication. By the increasing extent and rapidity of its operations, it assimilates public writing to private talk, and tends to make the entire community one great conversation club, with the advantage of listening to whom we will, though his speech may be neither the loudest nor the longest. No doubt many errors, crudities, and paradoxes are poured forth, which formerly would never have been printed; but still the public advantages of this familiarity of intercourse between minds of all classes are immensely preponderant. It is like a free admission to the free talk of all the intelligent—including the *soi-disant* intelligent—of the country. Such a ticket is worth something. If not, why do the Whigs continue the tax which Pitt laid upon it, because, as he

said, it was a luxury? Hereafter each generation will produce its own literature, bearing the impress of its own peculiar spirit. The ablest expositions of sciences which are at or near completion; first-rate works of imagination, taste, and genius; and authentic records of facts,—these will continue to float down from age to age, the title-deeds of an intellectual inheritance to those who will manufacture their own small change and current coin, according to their own skill, taste, and wants.

November includes a politico-philanthropical digression, of which the spirit is admirable (pp. 215-218). How deeply, often, does what appears to be only light talk and commonplace common sense go into the principles upon which institutions and society must be renovated, when such talk grows out of the axioms of human right and Christian truth! A few plain and undenied sentences about man's brotherhood, the duty of labour, and the correction of thievery, point towards reforms in the laws of inheritance, the distribution of property, and the theory and practice of criminal legislation, at which bishops would "stand aghast," and senators be more than "half confounded." Do not be alarmed, good reader; Charles Cowden Clarke neither teaches anti-property doctrines, nor fraternises with Destructives.

The few remarks, in *December*, on the education, duties, capabilities, and influence of *woman* (pp. 234-236), deserve much better than to be written in gold. There is a more fitting tablet for the inscription, and there we would have them graven. They are full of sound sense, right feeling, and useful admonition.

In the concluding three months as many stories are introduced, characterised severally by adventure, pathos, and fancy. Each has much merit in its way. We have only to add, that we feel a little apprehension in concluding this critique, lest the exceptions which have been taken should, notwithstanding our encomiums, convey an erroneous notion of our estimate of the book itself. We have been led to take these exceptions by our strong perception of its general interest and utility. Most books of this class have very much more that is exceptionable, while they lack those qualities which have, in the present case, induced us to write at all upon the subject, and the pos-

session of which constitutes a strong and universal recommendation.

And now go thy ways, young Adam, and if heedful of thy father's lessons, thou mayest become a "first man" in thy time. Doubtless he may have taught thee sundry errors, but he has also taught thee to think for thyself, and done his best to cherish in thee a self-corrective and improving intelligence. Be thou, like him, an independent working man. Remember his prophecy :

"Avoid all intimacy with fools and coxcombs. You will probably see strange times in your native land ; and then those silly, empty creatures will be huffed and buffeted about like the drones in a hive when the bees have stored up all their honey, that they have been labouring to collect through the winter."

Be on the side of the bees, Adam, whenever the drones want to cheat or rob them of their honey ; even though the drones should positively declare that brimstone will be burned under the hive, unless the enjoyment of the honey and the command of the labourers be given up to them. Live on "the southern coast of our island," Adam, if you like ; but get a London newspaper down there to read ; and write up a petition for its being untaxed. Come up yourself, when wanted ; we hope your neighbours will be wise enough to send you up, instead of some prating or propertied fellow, who has—or means to sell himself to buy—large estates in the neighbourhood, and whose manual of representative duty consists in sticking to a party, and staving off taxation from his own class. They must engage to work your garden, Adam, while you are seeing after their interest in the legislature ; and if they find you in board and lodging beside, they will have a much better bargain of you than the poor bribe-takers have of their deceivers, corrupters, and plunderers. You may have time, Adam, during the session, sometimes to hear a little of Mozart and Handel from your "young friend Clara N—;" and high as her voice, taste, and science may then have raised her, you may perhaps still "be delighted with some of her French ballads;" for it is a vulgar blunder, that the sublimest artist does not appreciate beauty, even the most light and simple. You are not such an ass as Dr. Johnson was, when he thought that because

Milton wrote *Paradise Lost*, *L'Allegro* must needs be a failure. You may even be in time, Adam, to give the last blow to the selfish monopolies that have confined and polluted art, as they would have confined and polluted nature, if they could. We assume your love of art; for it is the same feeling with that love of nature which enabled your father to describe so graphically. They go together. And some day you will fall in love, Adam. Do not then neglect your diary. Neither poets, dramatists, philosophers, nor moralists have yet expounded love to the world, rightly, truly, and fully. Adam, they have always made it animal, sentimental, or conventional; and you must teach them better. You must faithfully trace its purifying, softening, and expansive influence on your character, raising you towards the perfection of your being, as could no other species of influence. You must have no Eve that will play upon your weakness, but one that will stimulate your intellectual and moral strength, and whose gushing tenderness will heal all your wounds in that conflict with the foes of human rights, improvement, and happiness, for which she will buckle on your armour. Write it all down, Adam; and when she and you are dead and gone, and all your children after you, perchance some Mrs. Leman Grimstone of those days, reading your father's request, that she who now bears that name would make "a useful book for the example of young girls, which should give some account of the characters and minds of the mothers of the greatest men that ever lived" (p. 235), may take the hint, and incorporate your diary therein, which your boy will have made appropriate material. She will have, we hope, her predecessor's work for guidance, which, like her other writings, welcomed at once by the wise, good, and free spirits of the time, may then have grown into the full popularity which they deserve. We had more to say; but our parting benediction is growing somewhat lengthy, and you are impatient to look after "your dear little favourite, the primrose," and to "scrape off the moss from the espalier," and to put "pea-haulm round the cauliflower-glasses," which must be done,—for there will surely be a frost as soon as the wind changes; so go thy ways, Adam, go thy ways.

“MRS. THOMSON, YOU ARE WANTED!”

[*Monthly Repository*, 1834.]

So said one of the cads at the “Elephant and Castle,” the other day, while I was sitting ensconced in the further corner of the ——— coach, which had just stopped, on its outward-bound passage, at that famous house of call. Commonplace as the words may seem, and heedless as I usually am of other people’s business, there was something, it must have been in the tone in which they were uttered, which instantly arrested my attention. How came I to hear them at all? How came I, as I did hear them, not to say, “What is that to me?” What made me instantly feel that Mrs. Thomson was wanted with no common want, that the fact of her being wanted was something to me, because it was something to humanity? And what has fixed that conviction on my mind, although I remain, and am likely to live and die, in total ignorance as to who wanted Mrs. Thomson, or what she was wanted for? The tone of the cad is the primary solution of these difficulties. I never heard a cad speak in such a tone before. There was in it neither the servility of inferiority, nor the insolence of superiority, nor the familiarity of equality. It conveyed not the faintest intimation of the relative situation of the speaker and the party spoken to. Grievously imperfect is the art of printing, and that of musical notation, and all the devices of elocutionary accentuation. They all fail me, or I would endeavour to present to the reader’s eye that which so peculiarly affected my ear when the cad said, “Mrs. Thomson, you are wanted!” Perhaps I shall come nearest to it by negatives. It was not said angrily, nor urgingly, nor sarcastically, nor supplicatingly, nor deprecatingly; nor was it said without feeling; and yet there

was no symptom of private or personal feeling. It was as if a common want of human nature had been announced; a deficiency claiming respect, and suppressing irritability, by its universal character. There was something that reminded one of the enunciation of a great and abstract proposition: some resemblance to the tone in which Kepler might have apprised you that the squares of the times of the planetary revolutions are as the cubes of the mean distances of the planets from the sun. But this was not all. It was not the tone for any mere physical truth. The enunciation was that of a moral proposition. The want of Mrs. Thomson had some relation to human feelings and condition. And yet, again, it was not the relation of champion, deliverer, philanthropist; not the need which is felt, in greater emergencies, of those who by energetic interposition would have wrought a sudden change. Not in so calm a tone would the ill-treated prisoner in his dungeon say, "Howard, you are wanted;" nor a beaten French regiment exclaim, "Napoleon, you are wanted." It was as far removed from these as from the ludicrous distress of Liston's "York, you're wanted." And yet it lacked the dignified solemnity with which "Milton, you are wanted," is paraphrased by Wordsworth into—

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee."

It betokened a homelier want than that expressed by the great poet of his greater predecessor. It was a workaday want, such as might come home to all people's business and bosoms. Perhaps the familiarity of the name added to and aided this impression. Thomson is not a high-sounding appellation. It wears no heraldic dignity. There is no Lord Thomson in the peerage. It will not etymologise into grandeur or peculiarity. Thomson is only the son of Tom,—that is to say, an undistinguished grandson of Adam. We cannot apply what was said of a certain large and distinguished family, and say that "there are three classes of persons in the world,—men, women, and Thomsons;" for, with some exceptions, the men and women are Thomsons; and all the Thomsons are men and women, except the children—who will also be men and women in due time, should their lives be spared. So far, indeed, does this

identification extend, that it colours the language in which we speak of the physical and universal phenomena of the earth's revolutions. The revolving months, with their beautifully diversified appearances and influences, constitute, at once, Nature's year, and Thomson's *Seasons*.

Of course, I instantly looked in the direction which the voice of the cad indicated. There stood Mrs. Thomson, leaning but slightly, and not as if she needed support on account of weariness or decrepitude, against the “Elephant and Castle.” She was in an attitude of mingled contemplation and reflection ; as if the matter in her mind were weighty, but its weight as manageable as if in the grasp of an elephant's trunk, and as portable as the many trunks of that castellated elephant which were tossing about in all directions. Her face had in it all the quietness of power, and all the power of quietness. Her features were strongly marked enough for a first-rate tragic actress ; and yet there was on them no working of emotion. Her head reminded one of the cast of a German philosopher on which Spurzheim used to lecture when craniology was young. It had similar expansion, the same loftiness of brow, and, if one might argue by analogy, or by inference from the seen to the unseen, a like absence of the devotional pinnacle ; a cathedral without a spire. There was the anomaly of greatness without veneration. From under those frontal towers the eye looked not up heavenwards, and yet earth was not enough for its gaze. Itself was worthier ; and it looked where it would, and because it would. The want of Mrs. Thomson was not the want of a priest, any more than it was the want of a servant, or the want of a mistress. Her dress corresponded with this impression. Her bonnet was an old but fine black chip, with a long poke over the face. Beneath it appeared a very clean and white cap, double-frilled and fluted. Through her long yellow mittens came fingers that seemed to have power enough, but not to have passion enough, to grasp the wand of Medea. Her gown was one of those antique, large-patterned chintzes which always look so stately. There were in it colossal roses, and all sorts of flowers ; or, rather, forms which were no sorts of flowers, while yet they claimed affinity with the fossil, antediluvian, or ante-Mosaic-creation outlines of vegetable being, in the days when lady-fern grew

ten feet high, and large in proportion. A common blue-and-white spotted kerchief was folded over her neck; and around her throat passed a narrow slip of black velvet. An apron was tied about her waist, and hung down in front, as white as the driven snow. It was, altogether, the garb of one who was made to be wanted, in that most peculiar and yet most common manner. What is to follow? thought I; for how, when, where, by whom, or for what, Mrs. Thomson was wanted, did not appear. She stepped calmly forwards towards the front of the coach. The third step took her out of my sight. I was fixed in the further corner. In a few seconds she reappeared, stepping back to her former position. There was no agitation, no grief, in her manner. She was not parting with any one needful to her. There was no proud complacency in her air. She had not been exercising the influence of a superior to minister to sorrow. She had been wanted. She was there. That was all. She was ready to be wanted again; yet not impatient for it. Whenever or wherever it might be, she was equal to it, and without effort. Her hairless brow, which rose above the eyebrows like a mountain above the zone of vegetation, bent slightly forward with a strictly mechanical movement towards the coach-box; and as if in obedience to her fiat, the coach went on. The horses sprang not forward with a jerk, but the scene of a theatre seemed to close on the *tableau vivant* of Mrs. Thomson, the cad, the coaches, the passengers, the porters, the people, and the "Elephant and Castle."

I am the richer and the wiser. I have added a picture to my gallery, and one the colours of which will not fade. The reader may see little in my poor copy of it; I cannot help that; but the original is worthy of Gerard Dow, or Rembrandt, or Domenichino. I shall often study it. There is no study like that of a fine old painting. One's eyes fix themselves upon it, and drink in wisdom without words. And I have gained a proposition as well as a picture. I cannot affirm, with Socrates, that the only thing I know is, that I know nothing. It would not be true. I know that *Mrs. Thomson is wanted*. That is a step towards universal truth. I like the bareness of the proposition. It is not frittered away by details or circumstantialia. Sometimes it even dissociates itself from the scene in

which I learned it. I seem to have heard it in visions of the night; or to have read it on the leaf of a plant. I go about repeating, “*Mrs. Thomson, you are wanted!*” Of whom else dare one make such an affirmation? Who is wanted in this world? Who, but she? The Whigs are not wanted. The parsons are not wanted. The poets are not wanted; for, as Kirke White says, “Fifty years hence, and who will think of Henry?” Kings are not wanted; when once that grim groom Death trots them out, how soon it is:

“For O, and for O, the hobby-horse is forgot!”

Nay, even, according to Malthus, people are not wanted. And is it not something, then, to know that *Mrs. Thomson is wanted?*

Would that Mr. Brunel would complete the Thames Tunnel! for then I could manage better than at present to avoid the “Elephant and Castle,” in my outgoings. I dread that spot. I know it will happen to me some day; I have a presentiment of the catastrophe,—a second sight which infallibly forebodes a first sight. I shall not be able to avoid it. I shall be wedged into the coach, and obliged to see it. The coachman will pull up there. Four men, with dingy coats and cloaks, but with silk hatbands, will be heavily bearing the plain coffin, covered with the faded pall. Many will follow, but not a multitude. As the train passes, there is a respectful cessation even of the eternal uproar of the house of call. The pause strikes on my sense, as if I were standing on the coast, and the murmur of the waves returned not at its accustomed interval. One voice alone breaks the silence. The cad stands on the edge of the pavement, looks wistfully after the coffin, and shakes his head, as he repeats, “Mrs. Thomson, you are wanted!”

THE REVOLUTIONARY EPIC.*

[*Monthly Repository*, 1834.]

IF "Disraeli the Younger" be a child of genius, he is a spoiled child, and must, we suppose, be allowed, or at any rate he seems disposed to take, the privilege with which that character has, from time immemorial, been invested. It is only a year ago since he proclaimed that the reign of rhyme was over, argued that metre was less meet than it used to be, declared himself averse from all verse, and founded a new style of prose harmonics for the use of this, our new literary era. And now he comes forth with the commencement of a regular epic, to consist of we know not how many books of blanks, with all the customary paraphernalia, the established scenery and machinery, dresses and decorations. He will go forward before us all, and he will go backward behind us all. But let us hear his own account of the matter :

"It was on the plains of Troy that I first conceived the idea of this work. Wandering over that illustrious scene, surrounded by the tombs of heroes, and by the confluence of poetic streams, my musing thoughts clustered round the memory of that immortal song to which all creeds and countries alike respond, which has vanquished chance, and defies time. Deeming myself—perchance too rashly—in that excited hour a poet, I cursed the destiny that had placed me in an age that boasted of being anti-poetical. And while my fancy thus struggled with my reason, it flashed across my mind like the lightning which was then playing over Ida, that, in those great poems which rise, the pyramids of poetic art, amid the falling and the fading splendour of less creations, the poet hath ever embodied the spirit of his time. Thus, the most heroic incident of an heroic age

* *The Revolutionary Epic* : the work of Disraeli the Younger. Moxon.

produced in the *Iliad* an heroic epic; thus, the consolidation of the most superb of empires produced in the *Æneid* a political epic; the revival of learning, and the birth of vernacular genius, presented us, in the *Divine Comedy*, with a national epic; and the Reformation and its consequences called from the rapt lyre of Milton a religious epic.

“And the spirit of my time, shall it alone be uncelebrated?

“Standing upon Asia, and gazing upon Europe, with the broad Hellespont alone between us, and the shadow of night descending on the mountains, these mighty continents appeared to me, as it were, the rival principles of government, that at present contend for the mastery of the world. ‘What!’ I exclaimed, ‘is the revolution of France a less important event than the siege of Troy? Is Napoleon a less interesting character than Achilles? For me remains the Revolutionary Epic!’” (*Preface.*)

This is splendid writing, such as the author can pour forth whenever he pleases—a jet of glittering silver; and yet the fallacy is evident on the very surface. Epic poems, like pyramids, are built up in peaceful times; though they, the poems at least, may imply previous storms. It makes no difference, that with the last two poets the peace was that of defeat and hopelessness; while Homer, probably, rejoiced in the passing of the heroic state into more organised government, as Virgil certainly did in the consolidation of the imperial rule. Not one of them wrote during the period of transition; nor can it ever be that so high and intense a soul as is required for the achievement of an epic poem should construct such poem while the great conflict is raging by which society is regenerated in new forms. Minds of this order are ever *in* the conflict. Ask for them then, and

“The minstrel boy to the wars is gone,—
In the ranks of death you’ll find him;
His father’s sword he has girded on,
His wild harp slung behind him.”

And there it hangs till the fight is over; or, if sounded at all, it is in some brief war-song that shall stimulate the combatants, or some low wail that mourns the fallen, or some snatch of tenderness and beauty that shows duty not

to have extinguished nature. To say and sing the whole long story of the war, with due symphony and accompaniments, episodes and descriptions, is quite an after work: for the time, the best bard has other business; and so has Disraeli. If this be true vocation to a Revolutionary Epic, he should not have thought of it *yet*. Chaos can only be sung after creation. Neither the world nor the bard is ripened for an epic of the times, while the times are only those of transition. Epics are not revolutionary.

It is, perhaps, a question, whether there will ever be any more epics. It is not impossible that prose fiction has so far succeeded to their functions and domain, as to preclude, finally, the restoration of any heir of that ancient legitimate dynasty. However that may be, this is not, we apprehend, the epic that is to come, if there be one to come. Disraeli was probably born a poet. There are indications, in most of his writings, of a noble nature; but, as before said, he has been spoiled—spoiled by that cleaving curse of our country, the spirit of aristocracy. He fears, sneers, and smiles, and affects heartlessness. *Vivian Grey* was alike a premature production, in its abundance of talent and its want of earnestness. *Contarini Fleming* is much nearer the spirit in which such a being as Disraeli *should* have commenced his career. It seemed as if nature were struggling within him against the blighting influences of society. *Alroy*, which is a gorgeous fit of Orientalism—not *Jewish* at all, despite genealogy—was rather a relapse: there was a return towards artificiality; and here he is blundering, both in design and execution: in design, because, from the strong necessity of his nature, he who is capable of singing a revolution, must be employed in making the revolution; and in execution, on the same principle, because he is resting on forms outworn, obsolete, and not objects of even poetical faith either to the writer or the reader. The epics are all pervaded by the simple earnestness of their authors. If it were needful for Disraeli to put a preface to his fable, he should, in his own person, have declared his own strong convictions of the present condition, the past vicissitudes, and the future prospects of society; his lofty strains would then have had responsive echoes; but Magros or Tayros, Lyridon or Derrydown,—who cares about any of their tribe? Who wants to hear

angels, with wings and helmets, make long speeches before the throne of Demogorgon? The *Revolutionary Epic* must be a revolution in epicry: it must be written in a new faith, which *is* believed; not in an old faith, which is *not* believed. There can never be intensity again in the stale machinery which is here adopted.

The poem opens with the pleadings, before Demogorgon, of Magros, the genius of feudalism—which are presented in this first book—and those of his ascending rival, Lyridon, the genius of federalism, which are to follow in the second book; when Demogorgon will pronounce judgment, and the earthly harlequinade commence. Many isolated passages have so much beauty, that we should be tempted to transcribe them, but for the brief space to which this notice is necessarily confined. They cannot redeem the erroneousness of the plan; but they make it a “glorious blunder,” as Byron said of the universe. The author declares that, supposing the public to decide against this specimen of his poem, “he shall, without a pang, hurl his lyre to limbo.” We would not have him do that, nor suppress any portion which he has actually written. But, as to completing it—it can but be a failure, and failures always make us melancholy. Disraeli himself seems to us in danger of being a failure—a failure of Nature, in a work as boldly conceived as his own; yet we cannot and will not despair of him. Let him go into parliament; let him fall in love; let him be converted, and go out into heathen lands as a missionary; let him head an insurrection in some country where oppression is too grievous to be borne; let him do, be, or suffer any thing that will give singleness of aim, concentration, intensity, to his great and varied faculties,—and he will then be redeemed to the high destiny to which he was born.

CAMPBELL'S LIFE OF MRS. SIDDONS.*

[*Monthly Repository*, 1834.]

IF we may judge by facts, and take regular sequence as indicative of cause and effect, the theatre is one of the necessities of civilised life. We always find it springing up in a nation's path from barbarism to refinement. There is sure to come a period when it appears and flourishes, like a flower in its season. The form may have varied; but society has seldom arrived at a condition which was much worthy of that name without something that was, essentially, dramatic representation. It has come as if to answer the call of an instinct of humanity, which could not fail, even in the earlier stages of the social progress, of being sufficiently developed to make the want felt, and therefore to stimulate the requisite faculties and exertions for its supply. In this it resembles and follows religion, which, in some shape or other, man wants, and society provides. Indeed, the drama has, in many cases, perhaps in most, sprung out of religion; the theatre has been an appendage to the temple. This happened both with the classical drama of antiquity and with the romantic drama of later times. If it be true, as Dr. Johnson says, that learning "reared the stage," learning was but the nurse of an orphaned offspring. When Popery in England was put to death, the infantile mysteries, by which the people had been charmed on holidays, were nurtured by taste and poetry into all the vigour of the Elizabethan drama. Some such tendencies were needful; for though religion generated the drama, she has not been over-kind to her progeny. In the mythology of antiquity, Saturn

* *Life of Mrs. Siddons.* By Thomas Campbell. 2 vols. 8vo. Wilson.

ate his own children ; and religion in this case, though she could not destroy, has sorely belaboured and calumniated hers. In France, the priesthood sometimes even yet make a stand against the admission of the remains of an actor into consecrated ground. In England, the pulpit and the playhouse are regarded as natural belligerents ; and even beyond the pale of puritanism, and amongst the people who most enjoy theatrical amusements, there is an association of immorality with the stage, and a disposition to consider the profession as disreputable. Why should this be so, if the drama be itself a product of religion, and the theatre an invariable adjunct of an advanced state of civilisation ? We cannot ascribe this feeling to any pervading horror of immorality in an occupation ; for it is by no means difficult to indicate a strong tendency to immorality in professions which are held in the highest estimation, and to which parents are as eager to devote their children as they are solicitous to keep them from the stage. How few would hesitate to make their sons lawyers ! "The world," as Mr. Campbell observes in the work before us, "very properly holds the barrister's calling in high respect ; and yet it is notorious that the lawyer's life, which makes him daily and hourly a hireling, either on the right side or the wrong side of a cause, as his brief may chance to call him, must tend to imbue his mind with a taste for sophistry, as well as with adroitness in the practice of it. In fact, there is a great deal of acting, both in courts of justice and elsewhere, that goes by a different name." The comparison, or rather the contrast, is not here put with half its strength. There is no deception, no falsehood, in the dramatic presentation of a character. The actor no more attempts to pass himself for Alexander the Great, than the clergyman, when he reads the lessons from the book of Job, imposes himself upon the congregation for Bildad the Shuhite. But the barrister does impose ; and that where the most important results are contingent upon the success of the imposition. He counterfeits credence, he counterfeits feeling ; intending judge and jury to receive them as his real personal credence and feeling. He endeavours to cast discredit on that which he knows to be true, and to produce belief in that which he knows to be false. It is a part of his trade to employ, for pay, all the acuteness of his

intellect to enable the culprit to escape his legal punishment, or the debtor to evade paying his creditor. A man had better play ten characters every night than thus play upon his own character. The sacredness of truth must be sullied in his mind by its habitual violation, though that violation be only professional. At least, the tendency cannot be denied. And what shall we say of the honourable profession of arms? Kill for hire! is not that a rare improvement on the immorality of reciting speeches for hire? We are speaking of the military profession, not of the use of arms by a people driven to the necessity of repelling force by force. The soldier is a slave, for whom all consideration of the justice of the cause is out of the question: his duty is to obey orders. In certain extreme cases, his "reward is booty and beauty." And *he* scorns the poor player; but not so haughtily as does the clergyman. Well, let us look to the moral tendency of *his* profession. We will cast no doubts on his being moved "by the Holy Ghost;" but it is unfortunate that he is obliged to say so; it is unfortunate for the morality of a profession that it holds out strong inducements for those to say so who are not sure of it. But pass this; there are the Thirty-nine Articles to be subscribed *ex animo*. Now, we mean not to impugn or question any one iota of these articles; we only say that they contain between two and three hundred distinct propositions; that many of those propositions involve the profoundest subtleties of criticism, metaphysics, and scholastic theology; that many of them relate to points which have been controverted by the ablest men through almost all the ages of the Christian era; and that to have formed an honest individual opinion upon the half of them cannot have been possible for the subscriber in one case out of a hundred. And, then, what is the clergyman's office? On certain days, nay, at certain hours, and even minutes, he is bound publicly and solemnly to tell his God that he is in a particular state of mind and feeling, when perhaps he is in a very different state of mind and feeling. He modulates his voice, as he reads the Liturgy, to the emotions of reverence, contrition, supplication, thanksgiving, sympathy, &c.; but who is so totally ignorant of the human mind as to imagine that these emotions either do or can arise within him at his bidding, and in

their prescribed order of succession? We will dismiss the clergyman here, and say nothing about the motives which bear upon the profession as to preferment. We once heard a reverend gentleman wind up a bitter tirade against the stage by saying of an actress of unblemished character, who honourably supported an aged mother by her exertions, "That woman would even say her prayers if they were in her part, and she was paid for it!"

That the dramatic profession has also its demoralising tendencies, we have no doubt; although we do doubt whether they can be worse than those of many avocations which are in better odour; and doubt much more whether they are the real cause of the feeling which it excites.

The great evil of the actor's life is analogous to that which is so extensively produced by the subdivision of labour. He only does one thing, and that incessantly; and it only exercises one class of his faculties—a confined portion of his being. His sole work is to cast his own powers of expression in moulds prepared for them by the intellect of others. These moulds may be so large that he cannot fill them, so small that he overflows them, so unadapted that they gall him; but still, on he must go, day after day, fusing his feeling and presenting it in the prescribed form. Very difficult, indeed, in such a course of life, must be that expansion of mind and heart, without which man is not a progressive, that is to say, not a moral being. Hence so many actors have little knowledge beyond their authors and their art, no decided opinions or principles, no independence or individuality—in short, no character, save that which is professional.

But it is for other reasons that they are, both men and women, generally disesteemed; and those reasons mainly are, that the former are often known to be improvident, and the latter are sometimes supposed to be unchaste. Improvidence is only pardonable under privilege of parliament, and finds no shelter beyond the folds of that mantle which hides so much better than even all-covering charity. And as to the other offence, it is the loss of woman's *virtue*; she has but that, and surely ought to keep it, as it exonerates from the practice of all the rest, and alone constitutes the gulf between good and bad in her sex. She may be full of "envy, hatred, malice, and all unchari-

tableness ;'' as ignorant as an ass, as obstinate as a mule, as blind as a beetle, as poisonous as an asp, and as savage as a hyena,—and yet be a virtuous woman. She may, from sheer vanity, excite affection which she means to disappoint ; she may marry without a spark of love, and procure clothes, board, lodging, and money, by the legal barter of her person ; she may vend the heartless form, if it wear well enough, again and again, and renew the disgusting bargain, and perform its conditions to the end of her days,—and yet be a virtuous woman. She may, by her wasteful expenditure, scatter to the winds the hard earnings of her husband ; she may withhold all sympathy from the honourable, but not profitable, exertions in which he needs it, and ever influence towards sycophancy and selfishness ; she may abandon her children to hirelings, or only teach them lessons better unlearnt, training them to leave and make the world worse than they found it,—and yet be a virtuous woman. For none of these things does she *lose caste*. She still retains *her virtue*. And this is presumed to be sorely perilled, and often forfeited, by the votaries of Melpomene.

Under a better system, the theatre might probably be purified of both these evils ; certainly of the last. The monopoly, that infamous monopoly, which bishops and puritans have resisted attempts to break down, is the great source of the various indecencies and immoralities so much complained of, both before and behind the curtain. In their worst forms they are confined to the patent theatres. A minor theatre has no saloon ; nor have the sprigs of our virtuous aristocracy the run of its green-room, to corrupt or insult its professional occupants. The lessees of the privileged houses have a factitious position to sustain, which impels them to the adoption of other than simply theatrical appliances. The passing of Mr. Bulwer's Bill would have done much towards raising the profession in the scale of public repute. A better class of persons, in education and character, would have gradually flowed into it ; such as, by respecting themselves, would have taught the public to respect them. And this change would tend to correct the great mistake which yet lingers on the stage, after it has so long been exploded in literature, of the importance of titled patronage. The

conjoint effect of the dramatic censorship with the inducements to minister to aristocratic profligacy, produce a debasement of spirit, which extends to some who might and ought to feel themselves far above such servility, and which is quite out of place, time, and character. We have heard of that gifted creature, Miss Kelly, speaking of "her noble patron, the duke!" Why, what duke in the peerage is there who might not be improved by being under Miss Kelly's patronage? And Matthews—we blush for the dignity of talent on reading a recent speech of his at some theatrical-fund dinner, in which he actually boasted of an invitation to the table of the Prince of Waterloo, and of a nod from him in the street! What is the comparative rarity or worth of the talent of these two men? Society could furnish at least a hundred Wellingtons for one Charles Matthews. Military ability is the commonest and lowest species of talent. Great generals can always be furnished to order, in any number, and from all ranks in society. Nor can the art of destroying life have any natural or moral claims to superiority over the art of diffusing pleasure. Speaking of the ablest military combinations, Dr. Channing observes :

"Nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, in large views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalisation to the human mind and to society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanician, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly, great generals, away from the camp, are commonly no greater men than the mechanician taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Works of profound thinking on general and great topics they cannot comprehend. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents, but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say,

that he will leave the world without adding one new thought on the great themes on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages." *

True, the hero has, since these remarks were written, accomplished some achievements which men of more mind, but less will, would have shrunk from; but nothing that we know of, to raise him to the intellectual level of Charles Matthews, who probably would have emancipated the Catholics, and who probably would *not* have declared war against parliamentary reform. Let us hope to hear no more of this parasitical servility; destroy the monopoly,—and the actor, unless by his own choice, is only dependent upon the public. He must chiefly blame himself, should that continue to be a debasing dependence.

It is time to come to the work before us, which is a merited tribute to one of those—for such there have been, and are—who have signally triumphed over the evil influences to which we have adverted. Of such success Mrs. Siddons was an illustrious example. While she fascinated or overwhelmed by the blaze of her talents, she was also diligently working out her pecuniary independence, and commanding the respect due to an unquestionable and dignified character. It is alike due to her memory, to her art, and to society, that there should be some permanent record of what she was and did, so far as they are capable of being recorded. Glad were we to find that her biography was confided to such hands as those of the poet Campbell. "Mrs. Siddons' maiden name was Kemble. She was the daughter of Roger Kemble, the manager of a theatrical company that performed chiefly in the midland and the western towns of England; and of Sarah Ward, whose father was also a strolling manager."

They had a large family, and it was their earnest desire that their children should not follow their own avocation. As to most of them, this wish was baffled; a disappointment which we find continually occurring in theatrical history. Robert Owen tells us that we may do what we please with the characters of the next generation; we have *only* to arrange the circumstances by which those characters are formed. But "there's the rub." Roger

* Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Kemble would have thanked him for his secret; and so, many years afterwards, would Mrs. Siddons herself. By properly disposing all the circumstances, we might rear a tree which should perfectly correspond with a previous picture, even to the tip of every leaf. We are yet far from the requisite knowledge and power; we can only insure a few broad and general effects; and this is pretty nearly our condition as to the human plant. Even a simple negative result is often beyond us, as it was in the instance of the Kembles. Few of the succeeding generation would regret that parental anxiety had failed of extinguishing a whole theatrical constellation, to manufacture from the materials some indifferent sempstresses, schoolmistresses, lawyers, merchants, or Catholic priests.

Mrs. Siddons was born at Brecon, in North Wales, on the 5th July 1755. Of the very scanty memorials of her early youth, the following anecdote is the most interesting. Mr. Campbell gives it on her own (oral) authority as an illustration of "her confidence in the efficacy of prayer, or rather of the Prayer-Book."

"One day her mother had promised to take her out the following day to a pleasure party in the neighbourhood, and she was to wear a new pink dress, which became her exceedingly. But whether the party was to hold, and the pink apparel to be worn, was to depend on the weather of to-morrow morning. On going to bed she took with her her Prayer-Book, opened, as she supposed, at the prayer for fine weather, and she fell asleep with the book folded in her little arms. At daybreak she found that she had been holding the prayer for rain to her breast, and that the rain, as if Heaven had taken her at her word, was pelting at the windows. But she went to bed again with the book opened at the right place, and she found the mistake quite remedied, for the morning was as pink and beautiful as the dress she was to wear" (vol. i. pp. 35, 36). The double coincidence was really remarkable. We may not improbably ascribe to it some influence in the production of that respect for religion which Mrs. Siddons always felt. Another such occurrence, and the whole colour of her destiny might have been changed. She might have become a female Wesley, appealing to her personal experience of preternatural interference. Kembletonian, or Siddonian,

would have been a sounding name for a sect. The tale is pleasanter than many of the interpositions in the records of modern superstition; nor is their dark fanaticism half so credible as that the elements should go out of their way, and the heavens smile, to prevent a child's being disappointed of her promised enjoyment.

Mr. Siddons was an actor in Roger Kemble's company, and might not unreasonably make pretensions to the manager's daughter, who was then only seventeen, seeing that he was handsome, active, and of talent so versatile, that "his range of character extended from Hamlet to Harlequin." The Kembles, however, were as cantankerous as the Capulets; only it was Juliet, instead of Romeo, that was sent into banishment. Her attachment endured the ordeal, and in her nineteenth year she legally took the name which her yet undeveloped powers were to make a *name* of. We must here quote a portion of the narrative, because we are not quite satisfied with the biographer:

"Miss Kemble promised to marry him as soon as her father and mother's objections could be overcome. Meanwhile she agreed to go from home, and lived for some time under the protection of Mrs. Greethead, of Guy's Cliff, in Warwickshire. From a surviving member of that family I learn that she came into it in a dependent capacity, and, though she was much liked, that her great latent genius was not even suspected. It was observed, however, that she passionately admired Milton, and I have seen a copy of his works which the Greetheads presented to her at this period. This circumstance is at variance with a rumour often repeated, I have no doubt, with a charitable wish to make her early days appear as vulgar as possible, namely, that she went as a nursery-maid into the house at Guy's Cliff. Families rarely present their nursery-maids with copies of Milton's poetry; and, besides, there were at that time no children to be nursed in the Greethead family. Her station with them was humble, but not servile, and her principal employment was to read to the elder Mr. Greethead" (vol. i. pp. 50, 51).

Is not Mr. Campbell somewhat squeamish in these comments? And has not the same false delicacy made him pass over the washing and ironing in which Mrs. Siddons was so often obliged to spend her days at Liverpool? Is

he shocked at the mention of the muse of tragedy in the suds, and the queen of the drama darning? It is a foolish weakness that gives spite any advantage in the repetition of such tales. There is nothing in them but what was honourable at the time, and is interesting in the retrospect. What a beautiful story—though so miserably told by Mr. Boaden—is that of Mrs. Inchbald! And who loves her better than when she is scrubbing her staircase and sitting without a fire? Mrs. Siddons, as the family laundress, was by no means in her least dignified position. She was daring to “do all that may become” a woman, a self-relying woman, resolved to deserve and win respect. Such a woman cannot be *vulgar*. Nor could being a nursery-maid have made her so. We should have supposed that, even on the taffety principle, the amateur laundress was scarcely entitled to precedence over the professional nursery-maid. More shame for the nursery-maid employers if it be so! Think they less of influencing a child’s mind than of stiffening a shirt-collar? And what a notion of the much-vaunted English maternity is implied in this imputation of vulgarity to the occupation of a nursery-maid! We would not willingly have been the son of a mother who was capable of committing our infancy to the charge of one whose whole caste and calling she held in scorn. Out on such mothership! It is a far more *vulgar* thing than any menial occupation. It is gross, disgusting! If the functions must be divided, our nursery-maids are of more importance to us than our mothers; they are of more importance to us than our actors, lawyers, divines. They give the first twist to the twig. Miss Kemble’s “principal employment was to read to the elder Mr. Greethed.” It would have been more useful had it been to read to the junior Master Greethed. “Servile,” indeed! If the nurse be servile, what will the child become? These are the very persons to whom copies of Milton should be given. If families rarely do such a thing, why, then, Thomas Campbell, patriot and poet himself, should teach families that Milton is noble music for their young to grow to.

Mrs. Siddons’ first appearance in London was on the 29th December 1775, in the character of Portia. A newspaper next morning gave the following account:

“On before us tottered, rather than walked, a very

pretty, delicate, fragile-looking young creature, dressed in a most unbecoming manner, in a faded salmon-coloured saque and coat, and uncertain whereabouts to fix either her eyes or her feet. She spoke in a broken, tremulous tone; and at the close of a sentence her words generally lapsed into a horrid whisper that was absolutely inaudible. After her first exit, the buzzing comment went round the pit generally: 'She certainly is very pretty; but then, how awkward, and what a shocking dresser!' Towards the famous trial scene she became more collected, and delivered the great speech to Shylock *with the most critical propriety*; but still with a faintness of utterance which seemed rather the result of internal physical weakness than of a deficiency of spirit or feeling. Altogether the impression made upon the audience by this first effort was of the most negative nature" (vol. i. pp. 68, 69).

Mr. Campbell's wrath with the "vile newspaper critic" is only not quite so unreasonable as his horror at nursery-maid vulgarity. The description is graphic, and has every mark of being true to the writer's own impression, and not very far from the fact. The actress was ill and frightened; and, moreover, her capabilities had not yet become powers. Her nature belonged to a class which is always of slow development. If we may borrow a beautiful neologism of her biographer, we would say that her character, as well as her form, was "sculpturesque." Its qualities were broad, grand, simple, and productive of similar effects from almost every point of view. In these it resembled the statue rather than the painting, and required, like that, a more prolonged toil and laborious touch to accomplish its perfection. The rudiments of a majestic mind and heart may be visible in a child, but their maturity is ever late. For many long years after this period, Nature went on moulding and polishing the Siddons.

After occasionally walking the boards in subordinate characters, with little effect—though there were those who anticipated her future greatness—Mrs. Siddons was allowed, at the close of the season, to drop back quietly into the country. It was seven years before she reappeared in London. Of this event we have, happily, her own record:

"For a whole fortnight before this—to me—memorable day, I suffered from nervous agitation more than can be

imagined. No wonder ! for my own fate and that of my little family hung upon it. I had quitted Bath, where all my efforts had been successful ; and I feared lest a second failure in London might influence the public mind greatly to my prejudice, in the event of my return from Drury Lane disgraced as I formerly had been. In due time I was summoned to the rehearsal of *Isabella*. Who can imagine my terror ? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper ; but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a forgetfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circumstance. The countenances, no less than tears and flattering encouragements, of my companions, emboldened me more and more ; and the second rehearsal was even more affecting than the first. Mr. King, who was then manager, was loud in his applauses. This second rehearsal took place on the 8th of October 1782, and on the evening of that day I was seized with a nervous hoarseness, which made me extremely wretched ; for I dreaded being obliged to defer my appearance on the 10th, longing, as I most earnestly did, at least to know the worst. I went to bed, therefore, in a state of dreadful suspense. Awaking the next morning, however, though out of restless, unrefreshing sleep, I found, upon speaking to my husband, that my voice was very much clearer. This, of course, was a great comfort to me ; and, moreover, the sun, which had been completely obscured for many days, shone brightly through my curtains. I hailed it, though tearfully, yet thankfully, as a happy omen ; and even now I am not ashamed of *this*—as it may perhaps be called—childish superstition. On the morning of the 10th, my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored, and again '*the blessed sun shone brightly on me.*' On this eventful day my father arrived to comfort me, and to be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me ; and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly.

“ At length I was called to my fiery trial. I found my

venerable father behind the scenes, little less agitated than myself. The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around, may perhaps be imagined, but never can be described, and by me can never be forgotten.

“Of the general effect of this night’s performance I need not speak; it has already been publicly recorded. I reached my own quiet fireside, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself sat down to a frugal, neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short, and, laying down his knife and fork, lifted up his venerable face, and, throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour’s retrospection—who can conceive the intenseness of that review?—fell into a profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body” (vol. i. pp. 159-163).

Though this was only the introduction of an actress to a London life—dead and gone though all the parties be—and history may pass over the event as insignificant, and puritanism turn from it with supercilious pity, we think that heart is much to be grieved for which is not touched and strongly moved to sympathy by the narrative. It makes one forget that they are dead and gone, and that there are scales of importance in which the occurrence would be below zero. It throws us back in feeling to that long-past point of time; we look forward to the career of the heroine; and the illusion only breaks to leave us lamenting that the writer did not complete her autobiography, and comprise in the record, not only the annals of her art, but of her character; blending with the achievements which raised the actress to fame the discipline, whether self-imposed or of external influence, which trained the woman to the moral and intellectual dignity exhibited in these extracts, and of the degree of which they alone have made us fully aware.

The fifth chapter of the first volume might be entitled a chapter of anecdotes; many of them are from Mrs. Siddons' own memoranda. They relate to the times—and she was entitled to call them “glorious days”—when Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Windham, and Fox used to occupy the orchestra of Old Drury; when she sat to Sir Joshua for his celebrated picture of the Tragic Muse,—but which always seems to us more like Lady Randolph and the ghost of Douglas; when she first visited Edinburgh, and heard in the street a poor serving girl, with a basket of greens on her arm, say as she passed, “Ah! well do I ken that sweet voice, that made me greet sae sair yestreen;” and when she had the more questionable honour—without emolument—of being appointed preceptress in English reading to the princesses, and, consequently, her native dignity was brought into contrast with the barbarism and affectation of royal etiquette. For the propriety of these terms let the following anecdote vouch:

“I had very soon the honour of reading to their majesties in Buckingham House, and it occurred frequently. One could not appear in the presence of the queen except in a dress, not elsewhere worn, called a *saque* or *negligée*, with a hoop, treble ruffle, and lappets—in which costume I felt not at all at my ease. When I arrived at Buckingham House, I was conducted into an ante-chamber, where I found some ladies of my acquaintance; and in a short time the king entered from the drawing-room, in the amiable occupation of drawing the Princess Amelia, then scarce three years old, in a little cane chair. He graciously said something to one of the ladies, and left the lovely baby to run about the room. She happened to be much pleased with some flowers in my bosom, and, as I stooped down that she might take them if so disposed, I could not help exclaiming to a lady near me, ‘What a beautiful child! how I long to kiss her!’ when she instantly *held her little hand* to my mouth to be kissed; so early had she learnt this lesson of royalty. Her majesty was extremely gracious, and more than once during the reading desired me to take some refreshment *in the next room*. I declined the honour, however, though I had stood reading till I was ready to drop, rather than run the risk of falling down by walking

backwards out of the room—a ceremony not to be dispensed with—the flooring, too, being rubbed bright. I afterwards learnt from one of the ladies who was present at the time that her majesty had expressed herself surprised to find me so collected in so new a position, and that I had conducted myself as if I had been used to a court. At any rate, I had frequently personated queens” (vol. i. pp. 248-250).

“Handy dandy!” says Lear; “which is the justice, and which the thief?” And which, say we, is the true queen? and which boards, Buckingham House or Drury, most fitted for the tread of simulating foot? Would even the shilling gallery, although they had paid for the exhibition, have kept Mrs. Siddons thus pilloried in a saque, reading till she was fainting, and then graciously left her to calculate the alternative of dropping on the spot, or of achieving her escape by skating backwards into a more humane apartment? We can laugh at such a scene as happened upon a loyal-address occasion: four-and-twenty parsons, all in a row, bowing backwards till they bumped the wainscot; but a lady like Mrs. Siddons is no subject for such a practical joke. This portion of the story came out at the time in Peter Pindar’s *Ode upon Ode*. The remainder of it is far more melancholy. One’s heart chills and sickens at the baby in the go-cart offering Mrs. Siddons her hand to kiss. The poor little thing, to have her humanities stifled in conventionalism before she was out of leading-strings! Why must *any* children be condemned to such treatment as this? The predestined victim of the factory would have put up her round face and smiling mouth on such incitement. Alas for royalty!

The second volume opens with Mrs. Siddons’ *own* delineation of the character of Lady Macbeth. It is worth while studying, and appears to us to be a more accurate conception than that of her biographer. We entirely agree in her notion of the kind of personal beauty which best embodies the Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare. She thinks it should be “fair, feminine, nay, perhaps, even fragile;” a loveliness to hold in thrall, with the aid of superior intelligence, a hero of high honour and conscientious feeling, as Macbeth was, notwithstanding his ambition. Her mental daring and hardness require contrast rather than correspondence in her

form and features to produce the full dramatic effect. And this theory corresponds with the event. Her frame sinks under the pressure of mental agony, while the more robust constitution of Macbeth weathers the storm, and holds out to the end, through tremendous exertions. We can only quote a brief portion of this dissertation, which is entirely creditable to the judgment, taste, and intellect of the writer, with the exception of the unfounded fancy of Lady Macbeth's also seeing the ghost of Banquo at the banquet. How beautiful is the almost filial expression of her hope of the approval of the great bard! It seems as if the writer realised the conscious presence of his spirit, and in unaffected humility sought his sanction, as should a child that of a departed parent and guide.

"*The Third Act.* The golden round of royalty now crowns her brow, and royal robes enfold her form; but the peace that passeth all understanding is lost to her for ever, and the worm that never dies already gnaws her heart.

'Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is had without content;
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.'

"Under the impression of her present wretchedness, I, from this moment, have always assumed the dejection of countenance and manners which I thought accordant to such a state of mind; and though the author of this sublime composition has not, it must be acknowledged, given any direction whatever to authorise this assumption, yet *I venture to hope that he would not have disapproved of it.* It is evident, indeed, by her conduct in the scene which succeeds the mournful soliloquy, that she is no longer the presumptuous, the determined creature that she was before the assassination of the king: for instance, on the approach of her husband, we behold for the first time striking indications of sensibility, nay, tenderness and sympathy; and I think this conduct is nobly followed up by her during the whole of their subsequent eventful intercourse. It is evident, I think, that the sad and new experience of affliction has subdued the insolence of her pride and the violence of her will: for she now comes to seek him out that she may, at least, participate his misery. She knows, by her

own woful experience, the torment which he undergoes, and endeavours to alleviate his sufferings by the following inefficient reasonings :

‘How now, my lord ? Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making ?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With those they think on ? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What’s done, is done.’

“Far from her former habits of reproach and contemptuous taunting, you perceive that she now listens to his complaints with sympathising feelings ; and, so far from adding to the weight of his affliction the burden of her own, she endeavours to conceal it from him with the most delicate and unremitting attention. But it is in vain ; as we may observe in his beautiful and mournful dialogue with the physician on the subject of his cureless malady : ‘Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ?’ You now hear no more of her chidings and reproaches. No ; all her thoughts are now directed to divert his from those sorriest fancies, by turning them to the approaching banquet, in exhorting him to conciliate the good will and good thoughts of his guests, by receiving them with a disengaged air, and cordial, bright, and jovial demeanour. Yes ; smothering her sufferings in the deepest recesses of her own wretched bosom, we cannot but perceive that she devotes herself entirely to the effort of supporting him.

“Let it be here recollected, as some palliation of her former very different deportment, that she had, probably, from childhood commanded all around her with a high hand ; had uninterruptedly, perhaps, in that splendid station, enjoyed all that wealth, all that nature, had to bestow ; that she had, possibly, no directors, no controllers ; and that in womanhood her fascinated lord had never once opposed her inclinations. But now her new-born relents, under the rod of chastisement, prompt her to make palpable efforts in order to support the spirits of her weaker, and, I must say, more selfish husband. Yes ; in gratitude for his unbounded affection, and in commiseration of his sufferings, she suppresses the anguish of her heart, even while that anguish is precipitating her into the grave, which at this moment is yawning to receive her” (vol. ii. pp. 21-25).

From much theatrical record and criticism, all of which is pleasant reading, though the latter be not always convincing logic, we can only make room for a description of the death-scene of Queen Catherine in *Henry the Eighth*. It is part of a critique which Mr. Campbell conjectures to have been written by the late Mr. Terry. It bears the mark of a stage-artist, and shows by implication what variety of observation and of power, what nicety of touch, as it were, is required for the personation of a character, the outline of which is so much more simple than that of many dramatic heroines :

“There is one feature of her delineation of the sickness unto death which struck us as a remarkable indication of the superiority of her observations of nature, and her skill in the representation. Instead of that motionless languor and monotonous imbecility of action and countenance with which the commonplace stage pictures of sickness are given, Mrs. Siddons, with a curious perception of truth and nature peculiarly her own, displayed, through her feeble and failing frame, and death-stricken expression of features, that morbid fretfulness of look, that restless desire of changing place and position, which frequently attends our last decay. With impatient solicitude, she sought relief from the irritability of illness by often shifting her situation in her chair ; having the pillows on which she reposed her head every now and then removed and adjusted ; bending forward, and sustaining herself, while speaking, by the pressure of her hands upon her knees ; and playing, during discourse, amongst her drapery with restless and uneasy fingers ; and all this with such delicacy and such effect combined, as gave a most beautiful as well as most affecting portraiture of nature fast approaching to its exit.

“To select passages from this scene for particular admiration would be idle, where the whole so strongly calls for the revived attention of the mind to examine and reflect upon the minute and watchful skill by which every part was made to conduce to that wondrous general impression received while witnessing the performance. Yet, perhaps, those little touches which mark and preserve individuality of character start off in the strongest light of remembrance ; such as the indignant reproof with which she chides the rude and irreverent entrance of the messenger, and shows that, in her

dejected state, 'she will not lose her wonted greatness;' and the peculiar moral sweetness and royalty of manner with which she makes her last request:

'When I am dead,
Let me be used with honour. Strew me o'er
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife unto my grave!
Although unqueen'd, inter me like a queen;
And pay respect to that which I have been.'

"One additional beauty of her performance remains for us to notice: the astonishing nicety with which her powers are made gradually to decay from the beginning to the end of the scene; when her anxious directions to the Lord Campeius seem to have exhausted her; when 'her eyes grow dim,' and her bodily and mental powers but just suffice, as she is supported off, to lay upon her servants the last pathetic and solemn injunctions we have quoted.

"The oppressive truth of her representation in this scene is remarkably indicated by the minds of the audience being always so weighed down with the load of sorrow, tenderness, and respect, that it is not until she is no more seen, and reflection has relieved them from their sensations, that they ever once think of paying the customary tribute of applause, which then cannot be too long and loud; but in the course of the scene, the heart cannot once yield to or suffer the usual theatrical sympathy of the hands" (vol. ii. pp. 149-152).

It has not been our purpose in this article either to trace the events of Mrs. Siddons' life, or minutely analyse her character as an actress or as a woman, or to give a complete account of these volumes; but merely to introduce them to our readers by the expression of some of the thoughts which have been excited in our own minds, and the citation of some of the passages by which we have been most struck in the perusal. For the rest, we must refer to the book itself. We are obliged to pass over much which we should willingly have introduced; many characteristic, and therefore noble and beautiful, specimens of the biographer's style of writing and modes of thought; many illustrations of the effects which Mrs. Siddons produced, not only on the audience, but on the other performers; some touching instances of her deportment in private life, and the manner in which she sustained those calamities and bereavements which most

strongly try the feelings; and above all, the indications of her state of mind as she advanced towards and through the period of her professional retirement, of which she said, "In this last season of my acting, I feel as if I were mounting the first step of a ladder conducting me to the other world." We pass over these, to conclude with a few words on two topics which remain.

Mr. Campbell adverts to certain "allusions to the alleged infelicity of Mrs. Siddons as a married woman," and inserts the following letter to her husband in refutation of them:

"December 16, 1804.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am really sorry that my little flash of merriment should have been taken so seriously, for I am sure, however we may differ in trifles, *we can never cease to love each other*. You wish me to say what I expect to have done. I can expect nothing more than you yourself have designed me in your will. Be (as you ought to be) the master of all while God permits; but, in case of your death, only let me be put out of the power of any person living. This is all that I desire; and I think that you cannot but be convinced that it is reasonable and proper.—Your ever affectionate and faithful,
"S. S."

In spite of Mr. Campbell's italics, we could not read this letter without feeling the purpose for which he introduces it absorbed in a far more important and extensive consideration. Whence came the property which Mrs. Siddons deferentially and humbly requests Mr. Siddons not *so* to bequeath as to subject her to the control of others, at the close of her laborious life? We know nothing of the matter but what the book tells us; and from that it does not appear that Mr. Siddons could possibly be possessed of one single farthing for which he was not indebted to Mrs. Siddons. From their marriage to their removal to London, it is true that he was employed as an actor; but the inference is not very unsafe, that he earned no more than his portion of the family expenditure.

After that time he did nothing but go to Bath, or take her to Ramsgate, when she would rather have remained in London; and we chiefly hear, at one time, of his being full of anecdote, and at another of his being full of rheumatism. So far as the information goes, Mrs. Siddons was

the bee—a queen-bee she was ; and Mr. Siddons was the drone—but of whom she had to beg the legacy of an independent morsel of honey. Truly the hive has strange laws and customs ! Here is a woman of magnificent endowments, exerting her extraordinary powers with extraordinary success, and a mere pensioned idler is the lord of all her earnings, simply because he is a man and she is a woman. Work the Tiresian miracle upon both, and then see how the case stands. Suppose Mr. Siddons winning the laurels and the money, and then having to beg of Mrs. Siddons not to exercise her sovereign right over it, by leaving him in “the power of any person.” This would not do any where, except at Travancore, where perhaps it might come in the course of nature. The supposition is absurd and monstrous ; and so is the fact. Quite enough is woman debarred from the opportunity of honourably earning her means of support ; when she can and does earn them, it is barbarism to treat her like a Russian slave, whose titled master pockets the pence. If ever there have been people in the world whose money was their own, Mrs. Siddons was one ; and for the reversion of her own, law and custom made her a suppliant ! The true policy of society, and one of the surest means of bettering it, by improving the condition of women, would be to afford them every facility for acquiring more strength of mind and character, by rendering them more independent in pecuniary matters. Men will never be free while women are servile. And servile they must be, while they are trained to look to marriage as furnishing them with the means of support in idleness, or as depriving them of means of support accumulated by their own industry.

Mr. Campbell laments, and with reason, that in Mrs. Siddons’ performances the characters sketched by inferior dramatists were so much more frequent than those of Shakespeare. The responsibility for this rests, not with the actress, but with the managers, the public, and that aristocratical legislation which upheld, and still upholds, the monopoly by which the theatre is degraded and the public taste corrupted. In such a state of things, pre-eminent honour belongs to any actor whose talent and influence are directed towards rendering the finest productions of the great bard, restored to their purity, more

prominent at the large theatres. The passing away of the Kemble dynasty, whose last crowned one is said to have determined on depositing her regalia in the great republican receptacle of abdicated princes, has not left the boards without a qualified upholder of the *really* legitimate drama. Mr. Macready has of late enacted little but Shakespeare; and little but Shakespeare *should* be enacted by a man of mind so philosophic, of conception so just, of taste so delicate; with critical faculties so acute, and the sense of poetical appreciation so strong; and whose powers of personation and expression—though with some physical drawbacks—are so vast and varied. His representations of King John, Henry IV., Hamlet, Coriolanus, and Macbeth, well deserve the analysis of the finest criticism. Our memory is long enough to compare one point in the latter character with the acting of John Kemble. It occurs at the disappearance of the ghost of Banquo. Kemble's acting went on the assumption that the ghost was altogether a phantom of the brain. He plucked up courage while it was yet before him, folded his arms, walked up to it defyingly, and fairly drove it off the stage. Once he attempted to make the audience participate in his theory, by not allowing the ghost to rise at all, and addressing himself to the empty chair; but the audience thought a sight of the ghost was included in their bargain, and would have all they had paid for. Macready, on the contrary, supposes the external presence of the ghost; he cannot bear the sight of it; he covers his eyes in horror; and when his fearful glance at the haunted spot only falls on vacancy, he gazes all around in agonised and fluctuating apprehension, as if the awful presence must still be somewhere at the banquet, until he gradually becomes reassured:

“Why, so, being gone,
I am a man again.”

Now, this is the truth; Shakespeare's truth, that is. Kemble's version was a spice of modern philosophy. The tragedy is based upon the *reality* of the supernatural. We cannot subscribe to the doctrine of certain of the best critics we know, that Macbeth is an illustration of superstition. The hero believes nothing for which the poet does not vouch. He is deceived by the ambiguous promise of

the fiend; but it *was* a fiend that made the promise. The Weird Sisters are the Destinies of the play—the Scottish Fates. His error (according to Shakespeare) was in trusting the demons, not in believing them *to be* demons. Even Lady Macbeth,—an infidel of the age,—though she laughs at the ghost and the dagger, solemnly invokes those whose “sightless substances wait on nature’s mischief,” by the accredited mode of adjuration. We may perhaps even regard her as nerved, by their possession, for her daring crimes. Such possession held its place in religion and history long after the days of Elizabeth. Having said thus much of Macbeth, we cannot dismiss the play without observing, that we never saw a finer lyric poem than the countenance and action of Macready during the combat with Macduff. There was not the Kemble trick of the tinkling of the trembling sword against the crossed sword of his antagonist, but there was that rapid succession of the intensest emotions, pervaded by a concentrating energy, which characterises a noble Pindaric.

But the finest of Macready’s performances, which includes its being the finest thing that the British stage can at present exhibit, is *King Lear*. Mr. Campbell speaks of it as “masterly,” but complains that he missed John Kemble’s eyes. That were better than to have missed Macready’s brains and nerves. We have never seen a personation implying so much of the best intellectual and moral qualities combined with such artistical perfection. Without adverting to any particular beauty, or any of the many touches which made throats swell or tears flow, we would observe of the actor’s conception of the character, that, with a soul akin to that of the inspiring bard, he seized on the exact point and condition, in the natural history of mind and body, at which, and at which alone, the aged king and father secures our respect, pity, and sympathy, in the highest degree. It was said that Garrick would have turned in his grave with envy at the success of Mrs. Siddons’ Lady Macbeth; she would have wept and knelt to the power of Macready’s King Lear.

PARACELSUS.*

[*Monthly Repository*, 1835.]

THIS poem is what few modern publications either are or affect to be—it is *a Work*. It is the result of thought, skill, and toil. Defects and irregularities there may be, but they are those of a building which the architect has erected for posterity, and not the capricious anomalies of the wattled pleasure-house, which has served its turn when the summer day's amusement is over, and may be blown about by the next breeze, or washed away by the next torrent, to be replaced by another as fantastic and as transient. It was not written, nor is it to be read, *extempore*. This circumstance has sorely puzzled the critics, especially the weeklies, to whom by common consent the periodicals of a larger orbit seem to have abandoned the task of illumining the world of literature, of measuring its times and seasons, and chronicling its productions. They cannot comprehend how the perusal of poetry should be a thoughtful operation. That a drama should be a study is to their understandings a monstrosity. They would as soon think of making subjects for a surgeon of the figures of a phantasmagoria. Accustomed only to poems that come like shadows, so depart, they are startled out of their critical senses by one which boldly steps into the world like a thing of soul and substance, actually come to claim and maintain its place amongst realities. Put out of their track, neither feeling safe in praise nor in condemnation, they give a short dissatisfactory growl, and turn aside to hunt other game, which indeed is sufficiently abundant, and which they can chase, catch, and worry, *selon les règles* of their art, or, more correctly, according to the custom of their tribe. They stare at *Paracelsus* as did the doctors of his own day.

* *Paracelsus*. By Robert Browning.

And thus far, by implication, though not in purpose, their verdict is already given in favour of its being a work of genius, or else a worthless abortion: the world may find out which; and when the world has found it out, the critics will discover the reasons, and set them forth in learned dissertations. A lasting poem must have a great purpose, moral, political, or philosophical. Aimlessness is fatal; and even an erring aim is perilous. The world's heart is only to be won by love and worth. It will only enshrine and cherish for perpetuity the imagination which intelligence has directed to its good and glory. The bagatelles which it may willingly let live for a day, may have no aim beyond their own disportings; but a settled purpose, and the bending up of each mental agent to the feat, must characterise the productions which it will "not willingly let die." The author of *Paracelsus* has essayed the solution of one of those great enigmas which human life in its different phases presents. His *Paracelsus* is not a personification indeed, but an individualisation of humanity, in whom he exhibits its alternate conditions of aspiration and attainment. Truly here is something for the mind to grapple with; but the labour is only of that species which accords with the proper enjoyment of poetry, and which raises that enjoyment to its due degree of loftiness and intensity. *Paracelsus* left that sort of mingled reputation which exactly suited the author's purpose. It is neither too bad for a blessing nor too good for a curse. He had a right to assume that it might yet struggle into brightness, through all the clouds of obloquy by which it has been so long overshadowed. What says Dr. Uwins of him, in his very judicious and instructive outline of the history of medicine, recently delivered as an introductory lecture to his class?*

"At the close of the fifteenth century *Paracelsus* was born. He was a native of Switzerland, and soon became conspicuous as a bold innovator, ridiculing all that had gone before him, and making of medicine a sort of alchemic art. His converts were many; but the most learned and respectable physicians of the time continued to abide by the doctrines of Galen." Yet Galen had not the infallibility of inspiration or of science. "The simplicity of Hippo-

* At the Free Hospital, Greville Street, Hatton Garden; published in Dr. Ryan's *Medical Journal* for October.

crates," says Dr. Uwins, "he conspicuously interlarded with his own theories." The history of his influence in medicine is not unlike that of Aristotle amongst the schoolmen; in the time of Paracelsus it had become a mental tyranny, which a man might deserve well of the world for vigorously assailing. The man who first employed the stupendous powers of mercury and opium in his prescriptions, producing effects at which the learned and the illiterate alike stood amazed, crying out on miracle or magic, had some right to raise a standard of rebellion in his own province; while the demurring of "learned and respectable physicians" was only what happened a century afterwards to Harvey, with his discovery of the circulation of the blood. Not that we demur, for an instant, to the estimate of so able a judge on these matters as Dr. Uwins, or have any idea of doing battle for the medical glory of Paracelsus. We only show cause on behalf of the poet's selection. Further argument might be found in any biographical dictionary. The poem adheres to the broad outline of ascertained facts, of which it is the exposition, and out of which it constructs a beautiful and universal theory. Aureolus Paracelsus did start in life with an eager, pure, and elevated devotion to knowledge. He did spend many years in the East, making rich and varied acquisitions for the attainment of his purpose. In his reappearance, and in his professorship at Basil, he did, by the success of his practice and the boldness of his speculations, first excite astonishment, then attract reverence, confidence, and fanatical regard, and eventually draw down upon himself a fierce and stormy persecution. In the circumstances of his exile and death, and in the peculiarities of his opinions, the poet has scarcely, if at all, deviated from fact, but made historical truth the germ of those higher truths of poetry and philosophy of which, in this work, he conceived, and has we think realised, the development. *Paracelsus* is not a drama; and although generally in form a dialogue, is often in spirit a monologue, the other speakers being introduced as subservient to the delineation, by Paracelsus himself, of the several states of his mental being, which in their succession make up the history of his character, both in its individuality and as the symbolic representation of human nature. There is no action, there is no direct

exhibition of transition ; results only are presented. Each of the five acts or parts into which the poem is distributed, is the delineation, or at least is intended to be so, of a mental and moral condition, every one of which is markedly distinguished from the rest ; while yet there is a faithful preservation of individual identity, and sufficient indication of the necessary connection of cause and effect, and of the various agencies and influences which had continued their powerful and ceaseless operations during the unrecorded intervals.

Part the First, entitled "Paracelsus aspires," is a conversation between Paracelsus and Festus, his fellow-student and bosom friend, and Michal, the betrothed of Festus, in a garden in the environs of Würtzburg, on an autumnal evening of the year 1507 ; Paracelsus being about to set forth the following morning on his long and strange pilgrimage. He believes himself destined to the acquisition of *knowledge* infinitely more precious to the human race than any treasured in the annals of learning ; than any to be demonstrated by the logical apparatus of the geometer and the metaphysician, or to be extorted by the powers of magic from the meaner spirits of the invisible world. He maintains that truth is not to be found without us, but within us ; that it emanates from the soul outwards, as some propitious influence, some happy chance, opens its way through the covering with which "the gross flesh hems in perfect and true perception." So his enterprise is to learn, by communicating with humanity under all the diversified modifications of various regions, the laws by which the light of our own spirits is shrouded from us, and by which it may be set free to shed its beams on our being and our destiny. The nature, the feasibility, the moral lawfulness of the design are discussed between him and his friends, as they seem oftentimes to have been discussed before ; the argument not only winning the reader's interest in what is to follow, but eliciting a review of the youth and early impulses of Paracelsus ; and being beautifully tempered by emotions of tenderness, of melancholy foreboding, and of bold hopefulness, in the several characters. The genius of Paracelsus prevails ; his friends at last express, in answer to his appeal, their faith that he will realise his high purposes ; and he departs strong and expectant.

Part Second: "Paracelsus attains." Fourteen years have elapsed; years of ceaseless wandering, and toil, and observation, and inquiry, and multifarious attainment. Paracelsus is brought to a pause, and reviews his career, and estimates his condition, in a soliloquy which is nobly conceived, and not less nobly executed. He has learned much; but some deeply seated error makes his career essentially a failure. To the darkening melancholy of his retrospect there comes an harmonious interruption in the chantings of Aprile, the poet,—a human embodiment of the principle of love, as Paracelsus is of the desire for knowledge. He, too, has been an adventurer for the well-being of humanity; he has failed, and is the martyr of his own devotedness. From his death-song, which he breathes in the arms of Paracelsus, the latter learns the extent of his own mistake, in having hitherto looked exclusively to the merely intellectual powers as the agencies of man's exaltation and happiness, and *attains* the conviction that *to love* must, not less than *to know*, characterise the emancipator of the human race from the worst evils of their destiny.

Part Third (1526). Paracelsus has returned from the far East to Europe, determined, in the spirit of his last and great attainment, forthwith to disseminate whatever truths he has ascertained, and apply them to the purposes of philanthropy. The Continent rings with his reputation. His cures are deemed miraculous. His doctrines are received as oracular. He is triumphantly installed as Professor of Medicine at Basil, and regarded as the herald of an advance in all that relates to man's physical condition, analogous to the great reformation in religion then achieving by Luther and his associates. A similar excitement prevails. The author presents him to us in the evening, after one of those ebullitions of popular admiration which generally attended his lectures. Only Festus is with him, in his chamber. It is the first time they have met since the aspirant left Würtzburg to commence his career and fulfil his mission. Their conversation continues through the night. Paracelsus lays bare his heart, not with the scientific coolness of a demonstrator repeating a dissection, but in its living anatomy. Many parts of this dialogue are dramatic in a high degree, and remind us of those tones or looks by which Kean, as if by sudden

inspiration, would burn into the very soul. Paracelsus is not what he purposed, and was made to be. Discoverer, philanthropist, reformer, he yet cannot help man as he would, and turns with loathing from the paltry honours which the world, and even his friend, thinks an amazing success and glory. He feels their hollowness; he foresees their speedy reversal. The anticipated misanthropy of baffled benevolence is upon him in its bitterness. He would look on men with the eyes of intelligent love, and be gladdened by a responsive gaze; but he cannot bear the blindness of his disciples' admiration and of his foes' hostility. Festus departs, in sadness and sore perplexity, with the implied promise of being recalled should the spirit of Paracelsus ever recover its pristine trust, and hope, and energy.

"Paracelsus aspires:" such is the title of the fourth part, as of the first. Two short years, and Festus is summoned to his side. The tide has turned at Basil. The popular professor is hunted out as a disgraced quack, whom every reptile may insult, and every dunce despise. Paracelsus is in the world's martyrology of those whom society brands and blasts for their benevolence; whom it cannot forgive for advancing with a quicker pace, and for attempting to quicken its own march; on whose devoted heads it pours all the vials of envy, hatred, contempt, and deadly persecution. In the tumult of his soul there dimly shines the star of a renovated hope. Hitherto he has aimed at being something apart from humanity; he would be a benefactor, but not himself identified with the benefited. He has not realised men's feelings, noted how even their prejudices and hatreds belong to the working out of the capabilities of their nature,—made himself as one of them, without intolerances and superiorities, and seen the great laws of physical and moral being evolving the progressive tendencies of the entire human race. This has he now to learn, and after it his spirit gropes and plunges, like a man in danger of drowning in a dark and stormy sea. However impressive in itself, and masterly in execution, we doubt whether the author's purpose be sufficiently distinct in this part. He rather describes the mind of his hero in its state of transition than in that of aspiration.

Part Five: "Paracelsus attains." Thirteen more years

have passed away. Festus is by the deathbed of Paracelsus, in a cell in the hospital of St. Sebastian at Salzburg, watching for a moment of consciousness, and wrestling with God on the destiny of his friend. The opening of this scene is deeply affecting; but we continue to abstain from extract, that we may have room for a considerable portion of the conclusion. Paracelsus revives; he apprehends that the presence of Festus is an intimation to him of his "last mission;" he calls for the robes in which he had been accustomed to lecture, rising with supernatural energy from his bed:

"This couch shall be my throne; I bid this cell
Be consecrate; this wretched bed become
A shrine; for here God speaks to men through me."

Our quotation must commence with his delineation of the happiness of the Spirit of the Universe in its harmonious modifications:

"Nay, dare I say,
In every pore of this fast-fading frame
I felt I knew what God is, what we are,
What life is—how God tastes an infinite joy
In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss,
From whom all being emanates, all power
Proceeds; in whom is life for evermore,
Yet whom existence in its lowest form
Includes; where dwells enjoyment, there is He!
With still a flying point of bliss remote—
A happiness in store afar—a sphere
Of distant glory in full view; thus climbs
Pleasure its height for ever and for ever!
The centre-fire heaves underneath the earth,
And the earth changes like a human face;
The molten ore bursts up among the rocks—
Winds into the stone's heart—outbranches bright
In hidden mines—spots barren river-beds—
Crumbles into fine sand where sunbeams bask—
God joys therein! The wroth sea's waves are edged
With foam, white as the bitten lip of Hate,
When in the solitary waste strange groups
Of young volcanoes come up, Cyclops-like,
Staring together with their eyes on flame:
God tastes a pleasure in their uncouth pride!
Then all is still: earth is a wintry clod;
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it; rare verdure
Buds here and there upon rough banks, between
The wither'd tree-roots and the cracks of frost,

Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face ;
 The grass grows bright, the boughs are swol'n with blooms,
 Like chrysalids impatient for the air ;
 The shining dorrs are busy ; beetles run
 Along the furrows, ants make their ado ;
 Above, birds fly in merry flocks—the lark
 Soars up and up, shivering for very joy ;
 Afar the ocean sleeps ; white fishing-gulls
 Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
 Of nested limpets ; savage creatures seek
 Their loves in wood and plain ; and God renews
 His ancient rapture ! Thus He dwells in all,
 From life's minute beginnings, up at last
 To man—the consummation of this scheme
 Of being—the completion of this sphere
 Of life : whose attributes had here and there
 Been scatter'd o'er the visible world before,
 Asking to be combined—dim fragments, meant
 To be united in some wondrous whole—
 Imperfect qualities throughout creation,
 Suggesting some one creature yet to make—

* * * * *

And man appears at last : so far the seal
 Is put on life : one stage of being complete,
 One scheme wound up ; and from the grand result
 A supplementary reflux of light
 Illustrates all the inferior grades, explains
 Each back step in the circle : not alone
 The clear dawn of those qualities shines out,
 But the new glory mixes with the heaven
 And earth. Man, once descried, imprints for ever
 His presence on all lifeless things—the winds
 Are henceforth voices, wailing or a shout,
 A querulous mutter, or a quick gay laugh—
 Never a senseless gust now man is born."

After some varied and most poetical illustration, the author continues :

"And this to fill us with regard for man,
 Deep apprehension of his passing worth,
 Desire to work his proper nature out,
 To ascertain his rank and final place.
 For all these things tend upward—progress
 The law of life—man is not man as yet :
 Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
 Attained, his genuine strength put fairly out,
 While only here and there a star dispels
 The darkness—here and there a towering mind
 O'erlooks its crawling fellows : when the host
 Is out at once to the despair of night,

When all mankind is perfected alike,
 Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
 Begins the general infancy of man ;
 For wherefore make account of feverish starts
 Of restless members of a dormant whole—

* * * *

When all the race is perfected alike
 As *man*, that is : all tended to mankind,—
 And, man produced, all has its end thus far ;
 But incompleted man begins anew
 A tendency to God. Prognostics told
 Man's near approach ; so in man's self arise
 August anticipations, symbols, types
 Of a dim splendour ever on before,
 In the eternal circle life pursues :
 For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
 To have new hopes and cares, which fast supplant
 Their proper joys and griefs ; they grow too great
 For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
 Before unmeasur'd thirst for good ; while peace
 Rises within them ever more and more.
 Such men are even now upon the earth—
 Serene amid the half-form'd creatures round,
 Whom they should save and join with them at last :
 Such was my task, and I was born to it—
 Free, as I said but now, from much that chains
 Spirits high-dower'd, but limited and vex'd
 By a divided and delusive aim—

* * * *

Yet constituted thus, and thus endow'd,
 I fail'd ; I gazed on power till I grew blind.
 Power : I could not take my eyes from that—
 That only was to be preserved, increased
 At any risk ; display'd, struck out at once—
 The sign, and note, and character of man.
 I saw no use in the past : only a scene
 Of degradation, ugliness, and tears ;
 The record of disgraces best forgotten ;
 A sullen page in human chronicles,
 To be erased : I saw no cause why man
 Should not be all-sufficient even now ;
 Or why his annals should be forced to tell
 That once the tide of light about to break
 Upon the world was seal'd within its spring,
 Although my own name led the brightness in :
 I would have had one day, one moment's space,
 Change man's condition, push each slumbering claim
 To mastery o'er the elemental world
 At once to full maturity : then roll
 Oblivion o'er its work, and hide from man

What night had usher'd morn. Nor so, dear child
 Of after days, wilt thou reject the Past,
 Big with deep warnings of the proper tenure
 By which thou hast the earth : for thee the Present
 Shall have distinct and trembling beauty, seen
 Beside its shadow—whence, in strong relief,
 Its features shall stand out ; nor yet on thee
 Shall burst the future, as successive zones
 Of several wonder open on some spirit
 Flying secure and glad from heaven to heaven ;
 But hope, and fear, and love shall keep thee man !
 All this was hid from me : as one by one
 My dreams grew dim, my wide aims circumscribed—
 As actual good within my reach decreased,
 While obstacles sprung up this way and that,
 To keep me from effecting half the sum,
 Small as it proved : as objects, mean within
 The primal aggregate, remain'd alone
 Of all the company, and, even the least,
 More than a match for my concentrated strength—

* * * * *

What wonder if I saw no way to shun
 Despair ? for power seem'd shut from man for ever.
 In this conjuncture, as I pray'd to die,
 A strange adventure made me know One Sin
 Had spotted my career from its uprise ;
 And as the poor melodious wretch disburthen'd
 His heart, and moan'd his weakness in my ear,
 I learn'd my own deep error : love's undoing
 Taught me the worth of love in man's estate,
 And what proportion love should hold with power
 In his right constitution—love preceding
 Power—with much power always much more love ;
 Love still too straiten'd in its present means,
 And earnest for new power to set it free.
 I learn'd this, and supposed the whole was learn'd ;
 And thus, when men received with stupid wonder
 My first revealings—would have worship'd me—
 And I despised and loathed their proffer'd praise ;
 When, with awaken'd eyes, they took revenge
 For past credulity, in casting shame
 On my real knowledge—and I hated them—
 It was not strange I saw no good in man,
 To overbalance all the wear and waste
 Of faculties display'd in vain, but born
 To prosper in some better sphere ; and why ?
 In my own heart love had not been made wise
 To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind—
 To know even hate is but a mask of love's ;
 To see a good in evil, and a hope

In ill-success ;—to sympathise—be proud
 Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, struggles
 Dimly for truth—their poorest fallacies,
 And prejudice, and fears, and cares, and doubts ;
 All with a touch of nobleness, for all
 Their error ; all ambitions, upward tending,
 Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
 But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
 And do their best to climb and get at him ;
 All this I knew not, and I fail'd ; let men
 Regard me, and the poet dead long ago
 Who loved too rashly ; and shape forth a third,
 And better-temper'd spirit, warn'd by both ;
 As from the over-radiant star, too mad
 To drink the light-springs, beamless thence itself—
 And the dark orb which borders the abyss,
 Ingulf'd in icy night—might have its course,
 A temperate and equidistant world :
 Meanwhile I have done well, though not all well.
 As yet men cannot do without contempt—
 'Tis for their good, and therefore fit awhile
 That they reject me, and speak scorn of me ;
 But after they will know me well : I stoop
 Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
 But 'tis but for a time ; I press God's lamp
 Close to my breast—its splendour, soon or late,
 Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge one day.
 You understand me ? I have said enough ?

Fest. Now die, dear Aureole !

Par.

Festus, let my hand—

This hand—lie in your own—my own true friend !

Aprile ! hand in hand with you, Aprile !

Fest. And this was Paracelsus !”

Having endeavoured to convey some notion of the purpose and plan of this masterly poem, we will add a few words on the execution, only premising that the character of Festus is itself a study. Though subordinate, he is not insignificant. He is no mere man of straw, or walking gentleman, introduced to break a long soliloquy. True to his own conceptions of right and wrong, and yet faithful to the extraordinary being who never fails to command his reverence and puzzle his comprehension, he is an embodied commentary on Paracelsus, which might very well be adopted by a respectable critic, and save trouble. Michal is a lovely sketch. Aprile only appears to die, like the swan, in melody ; but the melody is very exquisite. We must extract the following love-dream :

"*Apr.* I would love infinitely, and be loved.
First : I would carve in stone, or cast in brass,
The forms of earth. No ancient hunter lifted
Up to the gods by his renown ; no nymph
Supposed the sweet soul of a woodland tree,
Or sapphirine spirit of a twilight star,
Should be too hard for me ; no shepherd-king,
Regal for his white locks ; no youth who stands
Silent and very calm amid the throng,
His right hand ever hid beneath his robe
Until the tyrant pass ; no law-giver ;
No swan-soft woman, rubbed with lucid oils,
Given by a god for love of her—too hard !
Every passion sprung from man, conceived by man,
Would I express and clothe in its fit form,
Or show repressed by an ungainly form,
Or blend with others struggling in one form.
Oh, if you marvelled at some mighty spirit
With a fit frame to execute his will—
Even unconsciously to work his will—
You should be moved no less beside some strong,
Bare spirit fettered to a stubborn body,
Endeavouring to subdue it, and inform it
With its own splendour ! All this I would do,
And I would say, this done, ' His spirit's created.
God grants to each a sphere to be his world,
Appointed with the various objects needed
To satisfy his own peculiar wants ;
So I create a world for these my shapes
Fit to sustain their beauty and their strength !'
And at the word, I would contrive and paint
Woods, valleys, rocks, and plains, dells, sands, and wastes,
Lakes which, when morn breaks on their quivering bed,
Blaze like a wyvern flying round the sun ;
And ocean-isles so small, the dog-fish tracking
A dead whale, who should find them, would swim thrice
Around them, and fare onward—all to hold
The offspring of my brain. Nor these alone—
Bronze lab'riths, palace, pyramid, and crypt,
Baths, galleries, courts, temples, and terraces,
Marts, theatres, and wharfs—all filled with men !—
Men every where ! And this performed, in turn,
When those who looked on pined to hear the hopes,
And fears, and hates, and loves which moved the crowd,
I would throw down the pencil as the chisel,
And I would speak : no thought which ever stirred
A human breast should be untold ; all passions,
All soft emotions, from the turbulent stir
Within a heart fed with desires like mine—
To the last comfort, shutting the tired lids
Of him who sleeps the sultry noon away
Beneath the tent-tree by the way-side well :

And this in language as the need should be,
 Now poured at once forth in a burning flow,
 Now piled up in a grand array of words.
 This done, to perfect and consummate all,
 Even as a luminous page links star to star,
 I would supply all chasms with music, breathing
 Mysterious motions of the soul, no way
 To be defined save in strange melodies.
 Last, having thus revealed all I could love,
 Having received all love bestowed on it,
 I would die : having preserved throughout my course
 God full on me, as I was full on men.
 He would approve my prayer—' I have gone through
 The loveliness of life ; create for me,
 If not for men—or take me to thyself,
 Eternal, infinite Love ! ' ”

There is another description of like beauty, of love working with bounded means. A few lyrics are interspersed, which are distinguished by a luscious sweetness of imagery and versification. But we have cited enough to show the intense poetical sense which the author combines with strong powers of thought. One beauty, of which there are many instances, cannot be exhibited in extract ; it is, the touching allusiveness, towards the close of the poem, to the scenery and circumstances of the early life of Paracelsus, as indicated at the commencement. In many instances, too, there is an exquisite adaptation of metaphorical illustration to sentiment and character ; so exquisite, that we cannot imagine how a few violations of this harmony which occur should have escaped the author's correction, or ever have flowed from his pen at all. The argument in the first part of the poem, and some subsequent passages, would bear condensation, and be improved even in clearness by the avoidance of an amplification and repetition which is rhetorical rather than poetical.

Our task has been performed rather as expositors than as judges. To take up a book, and that book a poem, with real mental matter in it, is a novelty which calls more for announcement than for criticism. Would that we had oftener occasion for the implied praise and admiration which belong to the record of such a fact ! But few writers will aspire to earn it, so long as the many, who read only to be passively amused, merely gaze on their volumes with drowsy attention and “ lack-lustre eye,” waiting for the expected

excitement. Yet, though possessing little of that species of stimulus which gains sudden popularity, there is abundance of a higher and stronger stimulus in this poem. We now leave it to speak for itself, and fancy it coming into the world, as Brutus did into the rostrum, with the appeal, "Censure me in your judgments; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge."

WARNINGS TO THE TORIES.

ADDRESSED TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

[*Monthly Repository*, 1835.]

FROM time to time, my Lord Duke, the rumour comes abroad that you are about to play over again the game of last November, and that we shall soon have another dismissal of Ministers, and another dissolution of Parliament. For the sake of those institutions of which you profess to be the champion, for the sake of the party that looks up to you as its leader, nay, for your own sake, it behoves you to beware. You have the power, no doubt; but it will be exercised the second time with far more peril than it was the first. Repeated offences against even that tame and forgiving creature, the British public, are not now to be committed with impunity. It may be that whenever you so please there will be a renewal of that anomalous exercise of the royal prerogative by which the king's responsible advisers have once been changed, with no adviser who was responsible for the change. Or it may be that, at your Grace's signal, a majority of Tory lords and Tory bishops will confer a more decorous form on such a change, by rejecting or mutilating one or other of the great and beneficial measures now in progress. But in either case the mischief will lie at your door. The people will know whom to curse; and accursed you will be held by millions of your countrymen: by the millions of Great Britain, and the yet more deeply injured millions of your native island, fierce in the bitterness of blasted hopes, the moment after those hopes began to brighten. It is well for a man to calculate carefully before he makes himself the object of such feelings as will fix themselves on you

should there be another counter-revolution in his majesty's councils. Moral offences have ere now become legal ones *after* their commission. There are provocations so great that they reconcile men's feelings to that *ex post facto* judgment which in ordinary cases is abhorred as injustice. This may seem an unworthy consideration for a hero; but your Grace's laurels have been won rather by wielding the baton of the general than the sabre of the soldier, and generals are often men of calculation. I believe you to be so, according to your ability. I wish to assist your calculations.

Suppose Lord Melbourne and his coadjutors again kicked down-stairs, the question will instantly occur which you yourself put on the Reform Bill, "How is his majesty's government to be carried on?" Do you intend to govern with the present House of Commons? Truly that seems an heroic undertaking. A tolerable trial has been made already. Beaten on the Speakership—beaten on the Address—beaten on the London University Charter—and finally and decisively beaten on the Irish Church question—there is little reason for your party to expect any thing but more beating until the dose shall be sufficient. There are no middle men to win over; you have had them, and much good they did you. The time has been, since the passing of the Reform Act, when you might have cajoled some wrong-headed Radicals into a temporary coöperation; but that time has gone by for ever. It would have ended then with the turn-out of the Whigs; it will not now begin with that. With the Whigs themselves you are in a position which is fortunate for the country. Your quarrel with them has gone too far to be patched up.

"Never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep."

Between them and you there is now a gulf fixed which no sacrifice of a patriot, or of a host of patriots, can fill up. To them your touch is disgrace and destruction. What, then, do you dream of doing? You must dissolve Parliament.

But there is the Corporation Reform Bill, my Lord Duke; what will you do meanwhile with the Corporation Reform Bill? Will you pass it in the vain hope of pur-

chasing popularity for the elections? Why, the enforced and hollow boon will augment the strength of the Reformers arrayed against you. Will you reject it? The consequent excitement will give them yet greater strength. Any way, your party must come to the poll under less favourable circumstances than they did in January last. The Whig and Radical coalition was then only in embryo; now it is firm and compact.

Another election will go far towards absorbing Whiggism into Radicalism. The last contest was chiefly fatal to the undecided and temporising. The next will be yet more so. Even should you gain a few more votes, you will have to encounter an opposition of a more stern and vigorous character than that which so recently wrested the reins of government from your hands. You cannot rule the country by means of a House of Commons chosen under the Reform Act, provided the people be in a state of excitement; and into that state they will assuredly be put by the prospect of your return to power. It might have been done with a little more patience. You should have allowed the Whigs to go on a few years longer, supporting them in every unpopular measure, but leaving the odium to fall on their heads. They might have been caught in that snare. They had begun themselves to think of the possibility of your partial return to office. The blue-and-buff feelers had been put forth. The germs of corruption in the Reform Act would also have ripened rapidly. The little constituencies would yearly have become less, and in the inverse proportion vendible. Your time would have come fast enough; but, thanks to the rapacity of faction, you could not wait. You have thrown away your chance of again ruling, for a time, through a corrupt House of Commons. What, then, will you do? Govern without one? Supersede representation—put the press under a censorship—and reduce the country to a proper monarchy? Ay, there the boldest of your tribe must let “I dare not wait upon I would.” And yet to that, or to convulsion, must the nation be inevitably brought by the revival of Tory domination. If you have any insight into futurity, my Lord Duke, this is the prospect you must contemplate. You once shrunk, or professed to shrink, from civil war in Ireland. This would be a more fearful struggle. The fortunes of your party were not then so desperate. Have you

become desperate with them? Will you risk your own revenues and station for the Tithe Tax and the Pension List? It is not wise of you. In the dread convulsion you would occasion, thunderbolts would fall against which laurels would be no protection. But it will not come to this. The approaches towards military despotism would be too closely watched, too promptly encountered, for there to be any danger of the blood-shedding and violent revolution which must be its result.

There is another way of looking at this subject. Suppose the elections got over according to your most sanguine hopes; suppose a House of Commons, thoroughly corrupt and easily managed, let Sir Robert Peel lead it whithersoever he will, with a majority of two to one at his back and beck. Has it ever occurred to you to inquire what the effect of such a state of things would be on public opinion? to what points it would be directed, in what course it would flow, and what changes it would eventually realise? It is not difficult to predict. In the first place, there would be a general conviction of the necessity for another and more sweeping measure of Parliamentary Reform. This conviction prevails now to no very limited extent. It has been rapidly extending, even while there was not much apprehension of Toryism. A year of your Parliament would not pass before petitions for Triennial or Annual Parliaments, Household or Universal Suffrage, and the Ballot, would be pouring in from all quarters. The active advocates of these measures, or at least of Triennial Parliaments, Household Suffrage, and the Ballot, are even now as formidable as was the whole body of Parliamentary Reformers in 1830. A single Tory Parliament would give them the preponderance in the next Parliament. They would carry the first election which took place. And the first session would carry these measures. And where would you then be, my Lord Duke? With the peers, your compeers. And where would they be? "Echo answers, Where?" Certainly they would not long be—in opposition to the Commons. Another effect of your brief reign would be to bring the privileges of the House of Peers into lively discussion, as a practical question, of immediate interest. The subject is afloat already. Hereditary legislation is a broad and standing mark, which the

shafts of those who "shoot folly as it flies" could not have failed to hit long ago, had it not been veiled by the corruption of the Commons. So long as the born legislators had a commanding influence in the appointment of the chosen legislators, there was little to bring their own aptitude into question. It is a very different thing to have to endure a permanent contrast with the objects of popular choice. It is still worse to be regarded as a fatal obstacle to almost all the public good which is aimed at by those who are so chosen. The return of your party to power will be the death-warrant of the House of Lords. The people have made up their minds to be efficiently represented in the House of Commons, and they will then learn that they cannot realise that desire while the House of Lords exists as an independent branch of the legislature. The inquiry will promptly be entered into in a business-like manner, how long your Lordships are to be allowed to stop the way? It is not wise in those who identify wisdom with the security of class-interests to provoke such an inquiry; because the reverence for hereditary legislation, like some people's religion, rests on faith rather than reason, and requires a considerable "prostration of the understanding." The notion is become popular that law-making is a work requiring no small share of ability and information to do it to any good purpose, or even to avoid the production of great mischief. It is thought that the needful talent does not come by inheritance. It is seen that even created lords do not always owe their privileged being to the wisdom manifested by them in their pre-existent state, but to some of many thousand circumstances quite independent, acting on the mind of the king, their maker. It is strongly doubted whether some be born with a capacity which any education whatever can manufacture into a useful legislative capacity; and it is also strongly doubted whether the course of instruction at the universities be at all adapted to train the very best capacities to fitness for the public service in the functions of legislation. There is also a disposition to speculate on moral influences, and to inquire into the disqualifying effect of sinister interests upon those whose task is professedly the promotion of the common good. It is asked whether the peers, as a body, have a perfect identity of interest with

the community. All this is certainly *theoretical*, and, as such, very likely to have been let alone by such a matter-of-fact people as we are; nevertheless, ever since the rejection of the Reform Bill by your House, the question has been allowed to possess a mixed character; and there wants nothing but another Tory restoration to make it entirely practical and very urgent. The arguments, my Lord Duke, are all very simple and ready made; they are piled up in heaps like cartridges, and are as easy to handle. There is only to distribute them: "prime, load, present, fire;" and there you all are, logically blown to atoms. Now, the universal logic of a people has some force in it; as much, it may be, as the *ratio ultima* of kings. Are you prepared for this consequence, which will certainly follow should you persist? Could you face the disbanded peerage coming out, some afternoon, from the Hall in which they had been cashiered, each one shrugging his shoulders and saying, "For this we may thank Wellington! Would he had died at Waterloo!"

You are the champion of the Church, my Lord Duke, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford. To be sure there is something in this of what Bentham would have called the risibility-exciting aptitude. There are those who doubt whether you can construe your own diploma without your chaplain's help. No doubt they scandalise; and I think it may safely be averred, that your religion is equal to your learning. The theological exhibitions which you have thought it your official duty to make since your instalment are perfectly amazing. You first detected the atheism of the Dissenters, and announced the Thirty-nine Articles to be the articles of Christianity. Your name alone excited as much enthusiasm at Oxford as did "the bishops" and "the ladies" together, on a recent occasion at Cambridge.* And no wonder; for, in the visions of the holy and hopeful sons of clerical expectancy, you appear like Banquo's ghost, with a glass, in which they behold bishops and ladies in long and beautiful perspective.

* "Whenever the tenants of the southern gallery—occupied by the undergraduates in the Senate House, at the installation of Marquis Camden—were at a loss for a subject on which to exercise their lungs, they fell back upon the bishops and the ladies, as, in theatrical phrase, good stock pieces."—*Morning Chronicle*.

Now, it can scarcely be doubted that the reinstatement of your party will sharpen the edge of the controversy on Church Reform to an unprecedented degree of keenness. You turned the Whigs out before on the Irish Church question, and so converted them, practically, to the appropriation principle. You will convert them to something more next time. Depend upon it, that if there be any attempt to go on without realising some practical good for the Irish people out of the revenues of the sinecure Protestant Establishment in that country, without conceding to nearly their full extent the claims of the Dissenters, and without a broad measure of English Church Reform, the cry of separation between Church and State will become a popular and enduring cry, and one which eventually must prevail. In no other way can that cry be hushed, even for a brief period. Nothing keeps it down but the confidence of the Dissenters in the present Administration, combined with the earnest desire of all enlightened politicians that the ecclesiastical funds should be turned to account for the good of the community, and not be sacrificed in the scramble and confusion of the abrupt destruction of the alliance of Church and State. To see your party again in power will make both these classes desperate. They are not to be trifled with. You will bind together the Radicals and the Dissenters out of the House, as fast as you have bound together the Whigs and the Radicals in the House. You will direct the one power against the Church, and the other power against the peerage. You are a blind Samson, my Lord Duke, pulling down the pillars of the temple which you purpose to uphold. The mischief of it is, not that you must fail to sustain them, but that you will occasion their precipitate fall in the worst way for all parties.

Nor is this all. You will bring into discussion a topic which has yet been scarcely touched. Not a twelvemonth can you remain in office without stirring up men's minds to think, and their tongues to talk, and their pens to write, on the utility or inutility of monarchy itself. It will not do again, and so soon too, for a great public calamity to be ascribed to the irresponsible volition of the sovereign. It will not do again to make the throne a shield for Toryism against public reprobation. The royal veto on Acts of Parliament has long been practically defunct. No one

doubts that any attempt to revive it would be perilous. And yet the royal choice of Ministers had become as completely a mere form as the veto. It had, substantially, devolved on Parliament. To call it into exercise as a personal, irresponsible power, is to raise a thousand questionings that would have been dormant for generations to come. Personal caprice will not be endured as a preponderating element in the government of a great nation. You will make the tongues of millions demand why the partialities of one man should prevail against their desires, their interests, their prospects. You will create a republican party. O'Connell was praising hereditary monarchy to a multitude the other day, and telling them that the security of the cottage was preserved by the stability of the throne. You will make the O'Connells of next year, or the year after, speak a different language. You will make them demand whether cottages be more secure in England than in America; and you will hear the response in thunder. Oh, if the king understood his own interests and those of his successors—if, indeed, the condition of royalty be a real interest to its possessors—he would shun you, your counsels, and your party, as a pestilence. He would recall, if possible, the days when all voices were loud in the laudation of William the Reformer. He would revive the feeling of the time when it was said that in France a man had been exalted into a king, but that in England a king had been exalted into a *man*. Take pity, my Lord Duke, on monarchy. Deprive it not of its best lustre. The twenty-first of August is approaching; blot it not in the people's calendar. Your minions have announced it for the day of your restoration. If it be, the birthday of your new power will shine on a formidable twin. The spirit of republicanism will come into this our British world at the same moment. Its rapid growth will soon defy your bayonets and cannon, your laws and prisons. The present conflicts of parties will seem a petty strife to the war of opinion which will then ensue; and when opinions become republican, it will not be very long before the empire will become a republic. Whether the placing representation on the broadest basis, abolishing the aristocratical privilege of hereditary legislation, entirely disconnecting the Church from the State, and even modifying the executive power, would be the good

which many think, or the mischief which you suppose, is not the question. That to force on the premature and heated discussion of these topics would be an enormous evil, there can be no question. And forced on it must be by the success of your party. Let us then go on quietly. We know you are a great man and a wonderful conqueror. We know you beat Napoleon, and that you are a Duke and a Prince, and have had prodigious estates given you both in this and other countries. We know you are a great favourite with the bishops, and the universities, and the despots of the Holy Alliance. You have adventured most successfully in the great lottery, and been a marvellously fortunate fellow. Sit down in peace, and leave us in peace. You are not qualified for a statesman. The career which commenced with the Convention of Cintra ought to have closed with the Capitulation of Paris. We know you have the power. We know you can act upon the sovereign. We know the court and the aristocracy are with you. We know you are backed by the mighty interests of that ecclesiastical corporation which, for the sake of decency, is called a Church. We know you have the House of Lords, and above two hundred members of the House of Commons. We know you are supported by all the possessors and expectants of public property throughout the country. We know you have all that is selfish and servile in the corrupt sections of the middle class, and that you can buy the purchasable rabble of the lowest. We know that the army is yours; horse, foot, artillery, "pioneers, and all." We know that against this formidable array we have but two things to oppose—our arguments and our numbers. But we also know that these are an opposing force by which you and your faction must eventually be overwhelmed. You are warned against the destruction of the present administration, the dismissal of which you can perhaps any day procure, simply on account of the mass of mischief, profitless even to your party, which it would occasion, and which would be beyond remedy. The country is in a favourable mental state for improvement; alive to the necessity for further changes, and yet disposed towards patience and confidence. The machinations of your faction are the chief disturbing force. Drive us not to extremities. The more frequently changes occur in the government, the

more hastily will changes be wrought in our institutions. You will only render the destruction more wide, and the renovation more questionable. The organ of the philosophic Radicals* already complains of the Whigs, that "the destructive part of their measures is almost always good, but the constructive part bad." It inculcates the important lesson, in a season of change, that "to destroy is easy—but to rebuild is a work of science; it demands a comprehensive survey and philosophical analysis of means and ends." And who shall stay to make it, when the very next day may see the chance of abating a nuisance destroyed, and those who uphold that nuisance again lords of the ascendant? We must snatch the moments of reformation as they pass. You are reported to have once said, my Lord Duke: "The people will be quiet if they are let alone; and if not, there is a way to make them be quiet." You spoke truth, though you meant falsehood and bloodshed. They will be quiet now, they will proceed in a peaceful, rational, and deliberate course of improvement, if you and your faction will let them alone; and if not, the way to make them and you quiet is to seize the first opportunity for realising such an extent of organic reform as shall effectually preclude any future attempt to force upon the country a government which is alike despised and hated. It might be a good thing in military conflict not to know when you were beaten: it will not do in political conflict. Make the move you threaten, and from one end of the empire to the other will resound the cry of "Down with the Tories!"

* The *London Review*, No. 2, last article.

ON ORGANIC REFORMS.*

[*Monthly Repository*, 1835.]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

MY LORD,—While many of your speeches and writings are such as do credit to your principles, talent, and character, accord well with the illustrious name you bear, and tend yet more to endear it to the nation; it cannot, I fear, be denied that some of them are of a different description, and that you have, on more than one occasion, been signally unfortunate in your addresses to those who are, or were, your constituents. No longer ago than last January

* The document on which the following remarks are founded is here given from the *Morning Chronicle* of October 17 :

“ *Address to Lord John Russell.*

“The inhabitants of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse have done themselves honour, as we learn from the *Plymouth Journal* of Thursday, by presenting an excellent address to Lord John Russell, at Endsleigh. It was signed by 3000 respectable, industrious, enterprising, and independent men. The leader of the deputation, in presenting it, said that—

“ ‘They were deeply sensible of the debt of gratitude which they owe to you, as the firm supporter of the civil and religious liberties of your fellow-subjects. When those individuals who have here testified their attachment to your Lordship shall have quitted the world, the name of Russell will continue to be hailed by posterity as the friend of freedom, of justice, and of truth. Long, long may your health and spirits be preserved, to enable you to persevere in those reforms which we deem so essential to the best interests of the British empire.’

“In reply, his Lordship observed :

“ ‘Gentlemen,—I thank you most gratefully for the personal kindness which has prompted this address; for the entire approbation of my political conduct, of which you assure me; for the generous spirit in which your sentiments are conceived, and for the temperate language in which they are conveyed.

“ ‘In common with the rest of his majesty’s ministers, I have

you made a very uncalled-for declaration against voting by ballot; a practice which, had it existed, would in all probability have secured you from the mortification of passing, when you became one of his majesty's ministers, from the representation of the county of Devonshire to that of the

endeavoured to prove my attachment to the cause of civil and religious liberty, not by words only, but by acts. The principal measures which we have proposed during the short period which has elapsed since Lord Melbourne and his colleagues have been recalled to power were calculated, in our opinion, to strengthen the bonds of union between different parts of the empire—to solve perplexing difficulties—to secure the participation of the people in the benefit of institutions intended for their use—to promote freedom, order, morality, and religion.

“Some of these measures, after receiving the sanction of the House of Commons, have been defeated by the resistance of another branch of the legislature. They exercised their undoubted privilege,—whether wisely or no, it is for you, and not for me, to determine. I may, however, be permitted to observe, that the same party which prompted and led this resistance have been opposed to every liberal measure which has been proposed for the last seven years; and that, upon all the most important of these measures, their resistance has ended in a confession that the struggle was hopeless, and that, although darkness was still to be desired, light was no longer to be excluded.

“This inherent weakness of their cause has appeared, even in the present year, upon the Bill for the Regulation of Municipal Corporations. The denunciation of robbery, the imputation of calumny, the cry of revolution, however loudly uttered and valiantly sustained, have all ended in a concession of five-sixths of the main provisions of that Bill. For the remainder, likewise, we are not precluded, as you justly observe, from proposing such alterations as experience may require.

“Fortified, therefore, by past victories, relying firmly on future progress, I earnestly recommend you to look, for the triumph of further measures of reform, rather to the effect of public opinion, enlightened and matured by knowledge and discussion, than to organic changes, which cannot be proposed without causing division, nor carried without risk of convulsion; and which, even if carried, would be of very dubious benefit indeed to the popular cause, but of unquestionable danger to the monarchy.

“For my own part, in my address to you upon taking office, I declared my resolution with respect to such fundamental alterations. To the great landmarks of our liberties I must steadily adhere; of the principles which pervade our primitive institutions I am an ardent admirer; to the constitution of the country, in all its branches, I stand pledged by feeling, by opinion, and by duty.

“Gentlemen, I cannot conclude without assuring you, that although no longer your representative, I shall ever take a warm interest in the prosperity of this county and of all its inhabitants.”

borough of Stroud. You have now made a general profession of hostility against any such further reforms as come under the denomination of "organic changes," and, as under all the circumstances I am entitled to assume, with an especial reference to those modifications of the House of Lords which are loudly demanded by the people at large. You have voluntarily and needlessly pledged yourself, as a member of the government, to sustain that body in its present constitution, and with its present functions and authority. It seems to me that, in so doing, you have acted most unadvisedly. Your language is inexpedient, in reference to the present state of parties and of public opinion; unwarrantable, as to the contemplated changes to which you allude; and unworthy of any man intrusted with the office of a legislator, to say nothing of the powers of government, in a free and enlightened community. I shall show cause for each of these positions, and thereby justify my addressing you in the tone of expostulation and remonstrance.

In condemning your language as inexpedient, it is taken for granted that your Lordship is not one of that class of politicians, or rather of political philosophers, who disclaim all consideration of what is commonly termed expediency. There are such men—and Heaven forbid the race should ever become extinct!—disregarded although they may often be by the multitude, and exposed to the scoff and scorn of the dexterous leaders of parties, and balancers of conflicting interests; there are such men: and the country owes them much for preserving the light of principles unquenched through many a dark and stormy year, until the lamp was taken from their sepulchres to be placed before the niche of some political saint of the day, who had reaped, in popularity, the harvest which they had sowed under persecution. The time, it seems, is even yet not gone by for a Brougham to sneer at a Cartwright.* The sarcasm might have been levelled elsewhere. There is no paucity of targets for the darts of that keen marksman, and he might as well reserve them for the living foci of our country's freedom. With all his peculiarities, his impracticabilities, and his blunders, the venerable major upheld the cause of Reform when of those who

* Vide *Edinburgh Review*, just published.

once were, and now again are, its professed friends, many were cold, more were silent, and some were apostates. He was one of the class to which I refer, and which can boast of many whose learning is far more ample, whose logic is more cogent, and whose minds belong to a much higher order of philosophical intelligence; although in simplicity, integrity, and beneficence of purpose, he can never be surpassed. They act on his plan of telling, at all times, all truth which concerns the public weal. It matters not to them who is in office, or who is out of office. They ask not whether the discussion of any particular topic will advance the interests of one party or embarrass the movements of another party. They wait for the signal of no leader. They hang not back until there has been an opportunity to feel the pulse of the public. To inquire after political truth and justice is their sole object in private, and with the public their sole business is to set forth the claims of truth and justice, and commend sound principles to the sound intellects of the nation. That we should not find them at the head of parties, or sections of parties, is not surprising. That few of them should yet appear in the House of which your Lordship is the leader is only what might have been expected. Their day is not yet come. But symptoms of its approach are not wanting. The party of wise, honest, and inflexible men, of men who know no expediency but the paramount expediency of telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and who see nothing in institutions but machinery for realising the utmost possible amount of good for the entire community,—this party, my Lord, is decidedly on the increase, both in numbers and in influence; and eventually it must be the most powerful of all parties.

But I apprehend that your Lordship must be classed with politicians of a different school, and who, though they may on principle, and to so large an extent as to demand our warm gratitude, be the people's friends, are yet certainly not "too fond of the right to pursue the expedient." You are a Whig, my Lord; and Whigs have ever been the apostles—and very often, not very unjustly, the martyrs—of Expediency. Compromise is their watchword, both as to men and measures. "Every political life," it was once said in the *Edinburgh Review*, "to be useful, must be a life

of compromise." "Every great measure," said your colleague, Sir John Hobhouse, in one of the discussions on the Municipal Reform Bill, "is necessarily a compromise." The maxim is not very happily illustrated by the measure which occasioned its enunciation, and which is certainly not the better for having been advocated with such an understanding. In so far as there is compromise, no measure is great. Its greatness consists in the consistent application to practice of a just and useful principle. Any deviation gives it the character of littleness. In like manner, compromise is sure in the long run to destroy, and oftentimes very promptly, the moral power of a politician, however splendid his talents. Sir John himself is not in so proud and influential a position as he might once have aspired to occupy, and his chance of which was chiefly owing to his being relied upon as an uncompromising man. The great glory of your party, that illustrious man, Charles James Fox, sacrificed a moral influence that might have wrought the political regeneration of his country for the sake of forming, by repeated coalitions, a strong Whig party in the House of Commons. Had not the Reform Ministry been previously discredited by compromise, in no quarter could there have been found the daring which was exhibited in its dismissal; nor would the late elections have put your Lordship at the head of an Opposition barely strong enough to effect the discomfiture of the common enemy. Depend upon it, my Lord, it is false policy, with whatever honesty of intention it may be pursued. Nor do I know that I am warranted in attributing it to your Lordship personally. It may be that you would not avow it to the world, nor even in solitude to your own mind, as your principle of action. It may be that, in those portions of your public conduct which most strongly bear its semblance, it has seemed to you that your convictions of truth, justice, and utility coincided entirely with the policy of your party. I enter upon no discussion of this matter. I merely address your Lordship as the member of a party, and that party now in possession of the reins of government, which avowedly does act upon the principle of expediency; and I contest the satisfactory application of that principle to your recent language on organic reforms.

You are in a situation, my Lord, which requires the

freest exercise of the soundest judgment. Was it, then, expedient for you to fetter your future conduct, to sacrifice your discretion, to commit yourself at once upon all the momentous topics which come under the denomination of organic changes, and exhibit yourself as a "pledged" man, and, on these points, an unalterable Anti-Reformer? Is this the part of a great statesman in times of difficulty? What a determined and successful opposition has been made to the exaction of pledges from candidates for a seat in the legislature! And yet that practice is far less liable to objection than the one which your Lordship has voluntarily adopted. The people have a right to determine what points they will leave, and what they will not leave, to the discretion of their member. They have a right, on certain emergencies, and for certain purposes, to transform representation into delegation. For the exercise of that right, on some recent occasions, there has been at least a strong appearance of expediency. Their decision of the great constitutional question of Reform was formally invoked; and the decision of that question involved various other topics. The frequent instances of deception, of inconsistency, of apostasy, required the imposition, on their parts, of the strongest obligation they could impose as to the conduct of the representative on matters of vital importance; and the conditions which they exacted were only for the limited period of the duration of a Parliament,—that period, moreover, being terminable at any time by the resignation of their representative, thus reducing the amount of inconvenience to that of a fresh choice of a member of parliament. Yet there was a very general, though tacit, combination in the class of society to which your Lordship belongs, and from which the raw material of our representatives is chiefly derived, to treat the pledged candidate as a degraded character. There was an outcry against not confiding in an unlimited discretion. Now, if such, or any, discretion be desirable for a simple member of the legislature, how much more for a member of the government? There can be no comparison between the rashness of the people's pledging a Reform candidate to support organic change, and a Reform minister's pledging himself to resist organic change. Who can calculate the future embarrassments and disasters which may arise

from this precipitancy? Had Canning's life been spared, he and the country might have had cause dearly to rue the hasty expressions into which he was betrayed on the Test and Corporation Acts, and on the Catholic question. By a premature declaration against the reform of the House of Commons, the Duke of Wellington destroyed a Tory government: your Lordship may perhaps destroy a Whig government by a premature declaration against a reform of the House of Lords.

If your Lordship meditates a junction with the Tory party, your language may be well timed. Happily you are above the suspicion of such baseness. You cannot contemplate such wanton and gratuitous disgrace. But, if there be such traitors in the camp, you have furnished them with a flag of union under which they may march side by side with the enemy. However incorruptible yourself, you have provided them with a pretext for apostasy. You have indicated a rallying-point for a junction of false-hearted Whigs and inveterate Tories. Coalitions have often been formed under far less plausible pretences. You and Sir Robert Peel alike "stand pledged to the constitution of the country in all its branches," sound or rotten. And, if not yourself, yet many will be glad to ask, "Would you desire better sympathy?" Should some such union, by no means improbable, be formed, your Lordship will have placed yourself in no very enviable position for the maintenance of that consistency of which public men are so tenacious.

Consider the effect of your language on the Tory faction. Was it expedient to tell them that you have gone the whole length of organic change? that you contemplate, that you will tolerate, no further abridgment of that undue power which yet remains to them in the legislature? that influence, corruption, hereditary and irresponsible authority, are now perfectly secure? You have offered the premium of permanent immunity for intrigue, treachery, insolence, and every species of vexatious and unscrupulous opposition. You know that they "have been opposed to every liberal measure which has been proposed for the last seven years,"—and you might have said, with exceptions easily explained, for the last seventy years; you know that by them "darkness is still to be

desired ;” and yet you tell them that their present strength to resist the light shall remain unbroken. They will scarcely show their gratitude for this encouraging assurance by remaining inert ; and you trust to “public opinion” for their being defeated, as you say they have already been defeated. But how did public opinion obtain its great victory? Simply by the fear of convulsion. So it was that Catholic Emancipation was obtained, and so it was that the Reform Bill was carried. Public opinion, without that apprehension, would never have won even the concession of a member for Manchester. We were brought to something very like a crisis before they left off laughing at public opinion. We owe every thing to the fear of external force, combined with an influx of *delegated* representatives sent into the legislature by the people in a state of excitement, and at the cost of enormous exertions and sacrifices. That excitement cannot be kept up without most perilous consequences ; nor ought occasion for the repetition of those exertions and sacrifices to be imposed on the constituency. What, then, becomes of the power of public opinion, as opposed to Tory influence? Your Lordship observed, some time ago, that “the country cannot bear a revolution once a year.” Therefore it is that more popular influence, which can only be derived from organic change, is absolutely necessary. Your Lordship seems to reckon for little what has been done by the Tories, even during the last session, in defiance of public opinion. You say that, upon all the most important Liberal measures which have been proposed during the last seven years, “resistance has ended in a confession that the struggle was hopeless.” Does your Lordship forget the concessions which were made in the Reform Bill after it had been brought into the House? or the modifications which were made in the cabinet previous to its introduction? or the general policy of the Grey Administration to frame its measures, not according to the avowed principles of its members, but so as to have some chance of their being carried? Let these things pass, and look only at the present year. The Municipal Reform Bill is, no doubt, notwithstanding the “amendments” of the Lords, a very valuable measure ; but was it not, from the very outset, what Sir John Hobhouse described it, a compromise? And does your

Lordship set so lightly by it, as to exclude from your list of the "most important Liberal measures," the Irish Church Bill, the Bill to pass which you and your colleagues became ministers? Do you put into the same class the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, the Catholic Marriage Bill, the Dublin Police and the Constabulary Police Bill? And, although it was postponed at the desire of Lord Melbourne, yet was not the state of things produced by the Tory opposition the real cause of delaying Lord Brougham's Education Bill? "Darkness" has done pretty well for one short session. Here is power enough, in all conscience, and success enough too, for a party to boast of, against public opinion, and over public opinion! And to those who have dared so much, your Lordship holds forth encouragement to dare more! You tell them, in effect, to continue and aggravate their fantastic tricks, for not a hair of their heads shall be touched, not an inch of their space for the disgusting exhibition shall be trespassed upon, not an atom of their abused power and privilege shall be retrenched, not a shadow of responsibility shall cloud their triumphant visages. You leave them to public opinion. You may as well leave them to the day of judgment.

Your Lordship seems to forget that your party, the Whig Reformers, is at present, practically, in a state of coalition with another party, the Radical Reformers. There may be no formal arrangement or express compact; the coöperation may be entirely unconditional; it may be proudly elevated above all former junctions of political bodies, by the absence of any stipulation for place, power, emolument, or even for any particular measures of public policy. But a support thus characterised by purity and generosity altogether unexampled in former unions of political bodies, only demands the more imperatively a spirit of courtesy and conciliation in the leaders of that section which reaps the undivided harvest of place and patronage. Not thus has it been in the previous coalitions of your party. Lord North treated in a very different way with Charles Fox. Harder bargains were driven by the Grenvilles and the Windhams. Nay, to come closer, something more was sacrificed in the formation of the Grey Administration, for the inclusion of the Richmonds, the Palmerstons, and the Grants. Without any shame, nay,

as a principle of party morality, there has always been, in addition to the distribution of place and influence, a concession, at least to the point of silence, on the leading political tenets of your coadjutors. This concession ought surely to have been made in the present case; you might, at least, have avoided a declaration of future hostility against your present supporters. The necessity of further organic changes is the distinguishing opinion of the Radical party, the great essential article of their political faith. Their numbers in the House of Commons are not very much inferior to those of the Whig Reformers. In ability and energy they may claim an equality. Every election has increased, and is likely to increase, their strength. You could never have routed the Tories but by their hearty aid. You could not have held office a week but by their support. Your opportunity for rendering any service to your country beyond that of mere opposition to a Tory ministry is altogether contingent upon their continued aid. Without them you can offer us no security that the Reform Bill shall not be mutilated in the very next session of Parliament. The measures which are to shed a glory around the names of yourself and your coadjutors in the pages of history may all be reversed or perverted. And is it expedient for you to tell them that they have nothing to hope; that, as their support is disinterested in all that relates to personal objects, it shall be disinterested also in all that relates to public objects? Think you that the Tories may not be glad even to concede organic changes as the purchase of their coöperation? Mistake me not, my Lord; suppose not that I think any bargain has been made or should be made, or that I do not hold any compromise of principle to be most disgraceful. The mischief is that your party is so much addicted to practical compromises, and that they are all made in one direction,—that they are concessions to your and the people's enemies, while none are made to your supporters and the people's friends. Why should you not concede something, even of organic change, to the Radicals, who alone enable you to carry any thing? Why could you not at least have preserved the silence of neutrality? Where are you, and all your plans of public good, if they should attach sufficient importance to your

language to be alienated thereby? Were they men of the old party standard, such would very probably be the consequence. They are not; their patriotism is of a higher spirit; their preference of your party to its opponents is too decided. But it scarcely becomes you, as a parliamentary leader, to sow the seeds of division among your own followers, and declare beforehand that you will, if possible, baffle the efforts of a large and patriotic band of allies. You may not, and at present you cannot, transform them into enemies; but your language inevitably tends to damp their zeal, to loosen the bond of union, and to destroy your parliamentary power to serve your country.

And, although the parliamentary Radicals should yield you undiminished support and coöperation, there may still be a loss of strength which they cannot prevent. The popular feeling must be taken into the account. Neither they nor you have power but with the people at your backs. Now, my Lord, Whiggism chiefly exists in the aristocracy. Amongst the people the division is into Reformers and Tories; and a Reformer is pretty nearly synonymous with a Radical. The elections are deceptive on this matter. The choice is biassed and confined by various circumstances which are only of temporary influence. Only let the difference between Whig Reformer and Radical Reformer become so strongly marked and practically important as your language tends to make it, and you will soon see a large accession to the now increasing strength of the latter in the House of Commons. The desire for further organic change is widely prevalent. It cannot be opposed without the forfeiture of popular sympathy. At present, you will remember, I am only arguing the question of expediency. Whether the people be right or wrong, wise or foolish, still, so far as they are Reformers, they require what you deprecate. They are blamed for being "supine" at the last election.* Their conduct is contrasted with what it was in 1831 and 1833. So far as there is any truth in the charge, the fault lies with those who had, in the interval, been disappointing their expectations. You cannot, my Lord, at once oppose their wishes and retain their support. Your dependence upon them is well described

* *Edinburgh Review*: one of the two articles generally ascribed to Lord Brougham.

by the writer to whom I have just referred: "Other administrations have known and felt that their existence depended upon the favour of the court and the countenance of the peers, and, to a certain degree, on the support of the people; *this* feels and knows that its existence depends on the people's support alone. Most other administrations have acted as if they had only to do nothing offensive towards the country, and had chiefly to please the aristocracy, which in truth domineered alike over the sovereign and his subjects; *this* must go a good deal further—it must transpose the former rule, doing nothing offensive to the aristocracy and the crown, but seeking first of all to please the people. What the Court and the Lords once were, the People are now—the breath of the ministry's nostrils." And in such a state of things it is that you, my Lord, a principal member of the administration, and its representative in the House of Commons, have ventured a declaration which, in all common parlance, would characterise its author as an Anti-Reformer or Conservative.

The foregoing remarks apply solely to the expediency of your language. I come now to the question of its political truth or soundness. If you have expressed yourself regardlessly of any such consideration, from a simple desire that the people should distinctly understand the views on which you have determined to act, and are fully prepared to risk or lose both the parliamentary support and the popularity which might be forfeited thereby, your courage claims respect, but it puts you in a false position, from which the sooner you extricate yourself the better. If your colleagues have arrived at a similar resolve, their days as an Administration will soon be numbered. You cannot stop the reform which you commenced. You have done much towards mending the machinery of government; but the repairs must be completed before any hands can work it well. That the organic changes contemplated by the Radical Reformers are perfectly reasonable, and absolutely necessary, may be easily shown by the application of the test which you yourself have furnished. On what ground do you encourage the people's hope of good government? Your expectations rest, and you exhort them to rest theirs, and confidently, too, on the "effect of public opinion, en-

lightened and matured by knowledge and discussion." Be it so. This is not an antithesis to organic changes—it is the measure of their worth. Do they, or do they not, tend to give effect to public opinion formed and matured according to your description? If they do, your hostility is altogether mistaken and misplaced.

Those organic changes, as they relate to the House of Commons, consist of the simplification and extension of the right of suffrage, secret voting, and the repeal of the Septennial Act. Each of these either tends to give "effect to public opinion," or to provide for the maturing of that opinion by "knowledge and discussion."

The present system of registration is a tax or penalty on the franchise, which has grown into an evil not to be endured. The inconsistency of the decisions, the activity of the hired agents of party, and the many causes which prevent the attendance of persons whose votes are objected to in the barristers' courts, render the system little better than a contrivance for reducing the numbers of the constituency, and that in a mode which must often operate to the depreciation of its worth for the expression of public opinion. It is scarcely more reasonable, and it is far more vexatious, than would be the reduction of a certain proportion of votes by lot. A rotatory disqualification would be much preferable. Many a qualified voter would gladly compound, by disfranchisement every third election, for the necessity of an annual investigation, a sort of perpetual lawsuit. The old venal freemen are exempt from this reduction of their numbers; it only falls upon the better qualified. Chance on the one hand, and corruption on the other, are thus interposed between the present constitution of the constituency and what would make it the true index of public opinion. The remedy of this evil is so urgently called for, that it is to be hoped you will consider an amendment of the process of registration as not within the catalogue of organic changes.

There can be no provision like the ballot for giving "effect" to "public opinion, enlightened and matured by knowledge and discussion." Its adoption would make elections the expression of opinion, instead of being, as they now are to such an enormous extent, simply the result of influence. The necessity of cultivating opinion, by diffusing

knowledge and promoting discussion amongst electors, would be imposed on the candidates. The dexterous canvasser, the bribing agent, the authoritative landlord or master, would find their electoral occupation gone : they would be displaced by the political instructor. The impossibility of carrying an election but by the real opinion of the majority, would insure attention to the formation of that opinion. It would be the establishment of a universal plan of political instruction and discussion ; and not all the sophistry and falsehood which would be brought into action could possibly prevent the prevalence of truth and knowledge.

Triennial Parliaments, with a provision against dissolution, would prevent that advantage which a faction may now take of a moment of general excitement or delusion ; and by which the evil is extended, not only over the seven long years for which the Parliament may perhaps last, but, in the legislative consequences, may become absolutely irreparable. Elections would scarcely be more frequent than at present ; they would only be more regular, and more likely to elicit the permanent opinion of the community.

Such are the chief points by which the Radicals have hitherto been distinguished from those who took their stand on the Reform Act as a final measure of organic improvement. They all bear the same character. There is no question about the substitution of any other power for that of enlightened opinion. Certain means are indicated which will tend to secure opinion from the suppression or perversion to which it is now liable, which supply strong motives for furnishing the great mass of the constituency with the materials for forming a correct opinion, which provide for its free expression when so formed, and which deprive faction of the opportunity for rendering permanent the consequences of a momentary delusion ; and to these measures your Lordship is opposed, under the plea of relying on public opinion. You think the end infinitely desirable, and therefore you argue that the means should be encountered by determined hostility. Will you say that the present means are sufficient ? That is simply to prefer a less complete collection of opinion, a less free expression of it, an inferior plan for its formation, and a constant source of irregularity in its influence, to its full, deliberate, and constant agency. " I think I like a speckled axe best," said the man who was

tired of holding his tool to the grindstone ; but Franklin, in telling the story, does not fix on him the absurdity of stopping when the axe became speckled, under the pretext of admiring a bright axe more than any thing in the world : he left the incongruity for your Lordship. The only consistent opposition to organic changes is that founded on the alleged good of aristocratic influence and the undesirableness of allowing public opinion to be the ruling principle. Those who take such ground do really like the speckled axe best ; except that they would yet more rejoice to have it rusted and buried. But then they do not pretend, like your Lordship, to regard opinion as the only weapon with which the people's road to improvement can be cleared. As you truly remark, they have confessed, " that, although darkness was still to be desired, light was no longer to be excluded." Why should you help them to keep the house with the shutters only half opened ?

Recent occurrences have made, not only those who were before known as Radicals, by their advocacy of the changes just enumerated, but many others, who had not been so strongly impressed with the necessity of those changes, look to some alteration in the constitution or functions of the House of Lords as essential to the well-being of the community. The desire for a reform in that quarter has been loudly, strongly, and extensively expressed. Probably this fact was uppermost in your Lordship's mind when you deprecated organic changes ; if so, you have volunteered on a forlorn hope. Hereditary legislation is too absurd in theory, and too pernicious in practice, long to remain a coördinate power with real representation. The hope of acting upon a body of men who are told that their privileges are too sacred to be touched, who know that they have a distinct interest from that of the community at large, and whose power is irresponsible, by the mere expression of opinion, although it should be ever so "matured by knowledge and discussion," is much less plausible than the scheme for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. What have obviously been the causes of any forbearance which they have shown in their opposition to Liberal measures, great or small, during the last five years ? The exercise of royal influence, the dread of popular commotion, and the impossibility of governing the country with a House of Commons, as at present constituted, by a Ministry of their own nomination. It may

be said that the last motive is a modified action upon them of public opinion. True ; but its operation ceases whenever they succeed in influencing the Commons, and all other check upon them is resolvable into their apprehension of being themselves reformed, which apprehension you propose entirely to destroy. Influence the Commons they will, and that to an extent which can never be calculated, until that House is made, completely and irrevocably, the organ of public opinion. They have done so already. They may do so again, and worse. And yet the people are blamed for the results of the last election, and told to trust to public opinion, and not to organic reforms ! You keep the oracle half muzzled, and then declare that it has only to speak aloud for its voice to be omnipotent. How is this opinion to be expressed ? Will you reply, Through the newspapers ? Ah, my Lord, it were better not to remind us of that medium. The taxation upon knowledge is a sore subject. Would the removal of the stamp duties be an organic change ? If not, in Heaven's name, let us have that at least, and do not tell us that we should seek for no extension of the utility of the press, but "rather look, for the triumph of further measures of reform," to public opinion, "enlightened and matured."

Upon what reasonable grounds, for what useful purpose whatever, are the people to be called upon to bear a nuisance which they find intolerable ? "We rest," says the authority to which I have already referred,— "we rest our belief of the necessity of a second Chamber upon the necessity of a reconsideration in a less occupied assembly, to prevent fatal oversights and other errors." If mending the legislation of the Commons, up to the degree of simplicity and perfection which it has already attained, be the basis on which rests the worth of the House of Lords, down it must go, smothered in the bog of its own making. Public opinion will ere long be chiefly divided, not on the question of change or no change, but on that of reformation or simple abolition ; and in proportion as the former is obstructed will the desire for the latter gain force, until it become invincible. Even the *Edinburgh Review*, in the very article just quoted, renews its former recommendation of one species of reform, the "free conference," on the ground that "it would in fact be depriving the Lords of their veto in certain cases ;

but only in cases where there seems no sound reason why they should retain it." Why, this, my Lord, is all that any body wants ; although not a few cannot perceive a sound reason why their veto should be retained in any case. Still there is time during which a mitigation of the mischief will suffice for general satisfaction. Only do not prematurely tell the people that at this point they and the friends they have hitherto trusted must needs part company. I would rather suspect your Lordship of such hastiness and indiscretion, as is indeed much to be lamented in a representative of the people, a Minister of the Crown, the leader of a party, and an approved patriot, than believe you have already come to a determination which, if persisted in, must soon present you as an enemy in the ranks of the Conservatives, fighting the battles of noxious privilege against that public opinion which you wisely regard as the great power of improvement.

I know not whether you would disclaim the inference, from the conclusion of your reply, that some notion of "duty," as distinguished from "feeling and opinion," binds you to the support of "the constitution of the country in all its branches," and that so you "stand pledged" to resist "organic changes," even though you should be convinced of their beneficial tendency to the great mass of the community. Your language bears that construction, which is indeed the most obvious one. If so, my Lord, there is a traitorous principle in your mind, a false allegiance incompatible with genuine patriotism. The old slavish devotion to a particular family, the unquestioning loyalty which was claimed by and vowed to the Stuarts, is, I know, transferred by many to the forms of our government, and the ancient privileges of certain classes of society. It is not much the better for the transfer. The mover of the Reform Bill ought not to be found amongst the votaries of this blind faith, this political popery. "Alterations" may be "fundamental," but what then, if they be also beneficial? Irresponsible power may be one of the "branches" of the Constitution ; but what then, if it bear bitter fruit, and overshadow the land pestiferously? Nay, even should "unquestionable danger to the monarchy" be logically predicated of any arrangements which are essential to the nation's rights, security, prosperity, and improvement, then must such danger be incurred,

unless we are prepared to revert to "the monstrous faith of millions made for one." So long as there is a mighty sinister interest in the country, it may be that "organic changes cannot be proposed without causing division, nor carried without risk of convulsion." But the assertion is only true of them on account of their eminent utility; it applies to all other changes, in proportion as they advance public good at the expense of privilege; and the risk is diminished by every accession of power to the people. It is already too much diminished for reasonable apprehension. The time for a fight is gone by.

Your Lordship, I apprehend, has a salvo in your mind to reconcile your allegiance to the forms of government with your devotion to the people's cause. With you the "branches of the constitution" are the "great landmarks of our liberties." But, as to those particulars in which the Radical Reformers plead for change, they are rather the marks of encroachment upon liberty than of its extension. The Septennial Act is the landmark of a daring advance by the House of Commons beyond the legitimate boundaries of its delegated trust. Election influence, which exists by the continuance of open voting, is the landmark of successful piratical invasion of the people's allowed share in the government by the aristocracy. The limitation of the franchise is the landmark of ancient vassalage, of slavery in the excluded, which, as yet, is only nominally abolished. And the House of Lords is a landmark of feudal privilege, authority, and insolence, fixed where its leaden weight was deposited in the dark ages, and bearing the inscription, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther," while in all other directions the road is open for the march of improvement. If the Romans worshiped the god Terminus, the warmth of their devotion was dependent upon the frequency of his advances. Of the "principles which pervade our primitive institutions," and which, by the way, are seldom practically forthcoming when they are needed, none are more worthy of having you for "an ardent admirer" than those which declare that "no man shall be taxed but by his own consent," that "laws to bind all must be assented to by all," and that "for every wrong there is a remedy." Let but these be realised, and there will be no further cry for organic changes.

"If the Reformers be true to one another, and continue

united and on the alert, the dangers of a Tory restoration may be averted. There must be no selfish faltering, no splitting of hairs.”* The exhortation, my Lord, is sound and timely, and it applies to both sections of the united body. But neither must there be any call for the compromise of great principles, or for an abandonment of the pursuit of those securities for uninterrupted good government, which experience has palpably shown that we have not yet obtained. I conclude by heartily adopting the words of the same writer: “We offer these reflections in perfect kindness and respect towards those worthy Reformers of whom we have been speaking. That no schism will henceforth split our forces we are fully persuaded; but this desirable result is far more likely to happen if justice be done to all parties among us, so that no reasonable cause of complaint shall remain to any,—if our whole case be stated with truth, and always rested on the right ground—ground on which we can abide.” That ground I take to be, not only the desirableness of many economical and other reforms, but the absolute necessity of gaining for the people, by the requisite changes, whether termed organic or otherwise, such a decisive power in the government as shall effectually prevent the country from ever again becoming the prey of an intolerant, rapacious, and unprincipled faction.

W. J. Fox.

Nov. 1, 1835.

* *Edinburgh Review.*

ON C. R. PEMBERTON.*

MY knowledge of Pemberton commenced in 1833, when I was editing the *Monthly Repository*, and endeavouring—without the usual resources for making a periodical profitable—to establish it as the organ of those who aimed at carrying out Reform principles to their legitimate consequences in social life. An article entitled “A Victim,” or the melancholy history of Mehetabel Wesley, caught his attention, and secured his strongest sympathies. He immediately became a contributor—a gratuitous and generous one; and continued so to the utmost extent which his health and avocations permitted. This was with him a labour of love. His heart was in it; and his pride. To his connection with this work it is owing that we have so much information of his eventful, but otherwise unrecorded, life as is intimated by the *Autobiography of Pel Verjuice*. How far those papers may be construed literally, I have not the means of determining. They may certainly be relied upon for what constitutes essentially the life of the writer. They are a delineation of the mental and moral being, not less faithful than vivid; sometimes completing the conscious picture by the transparent implication of traits of which he was unconscious; and furnishing that real biography which we often desiderate in the most careful chronology of birth and death, with all the intermediate external events. Not only the Pel Verjuice papers, but, with few exceptions, all Pemberton’s contributions to the *Monthly Repository*, may be regarded as autobiographical. He wrote from him-

* From *The Life and Literary Remains of Charles Reece Pemberton, with Remarks on his Character and Genius*. By W. J. Fox. Edited by John Fowler, Secretary of the Sheffield Mechanics’ Institution. C. Fox. 1843.

self. He was his own book and study. His observations and experiences became a part of himself before he gave them out to others. His present thoughts were his past sensations. They were indelibly burnt into his being. The vividness with which any thing by which he had been affected returned upon him seemed absolutely preternatural. The minutest objects of a scene, in their dimensions and proportions, were retained by him with the fidelity of the daguerreotype. His recollection was more accurate than most persons' perception. Some may have known themselves more philosophically, no one ever saw himself more distinctly. The moving panorama of his life engraved itself on his memory as it passed. He was the very man to write autobiography: he could write nothing but autobiography. And what else is so valuable? The revelation of another human being to us is the revelation of the world as it appeared to that other.

Pemberton should have been pensioned to complete *Pel Verjuice*. And yet, perhaps, he has done enough. His life itself was fragmentary, like the record. What would more extended facts, or appended dates, have signified? The being is there, as it is. He is there, misnomer and all. There was no real verjuice in his composition. What he mistook for it was only the milk of human kindness soured by circumstances. Added events and chronological arrangement would have told little more that is worth knowing. They would not have shown more of the writer, but only something more *about* the writer. The picture of his feelings is better than a chronicle of his coats. It is his own fault if the reader of these disjointed papers does not know Pemberton. There is enough to show the fineness of his organisation, the fervour of his feelings, the alternate depth and superficiality of his acquirements, the irregularity of his development, and the real consistency of the apparent incongruities of his career. The impressions made by the autobiography are analogous to those which the being himself produced. It will be soon thrown aside, or it will strongly fascinate the reader. If his sympathies be touched at all, they will be affected deeply. Thus it was with the author. He was eminently fitted to attract affection. Who did not love "poor Charles"? He won the hearts of the young and the old, the eminent in station and

the lowliest, the logically severe and the poetically enthusiastic. The list of those who sympathised in his sufferings embraces all these diversities. A mere acquaintance with that man was scarcely *in rerum naturâ*. He was promptly avoided, or permanently cherished. His weaknesses and his strength were both endearing. An affectionate interest was unfailingly excited in all whose penetration or whose opportunities enabled them to look below the mere surface of his conduct. Some might tax his faults more rigidly, and others rate his powers more admiringly, but all voices were harmonised into an affectionate tone. A halo of regard ever surrounded him; too often encompassed by a wider sphere of repulsion. For Pemberton had no arts of conciliation for those who were not attracted by appreciation of his nature. It is saying little of him, that he had no servility; he had no suppression, no dexterity, no accommodation for those whose intellect he despised, or whose qualities he disapproved. To many he was offensive. And yet, that he was so was the fault rather of the offended than of the offender. Of ill will he was utterly incapable. The coolness of malice was to him as impossible as the warmth of reprobation was familiar. There was something lovable in the fervid simplicity and uncalculating earnestness with which he often plunged headlong into the most glaring offensiveness towards those on whose countenance his success was most dependent. All his prudence was done by proxy. His heart was open to friend or foe. The unguardedness of that honest bosom made those who loved him at all, love him the more and better.

A very prominent characteristic of his writings, as of himself, is a burning hatred of oppression. To endure wrong, where resistance was impossible and redress hopeless, had been the bitter lot of his early life. On whatever relates to political institution or social arrangement, his principles were passions. He could never reduce justice and injustice to matters of calculation. There was no blind antagonism to authority in his feeling. His intellect had been well exercised on the subject, and was applied to it honestly. Fury is said to be indistinct in its perceptions; but his emotion was rather the intensity of light that enkindles by being brought into a focus. He was in-

dignant because he knew the sensation of being wronged, and perhaps often realised it more strongly than the injured themselves. His associated feelings were not those of their blunted sense, but of his own thrilling organisation. The language of his writings may sometimes appear exaggerated, but it is strictly true to himself, even when most vehement. The "words that burn" in his compositions had first shaken his frame, flushed his cheek, clenched his teeth, and fevered his pulse. His dramatic power forsook him in metempsychosising with tyrants, political or social. The loathing of his nature refused the identification. He forgot all artistry, and became careless or unconscious of the effect of his vituperation upon the minds of others. Oppression was a viper in his way. His soul held no terms with its pretensions. Its impunity, so often extending not only to immunity from external retribution, but from that of opinion, augmented his abhorrence. It was to him the great devil of the world's idolatry, and he would spit at it and curse it to its face.

In the exposure of insincerity he was always most unsparing. He had no toleration for cant; and he was eminently successful in the detection of those subtler forms of hypocrisy and conventionalism which so much pervade the profession of religion and the conduct of education. The article entitled "An Escape," and the review of the Rev. C. Taylor's "Social Evils and their Remedy," are specimens of the keen scent with which he hunted down game of this description, his moral instinct ministering to the acuteness of his metaphysical analysis. "Once for all," he says in the Autobiography, "I will declare my creed of moralities. All virtue I sum up in two words, benevolence and sincerity. All crime I comprise in cruelty and hypocrisy. There is cruelty in a smile, sometimes; there is cruelty in a cold look; there is cruelty in withholding a kind word." He pounced at once upon a *sham*, like a hawk upon its quarry. Lowly looks could not hide from him the spiritual assumption, nor gentle tones the hard and self-complacent thought, nor sounding commonplaces the practical lesson of servility or sordidness.

These qualities were continually apparent, not only in Pemberton's writings, but in his lectures and conversation. Some shrank from him, not liking to be probed so deeply.

Others hastily concluded him to be a man of antagonistic mind, an habitual fault-finder and censurer, whom it would better have become to look at home. Many were glad to catch floating stories that might sanction the language of superciliousness or aversion. How little they knew of the man! His hatred sprang from love, and his sarcasms were full of reverence for humanity. The rights of all were to him a sacred thing, and truthfulness the jewel of his soul. Those who are so sorely shocked at the intemperateness of his style, should remember that charity has other vocations in the world besides palliating the inflictions of the wrong-doer, and recognising the respectability of conventionalism. A glowing sympathy with unmerited suffering, and an undimmed transparency of character, are not the most fitting things to put beyond the bounds of toleration. Pemberton's love of nature was intense. His descriptions evince its power over him, both in its simplest and its grandest forms. Cold and fasting, he would tramp for many a mile to fling himself down on some hill-side and enjoy a prospect. His feet loved to feel beneath them the elastic sward. Happy man could a bouquet make him! and he gloated, like a miser over gold, upon his treasury of sea-weed. He would fondle the harebell, and worship the Arum-lily. No child ever so delighted in flowers. No liberated village schoolboy ever dashed with more bounding step along the common. The roughnesses of life, that had sharpened his intellect and lacerated his nerves, left unimpaired this freshness, or made it more fresh than ever. It was invigorating to see him, and to hear his ejaculations. He had an eye for the minutest object, and yet took in all the diversity of the most extended scene. Get him into a beautiful country, and the simple, unsophisticated, ebullient being seemed like new-made man, in loving and joyous union with all creation.

There was in Pemberton the same quick and vivid perception of moral, literary, or artistical beauty, as of natural. The recital of a generous or heroic action suffused his eyes with tears. His heart leapt at it. Any new book with pith and truth in it became, for the time, his Bible. His judgment waited not for the opinion of others, nor for the calculated result of his own rapid analysis. It was grasped instinctively, and his next lecture was sure to be full of it.

Of his first play he has spoken at length in his autobiography. The last he saw was the *Tempest*, as revived by Mr. Macready, at Covent-Garden Theatre. It was the only time that absence and illness allowed him to visit the theatre during a management which realised his brightest dreams and fondest wishes. He was then in a state of great debility and suffering, resting for a few days in London, before setting out on his last and unsuccessful pursuit of health and strength. That night was, I have no doubt, the intensest theatrical enjoyment of his life. His feelings were as vivid as in boyhood, his nerves tremulous from disease; and here was the combination of the acting in which he most delighted with all the accessories which he had so often desiderated. The perfection of the stage arrangements, not less appropriate than beautiful and splendid, the appreciation and enthusiasm of the audience, the personation of the great magician by one as great, whose managerial success then seemed to promise the existence of a theatre worthy of the national character and of the imperishable name of Shakspeare, wrought upon him with a power too strong for his feeble frame. Big tears of rapture flowed down his hollow cheeks; and in broken accents he repeatedly ejaculated, "Thank God, thank God, I have lived to see this!" The never-failing kindness of Mr. Macready had provided for his going, during the time he remained in London, under circumstances as much accommodated as possible to his invalid condition. But the excitement was too strong for him to venture on a repetition.

The Drama was Pemberton's main object of attention, as actor, lecturer, and writer, through a long portion of his life. Of his merit in the first of these capacities, nothing need be added to the eloquent description, reprinted in this volume (*Remains of Charles Pemberton*), by one whose praise is of enduring worth. Of his dramas the reader will judge for himself. I cannot help wishing that it had been practicable, or had consisted with the author's wishes, to fill the space which two of them occupy with the metrical stories written for introduction in his lectures, and admirably adapted to that purpose. Unless my memory deceive me greatly, they had much of that lyrical melody and facility of expression which

characterise his contributions to Miss Flowers' musical work, entitled *Songs of the Months*. The snatches of personation by which his lectures were illustrated always produced a great effect. But they were never the mere pegs on which to hang such illustrations. His worship of Shakespeare was an intelligent and discriminating homage. The criticisms were often most felicitous. They combined an exceeding minuteness of detail with the broadest generality. The admiration was never vague, nor was there any pettiness in the particularisation. In acting, he had no toleration for mere mimicry, or for making "hits" by violent transitions, unwarranted by the spirit of the text, though perhaps seemingly sanctioned by the verbal expression. According to his theory, the actor, having ascertained by induction and analysis the character intended by the dramatist, should then study his part sympathetically; and, inducing a sort of secondary life upon his own consciousness, follow the guidance of its impulses and tendencies in his mode of enacting each particular scene, both in the enunciation of what was set down for him, and in the by-play, wherein so much of the personation necessarily consists. Few performers could satisfy his requirements; only one gave him entire satisfaction. And the same canons of theatrical criticism which Pemberton had arrived at by intense, devoted, and practical study of the art, have been suggested to other minds by the delighted observance of Mr. Macready's performances.

A few such critics as Pemberton upon the newspaper press would do much for the public taste and appreciation both of players and plays. But his Shakespearian lectures in London were chiefly delivered to the frequenters of the Mechanics' Institutes, by whom they were highly relished; while the criticisms read by other classes were evidently furnished by hands far less competent. It is much to be regretted that the substance of these lectures was not preserved, as he once intended it should be, in a series of theatrical annotations upon the dramas of Shakespeare. He took an interleaved copy with him, for that purpose, on his last melancholy expedition. Weariness, pain, and harassment kept it "a blank."

The privations of Pemberton's life were severe. He was often but scantily supplied with means of subsistence.

The world does not want its taste to be refined, its heart expanded, or its conventional admiration rendered intelligent; and whoso undertakes such a work, without distinguished "patronage," should lay his account with a very beggarly remuneration. He felt the wrong; and it sometimes made him irritable, but never mean; for he had both the sensibility and the pride of genius. Yet while, with a tattered coat, an empty stomach, a wearied frame, and an aching heart, he would have spurned back the proffered donation of a supercilious patron, the cordiality of kindness ever elicited his frank and overflowing gratitude. For a friend, as for a principle, he would have done or endured any thing:

"I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice,
To pluck a weed you fancied."

And the inherent elasticity and buoyancy of his heart rose up against all pressure. One half-hour of pleasant strolling or friendly intercourse set all right again, even in his darkest seasons. And there was of late years an obvious mitigation of the occasional bitterness of spirit that shows itself in some of the autobiographical papers. Blander views of society and of men became more decidedly predominant. He was also in the way for becoming better appreciated. But his constitution had yielded, and was too far impaired for renovation.

The fitful dream is over. He rests in peace; and be his memory so cherished as to help on the time when mankind shall have learned to deal more justly, not to say generously, with those who are qualified and willing to minister to their refined enjoyment, intellectual culture, and social progress!

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM C. MACREADY, ESQ.

[*People's Journal.*]

IN any department of social life, the world will always find the man of genius a benefactor. Harness him as a drudge, and his mechanical invention will lighten the load for others. Employ him in matters of detail, and he will classify and generalise till the jostling crowd of atoms arranges itself into an orderly creation. He will elevate the lowliest occupations into dignity. To the question with which notices of distinguished persons often commence in the popular papers, "What has he done for the world?" it is an answer full of good if we can reply, "He was a man of genius." Let his work be only to illustrate, and in illustrating he will be sure to originate. This is what Mr. Macready has accomplished in theatricals. Both as actor and manager he has *revived* Shakespeare; and that new life is a creation of which his own poetical and philosophical spirit is the agency.

William Charles Macready was born in London, in the parish of St. Pancras, March 3, 1793. His father was the manager of a provincial company, and lessee of several theatres; but, with a feeling not unusual, desired a different profession for his son, whose wishes, as time developed them, he found perfectly in accordance with his own. The subject of this notice was sent to school at a very early period, and at ten years of age entered at Rugby, where he soon acquired considerable reputation by his classical attainments, and was regarded as giving high promise of future celebrity at the Bar or in the Church. To an actor's life he felt no vocation; perhaps it is not too much to say, that he had a strong repugnance. In

his seventeenth year, while looking forward to speedy matriculation at Oxford, his father's affairs became deeply embarrassed. This fact was not necessarily fatal to his prospects, had those prospects alone been consulted. Assistance was not wanting, by which he might have been extricated from the household wreck, enabled to win the academical honours already bending to his grasp, and set forward on his prosperous career. With severe self-conquest, and with prompt devotedness, he took the noblest course, and applied himself to the task of retrieving the fallen fortunes of his father. In June 1810, the juvenile manager made his first appearance on the boards in the character of Romeo, at the Birmingham theatre. Under his direction, the disorganised company was rendered efficient. He was at once recognised as a provincial "star." Success attended his exertions. His father was saved from ruin, and his own destiny was fixed. It was an appropriate introduction to some passages of his subsequent history, that moral feeling and high principle should first have given the young Macready to the stage. Till Christmas 1814, Mr. Macready remained with his father's company as principal actor and stage-director, performing with great applause at Birmingham, Sheffield, Chester, and Newcastle. The two following years saw him at Bath, Dublin, and Glasgow, with a widening and rising reputation, which insured him a metropolitan engagement. On the 16th of September 1816, he made his first appearance at Covent-Garden Theatre, as Orestes, in the *Distressed Mother*. This performance fixed him at once in the foremost rank of his profession. It was the commencement of a series of successes; it was also the commencement of a series of struggles and difficulties.

The course of merit, like that of true love, "never did run smooth." Macready's first season at Covent-Garden Theatre was John Kemble's last season. The veteran favourite was running through his whole range of characters, previous to his retirement. Miss O'Neil was in the zenith of her fame. Kean was thundering and electrifying at the other house. And Young was firm in his stately position. The town had other topics for its talk more attractive than the new aspirant. If we may judge by its later characteristics, Macready's style of acting was nearly as new as

his person to the boards. He was no second-hand Kemble or Kean. His effects were produced neither by the sententious stateliness of the one nor the abrupt transitions of the other. Broad and powerful, where the character admitted and the situation required, their distinctive qualities were of a subtler and deeper kind than came within the compass of either of those celebrated actors. But by them had the taste, or rather the two hostile tastes, of the public been formed. Each was the standard of perfection to a party. In those days, Shakespeare—and all tragic actors are tested by Shakespeare—was the monopoly of the two patent theatres. There was no open arena for competition. And to render the system still more exclusive, almost every prominent dramatic character was claimed as a sort of private property by some established performer. "Within that circle, none durst walk but he." A club called "the Wolves" threatened any intruder on Kean's domain with the force and fury of organised opposition. Under this combination of influences, Mr. Macready was for a long period either restrained from, or not appreciated in, those Shakespearian representations on which his fame now rests. He became the hero of what—as distinguished from our own great classic, himself romantic—may be termed the romantic drama. In this sphere, but in this principally, his power was acknowledged. He was pronounced great in *Gambra*, and won renown in *Rob Roy*. That is to say, he made character where he did not find it; filled up with vitality and expression the imperfect outline; and could "create a soul beneath the ribs of death." At length the *Virginian* of Sheridan Knowles afforded him chance for justice. In it he took the heart of the public by storm. The play itself was the revival of a purer dramatic taste. There could be no question that the power manifested by the actor was of the highest order. All "circumscription and confine," in prejudice or in practice, were trampled down. Macready speedily took his place in personating the great Shakespearian characters. The path was open, though with long and toilsome steps in the ascent, to the throne of dramatic supremacy.

For the sake of the theatrical art, it might be well that the difficulties of such a career, the petty jealousies,

the base intrigues, the popular prejudices, and the literary censorship which often panders to them, besides having its own purposes, caprices, and corruptions, should be fully detailed : they would serve for the warning and guidance of future aspirants. Within the limits of this notice, we must jump gradations ; say nothing of new characters, chiefly Shakespearian, from year to year ; of a triumphant visit to America in 1826, and an enthusiastic reception at Paris in 1828, where he was pronounced second only to Talma, after Young, C. Kemble, and Kean had been coldly regarded ; and view him, in 1835-6, the one great actor of the British stage, by universal acclamation.

What made and makes him so ? An adequate reply must penetrate to the ultimate principles of theatrical criticism. I can only venture a few obvious suggestions. Modulated recitation, "with good emphasis and discretion," in appropriate costume, with appropriate gesture, may suffice for the parts called characters, in dramas formed according to the old French fashion. They only require certain verses to be declaimed, and certain stock passions to be mimicked. Shakespeare's men and women are not of this puppet kind. They are not abstractions of particular qualities,—this representing ambition ; that, love ; a third, jealousy, &c. Nor are they the author's messengers, ordered on the scene to put themselves in complicated positions, and then be extricated and sent about their business. A great dramatist, and especially *the* great dramatist, always conceives *character*. Some qualities may be more prominent than others, but all are linked together by a vital principle. Every one of Shakespeare's *dramatis personæ* has a will and thoughts of his own. Upon the whole, he serves his maker, but seems at times to forget him, and follow the devices of his own heart. He is not a lay figure, but a living soul. He is rounded off, like a statue so posited that, however much or little you may see, it serves to assure you that whatever is out of sight does not lack its finish and proportion. His business on the stage may be only to strike a blow ; but you perceive at once that he is something more than merely a hand which grasps a weapon. He breathes, speaks, walks, and talks like other men ; or, in some respects, unlike others. He has an

independent being. If he be the simplest sketch, still it is the sketch of an entirety. Hence the faith of the philosopher in Shakespeare. The metaphysician quotes his dramas as confidently as he quotes the most authentic biography. The critic, like Morgan in his *Essay on Falstaffe*, when he would find the fat knight guilty or not guilty of cowardice, institutes an investigation like that of a coroner's inquest, or a court-martial. He asks what the other personages said of the party in question; how they conducted themselves towards him; what was his public repute. He calls witnesses to character, and sifts their evidence, and allows for the influence of nearness or distance, of rank and station, of prejudice or partiality; and the dramas bear this scrutiny, which so powerfully testifies their truth to nature.

The physical requisites of his art, and facility in their use, being presupposed, what is most important to the actor who would personate Shakespeare's heroes is, an intellect so constituted as distinctly to realise the author's conception of character. Gathered analytically, not only from the words of his own part, but from careful study of the entire play, this conception becomes a synthesis, which reacts on every tone and gesture; it modifies the expression of every passion. The jealousy of Othello widely differs from that of Laertes; and both from that of Posthumus. The remorseful moments of Macbeth take a different colouring from those of King John. Conception of character is the guiding star, without which the most efficient actor may go wrong. Edmund Kean had that wonderful insight into character which is given by the intuition of passion. When that failed, as it sometimes did, he blundered. One instance of its failure is remembered, even in so powerful a performance as was his Shylock. At the exclamation, "I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!" he started back, as with a revulsion of paternal feeling from the horrible image his avarice had conjured up, and, borrowing a negative from the next inquiry, "No news of them?" gasped an agonising "No, no, no." The trick was triumphant. The house rang with plaudits. It was a hit. It would have been hissed by an audience that

understood the play. Shylock had not the strength of paternal feeling implied in the revulsion. The spirit of the scene is the alternation of the two passions of anguished avarice and hopeful revenge. There is no room for a third. Its introduction mars the succession of contrasts. It supposes a different state of mind, which, once induced, must have changed all that follows. It is an interpolation which betrays itself, and wants coherence. It is a falsification of Shylock and of Shakespeare.

Those who think "that does not signify, so that it tells," occupy a parallel position with the debater who disregards the truth to fact or to his own mind, and pollutes discussion by the unscrupulous utterance of a popular or plausible sophism. They abdicate the noble task of artistically expounding the noblest poetry. They fail of their proper function, though they may succeed in startling and affecting the audience, and win rounds of applause and shouts of "bravo." Neither to gain nor to sustain theatrical sympathy, has Mr. Macready ever been untrue to the poet whom he undertakes, by his acting, to illustrate. The spirit of a character is ever before him in its personation. And the spirit interprets the letter throughout. It pervades his performance. His enactment is "one entire and perfect chrysolite." He never deviates from the dramatist's purpose to make a point, because his point is to make obvious and impressive the purpose of the dramatist. The philosopher has studied the being whom the artist delineates. Tone, gesture, and demeanour are evolved from the conception of character, as the scenery in some of Tennyson's poems—*Mariana*, for instance—grows out of the sentiment. Hence a truth and unity, the influence of which is felt by many who are utterly unconscious or regardless of the cause. The effect is analogous to that of the perfect proportions of a Greek temple. It is like that produced by a well-constructed poem, with its passages of brilliancy or pathos, as well as those which only tell the story or paint the scenery; but which no particular passages, however powerful, can produce. Appeal is made to the sense of harmony, proportion, and unity within us. When the book is closed, or the curtain falls, a fulness of satisfaction remains, of which all incongruous and isolated efforts must fail, however splendid.

I believe this to be the key to the peculiar excellence

of Mr. Macready's acting. Sympathy, terror, and tears, must have been at the command of his consummate art and power in the presentation of suffering or passion. They must have placed him at the head of his profession. But he has brought to the exposition of Shakespeare the richer and rarer endowments of intellectual cultivation, attainment, taste, and philosophy. These are the informing soul of his artistical faculties. Rare qualities are they in his profession; and about as rare in any other profession. Such a man was made for Shakespeare; and it may be truly added, though in a lower sense, that Shakespeare was made for such a man. The difficulties and prejudices which obstructed his occupying and being recognised in his proper sphere were a fight against nature. He has no scope out of Shakespeare. To put him in the melodramatic, meagre, and patchwork parts to which he was at one time almost restricted, was like employing a locomotive to draw a wheelbarrow. Yet he raised their significance, and made them raise his reputation. Meantime, the study of his art in its minutest details, and of its objects in all their grandeur, was incessantly and vigorously pursued. He was never fooled by that false faith in genius which neglects the good works of industry. Mr. Macready is a student still, and will be till he dies. His latest performances show that the hand of the master has been touching and retouching wherever an added tint, although most faint and delicate, and to the many wholly imperceptible, could bring the picture nearer to perfection.

Every performance of Mr. Macready's is a study. It is a lesson in art. It is a lecture on dramatic poetry. It is a chapter of the philosophy of human nature. Not that the manner or effect have any thing in them of the didactic. On the contrary, whatever is most passionate, or impulsive, best appears so from this harmony with the character represented. The laboured rhyming of Iago is more laughable, and the desperate defiance of Macbeth is more terrific, in connection with each personation as a whole. All the rest tells in, and aids the effect of every portion. Were theatrical and dramatic criticism extinct as an art, it could be revived by studying the performances of Macready. A reason, derived from the character, may be found for whatever he does in that character. Apart from the enjoyment, from the inter-

est, which attends the power that plays on every passion and sympathy, there is thus a refined intellectual pleasure in witnessing his delineations. And there is something yet above this. Philosophy and philanthropy are intimately related. The best knowledge of humanity induces the truest love of humanity. Shakespeare's villains, like those of nature, are not *all* villain. It has been complained that he "never drew a hero." Certainly his creative power never attempted "that faultless monster which the world ne'er saw." Nor did he ever make man simply a demon:

"The darkest night that shrouds the sky
Of beauty hath a share ;
The blackest heart hath signs to tell
That God still lingers there."

In the true spirit of Shakespeare, Mr. Macready never enacts a character so as to put it utterly beyond the reach of human sympathy. He coöperates with the poet to bring out the faintest scintillation of good. The detestation of bad men never is, as it never ought to be, unmitigated. The performance of King John is a memorable instance. The mean and bloody tyrant was human nevertheless. He breaks down under the burden of guilt and retribution. The crushed spirit, once so daring and unscrupulous, cannot be contemplated without emotion. No actor has ever made evident this tragedy of a soul like Mr. Macready. His King John always leaves the mind in a state of deep and mournful commiseration. He makes tragedy achieve its noblest function, "to raise the genius and to mend the heart." We are unconsciously taught to think better and kindlier of our fellow-creatures, to regard even the guilty "more in sorrow than in anger."

The mysteries of Shakespeare melt away in Mr. Macready's acting. The darkness becomes light. In accurate conception of character he holds the clue of every labyrinth. Even a poet has puzzled himself and his readers with the oft-repeated question, "What does Hamlet mean?" The scene with Ophelia, after the famous soliloquy, has been falsified by the greatest actors before him, to make it, as they thought, less offensive and incomprehensible. The frank reliance of Hamlet on one truthful and loving being is painfully dashed with just suspicion.

He struggles with the unwelcome thought. He tests Ophelia, and gives her a chance of escape from the conspiracy which has made her its tool. "Where is your father?" She lacks the moral courage for an honest reply. The detection of falsehood where he loved and was loved is forced upon him. Bitterness and agony only vent themselves truthfully in the reproaches of simulated madness. There is neither trick nor brutality. His brain reels at sight of this unexpected treachery. The erring hand that, under misleading influence, touched them falsely, has made those "sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh." I mention this scene, because it has so often been a puzzle and a stumbling-block.

Elucidating difficulties is a very incidental effect of fine acting. Its main work is to give truth, beauty, and passion their full power over the audience. To make obvious to their perceptions the moral beauty of the loving Stoic:

"Whose life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world—"This was a man:""

the depth of Othello's tenderness, when his soul "hath her content so absolute;" and the impetuous rush of his passion, forcing all the flood-gates of reason asunder: the autumnal melancholy that sheds a fitful gleam upon Macbeth, before the bursting of the storm that rouses all the fury of his lion heart; and the sublime desperation, mingling the ferocity of the savage beast and that of the rebel archangel, in the fight with fate: and, above all, Lear, that "gray, discrowned head," finer than genius ever stamped upon the antique gem; that doting fondness, so confiding and expectant, that the heart is sad at its foreseen and fatal disappointment; that fitful energy, the spiritual age of a strong mind and will potential, which, swelling and rising to the intensity of the memorable curse, shatters the intellect in its explosion, and makes pity stand appalled; the wildness that outstorms the storm; and the grotesque, wonderful, and varied thoughts, relics, and reminiscences of a wealthy and mighty intellect, that are confusedly upturned, like the treasures of ocean deeps in the world's convulsions; the touching bewilderment of returning sanity, trusting

fearfully, and with most piteous deprecations; and that awful howl over the corpse of Cordelia, followed by the flickering of life for an instant, till it breathes out its last faint sigh, and all is at rest—the dust in the darkness:—these are the great works of the great actor—they have linked the name of Macready with that of Shakespeare.

It is a noble position to stand between the Dramatic Poet and the People. Such an actor as Mr. Macready makes these extremes meet. He brings into communion the one and the many. His art unites, for their mutual good and enjoyment, the unrivalled genius and the common intellect. For the time he is living poetry, an incarnation which makes it visible and palpable. He cannot lower the Bard; he does raise the multitude. We are elevated by him to an appreciating companionship with Shakespeare. The gods are amongst us, in the likeness of men. We find something in ourselves of the wonders which the actor interprets from the poet. "Every man is Hamlet," said one of our best critics. He is so in the community of feeling, however momentary, with the master spirit that fashioned Hamlet, and so many other grand and fair creations. Noblest poetry thus becomes, in different proportions, according to the nature of the recipient, an element of common life. We not only admire a poet's power, but think a poet's thought. He is breath of our breath. There is a spiritual possession, as there used to be a demoniacal. The magic of the actor's art installs the poet in his mental mastery. We have glimpses of *his* mind, as he penetrates our minds. In a far loftier sense than that of the Political Economist, this is to "better the condition of the people." Make city crowds Shakespearian—the fact will furnish a happier epitaph for their tombs than "I, too, was an Arcadian."

Mr. Macready has been blamed, oftentimes, for his too great regard to scenic decoration; but he made Shakespeare popular by good acting far more than good scenery, though they both contributed, no doubt, to the great end of his stage existence,—the making the people acquainted—and by their acquaintance in love with—the high and noble imagery of Truth, as enunciated by Shakespeare. And this he accomplished mainly in his own person.

It may be asked—"Are there, then, no faults in Mr.

Macready's acting?" I am not careful to answer in this manner. Those who so please may pick them out; emulating the famous industry that found the two grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff. Only their work is rather to find the two atoms of chaff in the bushel of grain; which, like their prototype, they may, when found, keep for their pains. The design and spirit of this personal notice is not intended to be strictly critical. It affects not the minuteness of anatomical dissection and analysis. The object is rather to give due expression of homage and gratitude towards those by whom the public has been benefited. Nor are there many writers—I am not one, assuredly—entitled to sit in self-satisfied judgment upon any supposed mistake or failure in Mr. Macready's artistical interpretations of Shakespeare. There is little theatrical criticism of any worth that has not matured itself by the careful study of Mr. Macready's personations. He is scarcely amenable at its bar. The stream cannot rise above its fountain. In any conflict of interpretations, the chances are immeasurably in his favour against the most accomplished of his critics. The Aristotles of the stage must acknowledge its Homer. Genuine criticism springs out of great works of art; it is an attempt to show why and how they affect us so deeply; if there be a seeming flaw, it is noted lightly and reverently; and the return is prompt to its proper and welcome work of appreciation and explanation.

The eminence of Garrick both in tragedy and comedy has often been remarked upon as a peculiarity. The real peculiarity, in an actor of the highest order, would have been the inability to excel in both. The phrenological wiseacre who found a tragic organ and a comic organ proved his own want of the appropriate organ for metaphysical analysis. The same faculties and tendencies are implied in the power of personation, whether it stimulates laughter or moves to tears. Edmund Kean recalled the memory, and illustrated the traditions, of Garrick's acting, alike in *Richard III.* and in *Abel Druggier*. The embarrassment of Benedick or of Mr. Oakley has never been more ludicrous; his Puff is said to be inimitable; and that strange entwining of the comic and the tragic, and their mutual trespassing on each other's domain, which make Kitley so

pathetically ridiculous, or so ridiculously pathetic, only show his easy mastery over the most seemingly dissimilar resources of his art. Histrionic greatness, like most real greatness, is flexible, versatile, and universal. It ascends to the terrible ; it plays round the grotesque. Only thus can it "hold the mirror up to nature." A goodly function ; and not obscurely connected with the self-knowledge of humanity, and therefore with some of its best interests.

In October 1837, Mr. Macready commenced his arduous and glorious career as manager of Covent-Garden Theatre. His task was indeed arduous. He had every thing to do. The theatre had been occupied by an inferior company from a minor establishment. The property-man had a sinecure, or was only an overseer of rubbish. Much of the scenery consisted of daubs that could scarcely have competed with a collection of village signboards. Nor had there been any of the superintending skill that makes the work surpass the materials.

All things behind the curtain and before it stood in need of thorough reformation. A great change soon began to be perceived and felt. The art of Stanfield commenced the creation of a noble gallery of paintings. A strong company was collected ; including the best talent that could be obtained in London or from the provinces. By frequent and careful rehearsals, the mind of the great master was made to pervade the entire performance. Aspiring actors learned to coöperate, and not sacrifice the spirit of a scene to individual prominence. The public felt the harmony and completeness of representation thus produced. People went *to see a play*. Theatrical favouritism and partisanship merged in the recognised presence of dramatic poetry.

It was promptly found that a new system was at work, and a principle introduced which extended to the minutest particulars. The very bills in the streets bore an unexpressed but distinctly implied testimony to the novelty of the change. They were marked by the avoidance of that system of puffery which had been in other cases, and still is, carried to so gross an extent. How often is the eye disgusted by the grandest superlatives of praise lavished upon theatrical pretenders or compositions that not only deserved to be hissed, but that actually were hissed on the very eve of these large-letter announcements ! How often has the

metropolis been placarded with colossal and golden promises, only to be fulfilled in tinsel and tawdry ! The only promise which Mr. Macready was accustomed to make was the promise of his own character and previous practice, that whatever was produced or revived at his theatre should be presented with taste and splendour worthy of the national drama. That promise was always kept most faithfully. At first, the simplicity of the Covent-Garden bills was not understood. The agreeable surprise, however, of the representation soon inspired confidence ; anticipation rose higher than it was ever upborne by puffs preparatory, and was never disappointed. To the secret that a theatre could do without a saloon, was added the equally novel secret, that a new play could attract without an emblazoned programme of its gorgeous scenery.

To delude the public by crowded houses filled by means of orders ; to purchase praise from the profligacy of some portion of the public press, by nameless advantages ; to deprecate and avert the just censure of other portions by pitiful appeals ; to bring the aid of advertisers, or other influential parties, to act on newspaper criticism,—are practices so notorious in connection with theatrical management, as to render their total negation proper for record, though it would ill accord with our estimate of the subject of this paper to dwell upon it as a theme of laudation. One fact, however, of no slight importance must be mentioned. Mr. Macready's management practically solved the long and hotly discussed question, whether a theatre can be conducted without offence to decorum or stimuli to licentiousness. The Puritan divines and their successors, by whom the stage has been denounced, have always assumed the negative, and made it the foundation of their fiercest invectives. They have often grossly exaggerated, and sometimes, in their censures, only betrayed the pruriency of their own imaginations. Still, to a certain extent, there was truth in what they urged. A *saloon*, with all that had become associated with the name, was deemed essential to the prosperity of a large theatre. Privileges were bestowed to secure the presence of those whose absence was desired by all the friends of decorum. The most reputable, as well as the most disreputable, of managers had believed themselves under the necessity of making this gross addition to the

attractions of a theatre. The attraction, as it doubtless was to some classes, had become a strong repulsion to better classes. The evil was at once corrected by the Covent-Garden management; and afterwards, though under much vexatious opposition, at Drury Lane. The record of the example remains to deprive of every fragment of excuse the managers who, now or hereafter, may sustain or restore the former and most vicious system.

But to come to what directly belongs to the theatrical art. Mr. Macready is the only manager, in our time, who brought the drama before public view with any thing approaching to completeness. System, science, and poetry were the characteristics of his management. Any man can order a gorgeous scene to be painted. Any man can hire a hundred supernumeraries or chorus-singers. Any man can distribute the characters of a play amongst his troop or company with some regard to the habitual practice of each performer in tragedy or comedy,—lovers or tyrants, old men or buffoons. And if the result be any tolerable resemblance to what the author of the drama conceived, praised be the gods for a lucky hit! Oh, the things that we have seen, and do still see occasionally! We have beheld Shylock, the Jew, surrounded in his own dwelling by statues of the heathen gods, Mercury, Mars, and all the abominations of Israel. We have seen him tried by such a tribunal as Venice never knew, sitting in a ducal hall, the door of which opened on a fine champagne country, with Heaven knows what river meandering through the valley. We have seen the sea from Bosworth Field, painted for the occasion. We have seen King Richard's archers "draw their arrows to the head," with no mark but their own general, and charge after him on the full run with stretched strings. Virginius has often stabbed his daughter in a forum where rose majestically the column of Trajan and the arch of Severus. All these absurdities were not only "reformed indifferently," but "altogether." The character of the scenery was always not only true to the period and localities, but to the poetical spirit of the particular drama enacted: in *King Lear*, antique, massive, elemental; in the *Tempest*, wild and strange, fit haunt of magic and of spirits, the circling sea of the Enchanted Isle, and two or three strange forms of rocks, as seen from different points, made the

imaginative *locale* a reality in the mind ; in *Richelieu*, the apartments, gardens, costume, not only true and splendid, but ever and essentially French ; and *Ion*, chastely Greek, in its columns, altars, and temples. Yet there was no pedantry in this appropriateness. And in Shakespeare, Mr. Macready usually followed the anachronisms of the drama, rightly perceiving that they belonged to the poetical idea of the composition, which it is the first duty of the theatre to keep unimpaired, whatever becomes of antiquarian truth. The moral chaos of *Lear* requires, and fitly placed on the stage, both the knightly armour of chivalry and the rude pillars of Druidical temples. While rich advantage was taken of the scope afforded by *Coriolanus* for an extraordinary series of pictorial groupings, illustrative of the ancient Rome, any one of which might have sufficed on canvas to immortalise a painter : the multitude, with their diversified attire and uncouth armory, terrific in their combination, and with single figures intermixed, such as Salvator Rosa loved to sketch ; the street alive with shouting citizens, and green with waving palms for the victor's reception ; the path of the exile by the lonely shore to the house of Aufidius, gay in festal lights and sounds, while far in the sea shines the solitary lamp of the Pharos of Antium ; the Capitol, where the incense burns on the altar of Victory, where the bronze wolf and twins still tell the ancient legend as they did in the ancient time, and where the uprising Senate, with uplifted right arms conferring the Consulship, seem an august assembly which the barbarians of Gaul might well adore ; and the scene without the gates, thronged with the Volscian soldiers, silently making way for the mournful procession of the Roman women through their glittering ranks, or grouping their standard-trophy over the shield-formed bier, so as to produce that gorgeous and affecting picture into which was developed the simple stage direction, " Exeunt soldiers, bearing the body of Caius Marcius."

✱ In all that belongs to the *mise en scène*, Mr. Macready never forgot that his function was to *illustrate*. No splendid or striking effects induced him to depart from this duty. The gorgeousness of many revivals occasioned an imputation of overlaying Shakespeare with theatrical splendour. The critics disregarded the fact that some of these dramas—*King Lear*, for instance—had never been so simply

presented, so divested of "barbaric pearl and gold." Nor did *As you like It* flaunt with spangles. It was redolent of the greenwood. Sylvan glades, and the song of birds, and grotesque trunks of trees, harmonised with the life of idle forestry, and realised the vision of the poet dreaming of the remote rustic sojourn of princely courtesy. A hundred minute instances of arrangement introduced by Mr. Macready, and some happily become permanent on the stage, might be enumerated from memory, which show his unswerving fidelity to the work of illustration, as well as his consummate skill in its details: such as, in *Macbeth*, the crouching of the witches at distant corners of the cavern, each awaiting the signal of her own familiar—"thrice the brindled cat hath mewed," &c. When he was gorgeous, it was because the imagination of Shakespeare had been gorgeous first, and shown what he would have done with the rich and ample theatrical appliances of our times. In *Henry V.*, not choice but necessity made the author on a most "unworthy scaffold to bring forth so great an object." Macready could not give him "a kingdom for a stage;" but he *did* precisely that for which the poet longed. He refused needlessly to

"Disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt."

As far as possible—a possibility multiplied a thousand-fold since Shakespeare's days—he resolved to "piece out" the inevitable "imperfections" of the scene, not only by the "thoughts" of the audience, but by the power of artistry. In the heraldic emblazonments, the panoramic voyage, the pictorial interpretation of the prologue, the battle crash, the bannered cathedral pomp, and all the unrivalled embellishments of that great national and historical drama, Macready was the faithful executor of the will of Shakespeare, enabled, by the wealth of modern theatrical art, to pay the bard's legacy to the British public. Not only had stage management pursued such a perverted course as often to deprive representation altogether of an illustrative character, but it had been busy also with the subject to be illustrated. The restoration of the genuine text of Shakespeare was, perhaps more than any other single charac-

teristic, the distinguishing glory of the Macready management.

Poetical conception and artistical skill may indeed appear more strikingly in the mode of illustrating the Shakespearian drama, considered without reference to the circumstance whether the text had been respected or corrupted. But in the restorations of the genuine text, these qualities rise into the sphere of moral attributes, and we recognise that *faith in genius* which only belongs to the loftiest minds.

For almost two centuries the work of corruption had continued to make havoc with the grandest compositions of the grandest dramatist that the world has produced. The great and the contemptible; the poetical and the practical; Dryden and Davenant; Garrick and Kemble; Tate and Cibber,—all were let loose upon the text of Shakespeare, like swarms of caterpillars, great and small, upon a rose-tree, to impair and destroy, and transform it into something akin with their own inferior natures. At every theatre, from time immemorial, it had become an axiom that Shakespeare was not presentable. The poet, who could not be tried by his peers, Nature not having yet created his peers, was condemned by minds unequal to the comprehension of his meaning, and executed by writers destitute of the remotest affinity with his genius. Every petty, blustering stage-blunderer thought he knew better than Shakespeare what would suit the taste of an audience. One play was desecrated by the dirtiness of Dryden, and another was interpolated with the pomposities of Thomson. If sometimes a beam of truth glimmered across the public mind, it speedily faded away; and managers and audiences consoled themselves with a mutually contemptuous and contemptible recognition of each other's corruption of taste. Mr. Macready first dared to believe in Shakespeare with his whole heart and soul. He evinced the appreciation of genius by genius. In the spirit of a prophet whose soul is full of the power he worships, he repeated the *verba ipsissima* of the oracle, and all hearts felt that the words were indeed oracular.

The two most extensive and remarkable of these restorations were those accomplished in the *Tempest* and *King Lear*. The peculiar character of the *Tempest* was totally destroyed by Dryden's alterations. He violated most

profanely the solitude and sanctity of the Enchanted Isle. Under the name of the most exquisitely pure and fanciful of Shakespeare's dramas, the public only knew, in the acting version, a farrago of common conjuration and uncommon indecency. The deepest truths of the poetical spirit were degraded by transposition into vulgar clap-traps. What do we not owe to the noble daring that dashed down at a stroke all the base and meretricious accretions that had gathered around this lovely work, and presented it to the world like a recovered statue, perfect in the symmetry and simplicity of antique art, yet appropriately shrined in the most stately and costly temple that could be wrought by modern genius? There was a practical reply in the acclamations of the thousands that witnessed its unprecedented and undiminished attraction through more than fifty nights of the season in which it was produced. *King Lear* may be regarded as the masterpiece of Shakespeare, and, therefore, as the most stupendous drama in existence. The limits of this notice will not allow of even a glance at the grounds of this estimate—suffice it to say that, according to the old proverb, the corruption had been proportionate to the excellence. The feeling of the drama had been outraged by the impertinent interpolation of a love affair between Edgar and Cordelia. The construction of the drama had been destroyed by the total withdrawment of the Fool. And the catastrophe of the drama had been reversed, to the annihilation of the profoundest moral lesson and impression with which truth and nature ever inspired the heart of mighty poet. The innovation had become sanctioned, and seemingly irreversibly established by long prescription. Banished in its integrity from the stage, Shakespeare's *Lear* was only the solitary study of poets and appreciators of poetry. Its representation was talked of just as politicians speculate on the advent of a Utopia. The Utopia will come, when politicians have faith in humanity; and *Lear* was enacted, for Macready had faith in Shakespeare. The effect, almost "too deep for tears," resembled that of the first appearance of some masterpiece in poetry or art, gradually and majestically rising upon the public view—a sense of awe at the embodied power of the poet chastening, while prolonging, the fervency of admiration.

An unprecedented succession of numerous and appreciating audiences was the public response to the appeal thus made at Covent-Garden Theatre. It has often been said that Mr. Macready's management failed, and proved the decline of a taste for the Shakespearian drama. The inference is unjust to the public, and the assumed fact is incorrect; no equal receipts, for an equal length of time, had ever been known. But the lessee had—and again at Drury Lane afterwards—to struggle with an enormous outlay, rendered necessary by the forlorn condition in which he found the scenery and properties of both houses, and by the costliness of his own efforts; with an almost total neglect on the part of the aristocratic and fashionable world; and with proprietary arrangements, or disarrangements, which yielded no security for an expenditure that could only have repaid itself in a series of years, and the immediate profits of which were liable to be pressed upon by undefined and encroaching claims. So far as the public was concerned, the success was complete. Those whose taste, whether in art or in morals, had made them, as a class, absentees from the theatre, began to reappear. The audiences were in what may be called a course of education. The license of finding or making indecorous allusions, so frequently exercised at some of our theatres, was spontaneously suppressed. A promptness was evinced in the recognition of the finer beauties of poetry in an author, which showed that a comparatively worthy tribunal for the contemporary drama was rapidly forming. And the expression, “a Macready audience,” denotes not partisanship of the actor, but percipieny of Shakespeare. That causes utterly extrinsic to the drama and the public taste should have prematurely interrupted so promising a career, is occasion for deep regret; though not unmitigated by the knowledge that many refining and useful influences continue in individual minds, and that much which was done in the restoration of Shakespeare cannot again be undone, even by the perversity of future managers.

Mr. Macready took leave of Covent-Garden Theatre at the end of his second season. A grand public entertainment, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair, was soon afterwards given him at Freemasons' Hall. His reception was most enthusiastic. A subscription was com-

menced for presenting him with some appropriate memorial. The result was a felicitous design, chastely executed in silver, of the actor studying a drama for illustration; the Arts and Muses are grouped around to render him their aid; bas-reliefs of celebrated scenes surround the base, and the form of Shakespeare crowns the summit. The most illustrious names of which our country can boast were in the list of contributors; and, as if to render more noticeable the absence of aristocratical patronage during the season of struggle, as one royal duke had presided at the commencement of the subscription, another—the Duke of Cambridge—presided at the presentation.

After a twelvemonth's engagement at the Haymarket, where the public became more familiar with the light and graceful qualities of his acting, Mr. Macready undertook the management of Drury-Lane Theatre, where he continued till June 1843. Such was the feeling towards him in the profession, that as soon as the probability of this event was known, and before he was in any condition to treat for engagements, members of his former company declined the most tempting offers from other quarters, and ran all risks for the chance of renewing their connection with one whose fidelity to his engagements, and whose unflinching care for the actor's interests and respectability, they had previously experienced.

This second management was, in spirit, a prolongation of the first: the same Shakespearian splendour, where splendour is required; the same reversion to the genuine text, and careful regard for the poetical idea of each drama in its illustration; the same harmonised combination of costume and scenery, and of the individual talent of each member of the well-organised company; the same abundant success in public enthusiasm; and the same abrupt termination, from causes wholly extrinsic to the national drama, but inseparably connected with the condition, as to property, of the two large theatres.

One distinction of this second management was the attention paid to the classical music of our own country. In *Acis and Galatea*, and *King Arthur*, Handel and Purcell were crowned with a halo of artistical illustration kindred in brightness with that which had already been made to beam around the brow of Shakespeare. These

performances, and that of *Comus*, may be regarded as revivals of the masque, once so gorgeous in courtly splendour.

The musical drama and the masque are closely allied ; that is, if by musical drama we understand, not merely a play with incidental songs or choruses, but one in which musical expression is made the exponent of thought and emotion. Musical drama is like the witch in *Thalaba* : " Still her speech was song." To maintain due proportion in this world of convention, the action of the performers should be modulated also ; and crowds or groups pass from one tableau to another by measured movement. The artistical, and even the artificial, belong to the nature of the scene ; if, indeed, it can be said to have a nature. It is a brilliant dreamland. It is a fancy and a frolic of the Genii of Poetry, Song, and Painting. They abandon themselves to their gayest gambols. Drury Lane gave the workaday world more distinct glimpses than it has ever enjoyed of that other fantastic world of artistical creation.

Those who remember the effect, both in chorus and melody, of the music of Purcell and Handel as there given, and how it was enhanced by costume, action, and scenery, will see how much more was done than the mere production of a theatrical novelty. Reckoning Handel English by adoption, as Purcell was by birth and nature, it was our native music which was thus glorified. A grand homage was rendered to the musical genius of our country. Its greatest masters received their popular apotheosis. And the opportunity—by lavishing similar adornment on *Comus*, no longer travestied—of adding to their names the nobler name of Milton, completed what Mr. Macready always studied for the theatre, its character of *nationality*. There may be space and worthy claimants for other shrines in the temple of Shakespeare ; but, beyond the strictly dramatic bards, for none so near its high altar. Single-handed did one man do thus much towards what, if the intellectual glory of our country were rightly estimated, if genius were justly honoured, and if the influences of a nation's poetry upon a nation's character were duly calculated, would be the object of earnest desire, the occasion of liberal expenditure, and the source of liveliest interest to parliament and people, aristocracy and democracy, and even Church and State. A national the-

atre, such as forms the ideal which Mr. Macready so manfully struggled to attain, is requisite, though not the only requisite, to our appropriating the poet's boast :

“ We speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In every thing we are sprung
Of earth's best blood—have titles manifold.”

That any theatrical management whatever should prove completely satisfactory to dramatic authors is far beyond all reasonable expectation. Were every drama sent into a theatre quite as meritorious as its writer or his friends suppose, still the number alone would necessitate a selection. The fact of a selection would generate the charge of partiality, prejudice, or incompetence. Mr. Macready made himself enemies, some of them loud and active, by his exercise of that prerogative of rejection, without which management cannot exist. Since that time, the law has put theatricals on a more liberal footing. The legitimate drama may be produced at any theatre. From a dozen to twenty courts of appeal against decisions which were complained of are now open in the metropolis and its immediate vicinity. I am not aware of the reversal of his veto in a single instance. The mention of this fact is due to him, in common justice. The reader will of course distinguish between a vindication of the motives, or even of the decision, of the manager, and a coincidence of judgment with him upon some of the plays in question. But whenever a manager errs by rejecting a piece that would succeed, he errs to his own loss. So far as they were cognisable by the public, the errors of Mr. Macready were on the other side. Several unprofitable productions might be specified, on which the care and expense that were bestowed evinced a ready and generous recognition of poetic genius struggling for its position, but with imperfect mastery of its art, and without the aids of interest or previous celebrity. It might be invidious to particularise, but there are writers who well know that the written drama has no more efficient patronage in the kingdom than that of Mr. Macready.

The names of Sheridan Knowles, Serjeant Talfourd, and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, are permanently associated with the power which contributed so largely to their well-

deserved success. The simplicity, elementary interest, and inherent vitality of some productions by these authors would have upborne their popularity in very inferior hands; but the deeper poetry and finer discrimination of others demanded an artist of the highest order for their expositor. The relations of sundry living dramatists with Mr. Macready do not appear contingent on his being in the actual management of a theatre: dramatic poetry seeks his friendship, when not allowed to flourish under his sceptre. The historical reality and stern pathos of Browning's *Strafford* preceded his managerial career, and its close has been followed by the quaint, full-hearted geniality of White's *King of the Commons*.

In the adornment of *Gisippus* with that noble succession of scenery which depicted the contrast—itsself a drama—of Athens in its decline, and Rome in its splendour, a mournful homage was offered to the misfortunes of departed genius. A grander testimony to a greater genius was the task, pursued by Mr. Macready through many years, both as actor and manager, and at length completed, of putting worthily on the stage the dramas of Byron. During the progress of this work, the public taste had vibrated from an exaggerated admiration of the author to a still less reasonable depreciation. The dramas had, however, contributed little, comparatively, to the admiration; and from the depreciation, no exception was made on their behalf. The wayward assertion of the poet was taken as conclusive evidence of their unfitness for the stage. All have been produced, and all succeeded, so far as success is testified by lively interest, strong emotion, and that prolonged state of feeling which no more yields to the falling of the curtain than to the closing of the grave. In *Sardanapalus*, and much more in *The elder Foscari* and *The Doge*, there were thrilling scenes, which might need repetition to affect a careless crowd, but which those whom passionate and poetical truth impresses readily can never forget. *Werner* has achieved a full meed of popularity. The beautiful delineation of paternal fondness overbears all the repulsiveness of the plot. Nor can any distance of time or diversity of scene prevent the quailing of the heart at the memory of that terrible cry of paternal agony. A generation has arisen that knows not Byron. Contempo-

rary enthusiasm has died away. The season for an impartial retrospect of his poetry has not arrived. His statue is not located in the British Wallhalla. But while awaiting, in obscurity and oblivion, the ultimate award, Macready has crowned its brow with dramatic laurels that shall be worn unwitheringly.

At the close of his second season at Drury Lane, in June 1843, Mr. Macready retired from the management. Up to this period, the two great theatres possessed a legal monopoly of the legitimate drama. This privilege implied a corresponding obligation, of which both had shown themselves utterly regardless. Other interests than those of the national drama had a paramount influence. Legally proscribed at the minor theatres, it was practically banished at the established theatres. In Mr. Macready's farewell speech he animadverted, with just severity, on the sinister influence of monopoly, which had been the real cause of blighting the prospects of the drama, by the premature termination both of this and of his former management. The public heartily responded. A petition from Mr. Macready, in which the mischievousness of the system was more elaborately exposed, and its injurious bearing shown on the profession of an actor and on the interests of society, was soon after presented to the legislature. The result was that, before the close of the session, a new "Act for regulating Theatres" was passed, which may be regarded as a dramatic charter. It authorises the Lord Chamberlain in the metropolis, and wherever her Majesty may reside, and justices of the peace in other cities or towns, to grant licenses to theatres, and throws open the whole range of the drama to theatres so licensed. Under this act an immense improvement has taken place in the provision for public amusement. Several of the saloons and music-rooms in the suburbs have become regular theatres. Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner commenced the honourable and successful enterprise of domesticating Shakespeare at Sadler's Wells; and crowds have recently witnessed a series of Mr. Macready's grandest personations at the Surrey. From these facts, a reaction on the more aristocratical portions of the metropolis may be confidently anticipated. The exiled Shakespeare will return in triumph. The banishment is verging towards

the restoration. Larger audiences are in a course of education. In what but lately was, as to poetry and the drama, only an inert mass, perception and appreciation are enkindled and cherished. It must be sheer prejudice, blind and bigoted, that does not behold in this process an agency of civilisation, and a powerful auxiliary for attaining some of the highest objects of national education.

In the autumn of 1843, Mr. Macready sailed for the United States. During the ensuing twelvemonth, he performed at all the principal theatres in the Union, and also made a short visit to Canada. American enthusiasm for illustrious English visitors might be presumed to have undergone some chill about this time, when the *American Notes* had just been succeeded by *Martin Chuzzlewit*. No symptom of the kind, however, any where attended the appearance of Mr. Macready. He was welcomed with a heartiness which his own feeling reciprocated. The best and ablest men of the States were drawn to the theatres. Each new personation seemed to be regarded as a study, and the increased popularity of every repetition evinced the growing appreciation of the audience, their intenser perception of the truth, power, and beauty of the performance. The character of the newspaper critiques showed, in many instances, that pens had been employed in their production unused to the routine of journalism, but not unfamiliar with the most important concerns of nations, or the loftiest speculations of philosophy. And in the friendly intercourse, or the public celebration, which attended Mr. Macready's visits to their principal towns and cities, the attributes of the man were as frankly and warmly recognised as those of the actor. Probably no visitant of the New World has ever either brought away or left behind impressions more just, pleasurable, and enduring. "He treated us handsomely," said an American lady, referring to Mr. Macready's farewell speech at New York. A *soirée* given by Mr. Macready on his last evening at Boston, from which port he sailed for England, assembled the *élite* of that highly intellectual locality, including those of the clergy and others whose scruples, professional or conscientious, debarred them from the theatres,—and delighted them by a variety of poetical readings from authors who are the classics of both countries, or rather of all lands. If Mr.

Macready was hailed, in coming to their shores, as the great tragic actor of the parent country, his departure was regretted as that of a noble fellow-labourer with those who toil to advance the civilisation of mankind.

A passage in Mr. Macready's parting speech at New York, alluding to the theatrical profession in America, will express that high estimate of the purposes to which his art should be directed which has shed its influence over his own career :

"Let me express a parting hope that each performer I leave behind me—and it is indeed with regret—in this country, may thus consider his vocation. The object of the poet, whom he serves, is among the loftiest in the scope of literature :

‘To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o’er each scene, and be what they behold—
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage.’

If, then, the player does not feel that he too has, though subordinate, *his* mission to fulfil as minister to such high purpose,—if he has not faith in what he strives for—to make his art an elevating and instructive recreation—to raise it into an instrument of good, at least in its effect on public taste; if he be not content to “gore his own thoughts” in searching out the depths and springs of passion; to educate his mind up to the height of his great argument, and qualify himself by toil and study as the enunciator, the expounder, and illustrator of the poet's text, as the officiating priest of that oracle of nature's noblest truths—that Shakespeare, whom we enjoy and glory in, in common,—it is plain he uses his art merely as a sordid means of gain, consenting ‘to make himself a motley to the view,’ only to escape his prescribed share of labour, and merits not alone the indifference of the public, but the obloquy so often indiscriminately and illiberally cast upon his calling.

“Such a belief ought not to depress, but rather to encourage and animate those whose destiny has placed them on the stage to indulge in worthier aspirations, and labour for the approval of the intelligent and refined alone; for if true to themselves and the higher objects of their

art, I believe that the genius of this country, so intent on advancing all that appertains to intellectual improvement and moral culture, will not be wanting to sustain them."

Rapid was the transition, and great must have been the contrast, of the visit to Paris which promptly followed. But the basis of Mr. Macready's art is so deeply laid in the elemental principles of human nature, that its excellence commends itself wherever our language is intelligible, and the mind is not strongly prepossessed by some factitious standard. A small but efficient corps, with Miss H. Faucit (whose absence London has borne too long) for the heroine, was formed by Mr. Mitchell for this enterprise of English theatricals in Paris. The triumph of the experiment was attested by a succession of large, attentive, and applauding audiences. On the conclusion of the season, there was a special performance before the court in the private theatre of the Tuilleries. *Hamlet* was selected by the royal command, and the present of a richly jewelled oriental dagger evinced the gratification of the French monarch. Many critiques in the Parisian journals were worthy of study by our own commentators on Shakespeare, and proved how completely French taste has been emancipated from the trammels of its old conventionalism, and recovered from the wildness of its more recent vagaries. The following translation from a French journal will be read with interest :

"The *entente cordiale* between France and England exists especially with regard to genius and talent, witness the manner in which Shakespeare and his worthy interpreter Macready have been received in France. 'George Sand,' one of our most celebrated writers, also wishes to render her homage to this distinguished actor. Here is her letter on this subject, with which one of our friends has favoured us :

" 'MY DEAR MONSIEUR LEDRU,—I have seen *Macbeth*, and yesterday evening I returned from seeing *Hamlet*. I am more and more charmed and affected, and I need to thank Macready for the feeling which will always remain with me of these *chefs-d'œuvre*. I do not know his address, and must beg you to forward my letter to him,

mentioning me to him as a sincere person, and one not lavish of mere polite expressions. If the French public has seemed to Mr. Macready attentive and deeply affected, rather than excited and noisy, he must not conclude that he has not been understood by us; that which he represents, and the manner in which he represents it, produce impressions that follow us out of the theatre, and will never forsake us. I should like him to carry away a good opinion of us; and from myself, individually, my sincere homage. Eugene Delacroix, Louis Blanc, Chassoix, and all who saw him, with me, were enraptured with him. I cannot console myself for not having seen his *Othello*.

“ ‘ Yours,

“ ‘ GEORGE SAND.

“ ‘ Cour d’Orléans, 5 Rue St. Lazare. Mardi.’

“ We have seen a letter from Eugene Sue, addressed to Count —, expressing the same admiration. What acknowledgments do we not owe to Mr. Mitchell, the manager of the English company at Paris, for having furnished an opportunity to the French public of becoming acquainted with such sentiments !”

A gratuitous performance, in aid of an institution analogous to our theatrical funds, was celebrated by the striking of a gold medal, the presentation of which was accompanied with the following noble illustration of the spirit in which genius should be recognised by genius, in spite of all national diversities :

“ SIR,—The committee of the Society of French Dramatic Authors wish again to acknowledge their gratitude to you before your departure for England. The all-powerful assistance which you have just rendered to the charitable fund doubtless would not increase the admiration that all Paris feels for your great talents, but it has doubled the esteem which we owe to your noble and generous character.

“ Permit us, sir, as a testimony of that high esteem, to present you with the gold medal which we have had struck with your name. It will sometimes recall to you what you have done for honourable and unfortunate individuals, our

gratitude, and the indissoluble ties which henceforth exist between French and English artists.

"Accept, sir, the renewed assurance of our high esteem.

ETIENNE, *President.*

EUGENE SCRIBE.

C. MELESVILLE, *V.P.*

VICTOR HUGO.

MASSON.

VIENNET, *V.P.*

F. HALEVY."

Mr. Macready's first appearance in London, after his retirement from Drury-Lane Theatre, was in the interval between the visit to America and that to France. On this occasion the *Times* remarked:

"That, whatever his opponents might say, it was an indisputable fact, that whenever Mr. Macready was absent, the poetic drama languished in the shade, and was called into immediate life when he returned to breathe a spirit over it."

The night of his reappearance exhibited a scene of extraordinary excitement. A much larger theatre than the Princess's would, as a matter of course, have been crammed to the ceiling. But not only were the avenues crowded by those who had no chance of admission, the street was thronged to a considerable distance by multitudes who seemed to think that a cordial and fervent greeting was expressed by their presence there. Of Mr. Macready's performances at this theatre, more recently at the Surrey and in the provinces, during the last two years, it is for the critic to speak. In this notice it must suffice to record the fact; only adding, that the opinion of the best-qualified critics seems to be that not only has Mr. Macready entirely escaped that taint of exaggeration which seems endemic in the American theatres, and of which several valuable performers have exhibited painful symptoms on their return, but that many of his characters exhibit a yet higher finish, the effect of unremitting study, and which allows no particle of the poet's meaning to escape the regard of the actor.

Of late, Mr. Macready has appeared in a new but

kindred sphere of action; and one which reflects high honour on his character and sympathies. About three months ago, he was invited to open a Mechanics' Institution at Warrington, with which he complied, and read the tragedy of *Macbeth* to a delighted auditory. The Institution in Edwards Street, Portman Square, the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, and the Birmingham Polytechnic Institution, have since sought and obtained a similar gratification. In these readings much must needs be lost from the absence of theatrical accessories. On the other hand, there is this great gain, that every character is informed by the spirit of a master mind, and the illustration, though of an inferior kind, spreads itself over the entire surface of the poet's creation. The valleys share in the illumination which irradiates the mountain's brow. The poor vassals and messengers of the drama become the agents and property of Shakespeare. The different degree of prominence in the business of the scene—which is no measure of the philosophy that conceived, or the poetry that incorporated, a character—ceases, in these readings, to be aggravated by disparity of intellect or of executive power in the performers. It follows that the whole play is far more likely to be correctly understood than from the average run of theatrical representations. To judge from the manner in which these readings have been received, the effect produced, the eagerness with which their repetition is desired, and the intelligent as well as laudatory comments which they have occasioned, the compensating qualities for theatrical adjuncts must have been found abundant and satisfactory. Honorary offices coupled with his name, and its inscription, as at Manchester, in hundreds of volumes added to the Mechanics' library by the proceeds of his exertion, are amongst the testimonials which such a man will not prize less than those which bear the costlier stamp of wealthy, aristocratic, or royal patronage.

Although this particular mode of promoting the mental and moral culture of the people be new in Mr. Macready's history, his lively interest in that most important object has long been manifested. Besides his connection with the Art Union, and similar institutions, his name is on the first list of members of the Central Society of Education, instituted in 1837, to which the public is indebted not only

for early and able exposures of the inefficiency of existing means of instruction, but for clearer and higher views on the subject of education than have yet, it may be feared, obtained general acceptance.

The publications of that society are perhaps the most valuable contribution hitherto made towards realising the great and primary object of national education. The imperfection of our educational machinery is scarcely more to be lamented than the low and erroneous notions too commonly entertained of the nature of education and its legitimate purposes. Most valuable service was rendered by the "Central Society" in those of its published papers which tended to correct and elevate the standard of education; and thus to prepare the way for the bestowment of a better boon upon the millions, whenever the abated prejudices, or misdirected power, of political parties and religious sects shall render a national education practicable.

A manager of less moral courage or public principle would have scrupled to allow that occupation of Drury-Lane Theatre for the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League which formed so remarkable an epoch in the history of that memorable agitation, and was the commencement of the series of meetings afterwards continued at Covent-Garden Theatre. Whatever the influence of those splendid meetings on the ultimate decision of the question, the leaders of the League always recognised the important aid thus rendered for accomplishing their aim of acting upon the public opinion of the metropolis.

Mr. Macready has sometimes been charged with being of a hasty temperament. Perhaps one transaction in his life, to which Mr. Bunn, then lessee of Drury Lane and mutilator of Shakespeare, was an involuntary party, might be adduced in evidence. To that transaction, which occurred towards the close of the season of 1833, Mr. Macready publicly adverted soon after, in terms of self-reproach, which the public heard with more of respect for the speaker than of sympathy in the confession of blameworthiness. It was one of those "faults" towards which, considering the provocation, they were "a little blind;" too blind to perceive the faultiness. A court of law awarded damages in an undefended action; but the well-known verdict of

the Welsh jury—"Served him right"—seemed to be that of the public on the chastisement which followed a series of insults upon not only the greatest of living actors, but the works of the greatest of ever-living dramatists.

The story has often been repeated of Mr. Macready's having saved the life of a child at Birmingham by rushing into a house on fire, and rescuing it from the flames. Untrue in fact, the tale would probably never have obtained its currency but for its truth in character. The extent to which it was believed, and the frequency, in spite of contradiction, with which it has been reasserted, are evidence of a general impression of the generous and magnanimous qualities which it implies. This is not the occasion, or it might not be difficult, to show the justice of that impression; or to evince, by details of private and domestic life, the combination, not always to be found, between the attributes which command admiration and those which conciliate regard. In a beautiful sonnet, occasioned by the performance of *Werner*, the author of *Ion* ascribes to the artist a wisdom which the artist could only have acquired from the man. He apostrophises Mr. Macready as "learned in affection's thousand ways." Such lessons are only learnt by heart, and defy the skilfullest contrivances of the mere imitator.

Would that I could conclude this imperfect and feeble notice by announcing that the voice of a people roused to perceive the glory of their own dramatic literature, and the benignant influence of its being worthily illustrated, had called Mr. Macready to the superintendence of a really national theatre. They need it; and he was framed by nature, and is accomplished by experience, for the undertaking. For a commencement, such a sum would suffice as governments lavish on royal stables, or merchants subscribe for the promotion of fiscal reforms. But the charm is wanted of a promising speculation for pecuniary profit. We leave to the laws of supply and demand the good which must create its own demand, by the recognised value of the supply. The great agencies of civilisation are rarely called into existence commercially. The previous want which they supply is, not the conscious want of the mass to be elevated, but the want of those who strongly feel the desirableness of that elevation, and who perceive the means by which it may be

accomplished. When the process is inexpensive, individual energy may be adequate to the work ; but when it needs resources ordinarily beyond the reach of individuals, that collective power which we term the State should interpose, and not allow a civilising and refining process to be degraded by the unworthy arts and accommodations of sordid adventurers, who feed and farm the grossness they should correct. The two greatest eras in the history of Human Progress—that of the classic glory of ancient Greece, and the intellectual splendours of the Reformation—were both characterised by an accompanying dramatic development. Yet neither exhibited a permanent form of civilisation. The world rolls on into new fields of light and enjoyment. Judging by the affinities of the past, the time is coming for a new theatre to mark its progress—to contribute the aid of its influences, and to harmonise with newer forms, or a wider extent of civilisation. For the first time have we had glimpses of that wonderful combination of all forms of artistry in the illustration of poetry, which, if they exist at all, must characterise future theatres. Those glimpses were evanescent. Such have often been the first symptoms of great improvement. We learn from them what is preparing in futurity. So far as the very conception of a national theatre exists in the public mind, it is the suggestion of Mr. Macready's management. But long years often pass between thoughts and deeds. Perhaps in this instance, as in so many others, the external reality will follow the mental creation with too slow a pace for the brevity of individual life; and that which should have been a home or a throne will only be a monument. The one relation or the other, according to the rate at which society advances, must a national theatre bear to the name of W. C. Macready.

DRAMATIC CRITICISMS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

[*Morning Chronicle*, Feb. 23, 1838.]

THE tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* was presented on Tuesday at this theatre—not as one of those magnificent Shakespeare revivals by which, during the present season, so much has been done towards the restoration of a national drama; but at the desire of the conductors of a charitable institution, who had taken the house for a benefit in aid of its funds. We desiderated, therefore, that entire harmony and adaptation of scenic effect, costume, and arrangement, for thoroughly realising the conception of the great dramatist, which Mr. Macready imparts to every piece of his own deliberate production, and which render *The Winter's Tale*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and, above all, *King Lear*, as now exhibited at Covent Garden, the noblest tribute ever yet offered to the memory of Shakespeare. Still there were some improvements on the old, and elsewhere the usual, mode of presenting this play. We may notice, for instance, the reality of the Roman populace as they thronged around the rostrum. The two Kembles used to harangue an ungrouned set of lay figures, clothed according to order, from a regimental model, with fifty suits of ditto. Now there is something like individuality, both of garb and manner. The fellows do not look as if they had just escaped from a union workhouse, without change of clothes. And they are alive, too; not following mechanically a stage direction for a shout here and a movement there, but trained to present a portion of that verisimilitude in the excitement of the populace which is not less essential to the dramatic effect of the scene than the

best possible personation of the orators whose speeches are intended to lull, excite, or direct the tumult.

The great and never-failing charm of this play is the character of Brutus. It is the most paradoxical and yet the simplest of portraitures. He is a stoic, a dupe, a midnight conspirator, the assassin of his friend, and a rebel chieftain; and yet he is the kindest, the wisest, the frankest, the truest, and the most patriotic of men. The hold upon our sympathies is never relaxed—no, nor that upon our moral approval. Shakespeare had dug into the mine of humanity some fathoms deeper than most of our moral philosophers. He knew well enough that not in mere external action resides the soul of goodness, but in native and inwrought character. The stoicism of Brutus is the calm of intense love. “No man bears sorrow better—Portia’s dead.” An infinitesimal fraction of his affection would have made a disconsolate widower. Cassius deceives Brutus by his many scrolls in feigned hands, but only because the lie of discontented Cassius is the truth of injured Rome. The analysis would be worth pursuing for other purposes than those of theatrical criticism. We must leave it now to observe that although Mr. Macready may produce stronger impressions in many characters, in none does he leave a more abiding depth of feeling. No actor ever like him elicited and rendered palpable “the soul of goodness in things evil.” How much he wins of sympathy for King John, in the sad decadence of the tyrant, the breaking up of his body, mind, and regality! How his Iago treads the stage in the consciousness of intellectual powers, requiring no ordinary Othello not to be pitied as a mere puppet in his hands! In Brutus this quality of the actor finds its highest sphere, and works with its greatest singleness of effect, because Shakespeare has himself scattered the seeming incongruities that with meaner authors might have checkered the character, and has raised its excellence above all controversy. His performance leaves an effect upon the mind analogous to that of a long and meditative gaze upon some old master’s exquisite delineation of a legendary saint or martyr; we are the better for it. There is beauty, power, and harmony throughout, whether in the grandest direct effort, or in the minutest by-play—from the grasp of Cassius’s hand while the conspirators are

waiting the moment of attack in the Capitol, to the final firm yet reluctant blow that completes the sacrifice of Cæsar to the freedom of Rome, and to which the manner of the actor imparts a sacrificial character.

CORIOLANUS.

[*Morning Chronicle*, March 13, 1838.]

[The following passage occurs in a criticism on the production of *Coriolanus* at Covent-Garden Theatre:]

THAT Coriolanus is a Roman, a patrician, and a warrior, are only accidents. His essential character is that he is a true man; though not cast in the godlike mould that fashioned Brutus. The vitality of his nature is too strong in him for the most powerful adventitious circumstances. He scorns the multitude because they are base-minded, not because they are plebeian-born. His haughtiness has been called "patrician;" it is anti-patrician when senatorial policy cajoles or truckles. Volumnia is patrician; and the second scene of the third act shows the difference of the two dispositions. It is worth studying, that scene, especially by people who think they are proud of Shakespeare. The patriotism of Coriolanus is not the regular Roman stamp. His country spurns him, and he spurns again. Oppression is oppression to him; and a fight is a fight. And he loves conflict for its excitement. What is called pride and passion and headstrong folly in him is at heart the self-reverence that says, of the simplest external conformity with falsehood,

"I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness."

Only his filial veneration—a natural feeling, and not a Roman conventionalism—can bend him to attempt conciliation; and then he cannot get through with it. It is the action of his mother's Roman character upon the natural

character of Coriolanus that creates the entanglement and induces the catastrophe of the tragedy. He is the victim ; but richly has Shakespeare garlanded him for that sacrifice which is generally made of sincerity by the artificialities of society.

This play has been called "a store-house of political commonplaces." There are many lessons of statesmanship and wisdom in it, of which the reflection on custom, though not preserved in the representation, is not one of the least valuable :

"What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer."

The propriety of such remarks in the mouth of Coriolanus is only to be found in the sterling truth of his character, which insures that all he utters is real thought and feeling. Sincerity is always wiser than craft, and usually gentler. Coriolanus has no hardness of character, fiercely as he may fight in hot blood, and unqually as he may retort the hostility of his "cankered country." How graceful is his greeting of "the noble sister of Publicola ;" and how lovely the fondness of that brief meeting with Virgilia, which was all that fate allowed him between banishment and death ! The gush of his emotions is like that of streams down the side of a mountain, where great Nature, left to herself, has framed the might and the melody in perfect unison.

Mr. Macready's performance we take to be nearer this view of the character than any which has been hitherto before the public. His rebuke of the insurgent plebeians had, we thought, some tinge of that stately traditional Romanism which is sanctioned by so many celebrated names. But this was not apparent afterwards. The scene with Volumnia, to which we have referred, was an admirable display of the conflict of the two great elements of the moral being of Coriolanus ; and the words we have quoted were given with electrical effect. The look towards her which precedes his consent to humble himself before the people was alone sufficient to demonstrate the intensity of his identification with the character.

Totally different from any thing to which the public has been accustomed, yet perfectly true to Shakespeare, and in itself most pictorial, was the manner in which he claimed the sanctuary of Aufidius's hearth. In the dialogue which follows there was no point-making, but the whole was one strong poetical and dramatic action upon the feelings of the audience. Such is the species of effect which that scene requires. In the last act, where a succession of strongly contrasted emotions demands a different power, it was put forth by the actor most splendidly. The settled defiance of entreaty, the gushing fondness towards his wife and child, the horror at the idea of his mother's kneeling to him, the consciousness of ebbing resolve, and the entirely vanquished spirit at the final suggestion of Volumnia, could only be surpassed, as they were immediately followed, by his anguish at the wilful injustice of Aufidius, and the preternatural excitement that could only be allayed by the swords of the conspirators in his heart. The scene was disfigured by no physical struggles; the actor fell at once, as though that excess of vitality was only capable of instantaneous extinction.

KING LEAR.

[*Morning Chronicle*, May 3, 1838.]

IN the production of *King Lear* at Covent Garden, by Mr. Macready, we take the dramatic art of our country to have touched its highest point. The text of Shakespeare, in this prodigious effort of his genius, had been a dead letter for a hundred and fifty years. Since the time when theatrical aids and appliances had become capable of being rendered subservient to the illustration of poetical imaginings, no one had ever seen the *Lear* of Shakespeare. The piece acted under that title was not merely a mutilation, it was a travestie. The very soul of the drama was sacrificed. Yet from generation to generation had the insult descended, until the insulted themselves believed it, that the genuine play would not be endured on the stage. With a noble faith in the poet's deep knowledge of his own art

and of human nature, Mr. Macready made the experiment. With the exception of the slightest possible accommodation to present associations, he gave the text of Shakespeare genuine and entire. The motley coat again contrasted with the royal robe and the beggar's blanket. The massive features, and the fine and delicate tints, the pathos, the variety, the sternness, and the power of this great work were presented in their original proportions, harmony, and unity. We then, for the first time, *saw* Shakespeare, in the grandest phase of his peerless and universal genius.

The scenery and stage arrangements at Covent Garden were not merely faithful to supposed time, costume, and locality; they were conceived in the profoundest harmony with the drama itself. *Lear* belongs emphatically to the olden time, to the oldest time of imaginative contemplation, though not of chronological fact: to the era of Druidical pillars and circles; of mythological confusion and moral chaos; of towers whose ponderous walls seem hoary, yet enduring, as the eternal cliffs; of elemental passion, gigantic energy, and strange convulsion. And such were the objects presented, or the associations called up in the mind, by scenery in which artistical execution had evidently been guided by the philosophy of poetical conception. We could easily illustrate the fact by details, were this the time. Nay, more; for the effect of the whole was to harmonise those heathen and chivalric anachronisms which, as Schlegel has shown, cease to seem incongruities when the *morale* of the drama is rightly apprehended. The theatrical effect of the extempore lists which the soldiers construct with their spears and battle-axes for the knightly combat of Edmund and Edgar, had its proper place in the strain of which the key-note was struck as the curtain rose from before the antique hall with its long avenue of unhewn pillars on the desolate heath. While the ear drank in the genuine words of Shakespeare, the eye was made the instructor of the imagination in the embodiment of his conceptions.

In the impersonation of *Lear* himself, the actor put the final seal of excellence on the work of the managerial artist. The effect, or suggestion, of historical semblance, is what Mr. Macready has often made us feel; his *Lear* is an *ideal* portrait, reminding us of some fine head on an antique

gem, whose date, notwithstanding its exquisite execution, is only to be measured by the long revolutions of the ancient heavens. But it has the strong freshness of remote antiquity. Lear is not the infirm, drivelling, capricious imbecile into which he has often been vulgarised. He is not too old for the sports of the chase. The breaking up, amid fearful throes and convulsions, like those of an earthquake or the mighty deluge, of a high, capacious, and accomplished intellect, is the plot of the play, and not its previous implication. And it is through wounded feeling, deeply and bitterly wounded—however unwittingly and pardonably—by his best-beloved Cordelia, before the flagrant cruelties of the sisters, that the first great shock is given. Then come in succession the irritability of inward dissatisfaction; the tremendous outbursts of goaded passion, alternating with desperate clings of pride and affection to every straw of hope; the forlorn confession, “O fool! I shall go mad;” the preternatural excitement from unnatural causes that outstern the storm, and can only be soothed by the unwonted appearance of the pretended maniac, and the physical suffering of the faithful fool; the aberrations, very different in their manifestation, though in natural sequence, of confirmed insanity; the recovery of the now how-much-more-aged old man to the one only thought and emotion that could constitute his future existence, his love of Cordelia; and with her death the going out of the sole principle of his life, like the last flickerings of a spent taper—a sinking down into dust and darkness; the stormy day of his being—the wild and scathing tempests of its evening broken by a single and fast-fading beam, and then melting away into still and starless night. The moral grandeur of this picture, with all those refined and delicate discriminations which are not less essential to its truth than the colossal breadth and dignity of its outline, we have never seen but in Mr. Macready. So far as our memory goes, or as the records of histrionic biography are intelligible, they have never been so perfectly realised before. But waiving any such comparison, it is clear that from the time of the first tampering with the text, and during its disgusting debasement, or its previously very limited and imperfect restoration, many of the most fine, beautiful, and touching effects

cannot have been produced. They are contingent on the original construction of the play. The abstraction, for instance, of the Fool from the storm scene was a complete distortion of its character. We cannot express what we owe to the happy daring that determined on the restoration of the whole, combining, as Mr. Macready does, that courage with the power of penetrating and realising the profoundest philosophy of Shakespeare, and with the external exhibition of the pictorial visions of his imagination.

HAMLET.

[*Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 2, 1838.]

It seems to us that Mr. Macready has given his last and finest touch to this character by throwing into it more of that elastic lightness of manner which, on some previous occasions, we have desiderated. With deep feelings, ample reflectiveness, and the consciousness of a preternatural destiny, Hamlet is any thing but ponderous or lachrymose. He is of a buoyant spirit. There is a levity that delights to play around the grandeur of the greatest minds. Infinite nature itself is often sportive amid its majestic works. Hamlet is impressible to the last; and we believe that the churchyard rhymes about "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay" rather smack of a mock-heroic revulsion than continue the ingenious speculation which introduces them. Hamlet loses none of his dignity by the quiet smile on the lip and the humorous comment in the eye by which the actor makes him confide the mental sarcasm to his college companion and chosen friend Horatio.

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In the celebrated soliloquy, the abstracted and inward tone at the commencement; the irregular step, as of a frame whose movements were undirected by conscious volition; the upturned face, and eye that would read in the heavens the secret of futurity,—passed by beautiful transition into the collected pathos of life's calamities, and the self-accusing emotion that is veiled in the terms of a

general reflection; as these again melted into the loving confidence of the greeting to "the fair Ophelia." When that innocent but ductile tool of others offers Hamlet his letters and love-tokens, Mr. Macready's look of surprise is immediately followed by one of suspicion; his keen glance round intimates the suspected presence of concealed listeners; and the question, "Are you honest?" the forlorn exclamation, "I did love you once!" and the fixed, searching look after the demand, "Where is your father?" reveal to us the bitterness of wronged affection, tampered with where it trusted, foiled in attempting to touch the heart it prized, and almost maddened by finding that not only friendship but love could be twisted into the web of guile and guilt wherein power sought to entangle him. It was reserved for Mr. Macready's performance to vindicate Shakespeare in this scene, which critics and actors have so often given up as inexplicable. Aggravated by the falsehood of all except Horatio; teased by incessant attempts to pluck out the heart of his mystery; perplexed with doubts of the supernatural appearance; and stimulated by the opportunity which the players afforded him, the actor rises with not less truth than fearful effect into a state in which real excitement beyond all rational control blends with the affectation of "antic disposition," and he paces the stage with hurried and triumphant gesture.

OTHELLO.

[*Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 5, 1838.]

OTHELLO was last night presented at this theatre—Covent Garden—in a manner and with an effect worthy of the best days of the British drama; or, we should rather say, indicative of a higher excellence than it has ever before attained.

To impress a foreigner, capable of appreciating the poetry of art and acting, with the noblest idea of our national theatre, we know not what better could be done than first to show him the third scene of the first act of

this tragedy ; the senators and the council of ten, in their robes of scarlet and of black, ranged on the crimson benches, in that splendid hall of paintings in the ducal palace, where in fact they often met ; the agitated parent, distinguished from his colleagues only by his obvious emotions ; the pleading warrior, craftily watched by some, and sympathetically regarded by others, in the varied dignity and tenderness of his appeal to the ducal presence ; and when the council breaks up, the gathering and grouping of the senators around the chieftain and the lady, whose romantic story had stimulated them into unwonted interest ; —and then he should witness that highly yet delicately coloured mental scene in which thoughts strange and foul are conjured up in a noble mind ; trace in Macready's countenance the first darkening shadow of suspicion, and the succession of profound and pathetic melancholy, preparing him for the self-approving passion of signal retribution ; and, finally, behold the most real of catastrophes, the perfectly natural terror and deprecation, contrasting with the appalling resolve of Othello, and imparting to the scene, especially as its closing horrors are veiled from the audience, the nearest approximation to the impression of actual murder that is consistent with artistical presentment. "Come the four quarters of the world," and we think the gauntlet might be thrown for England's dramatic honour, and no champion be eager to appropriate the challenge.

The performance of last night was singularly well sustained. Mr. Macready's Othello exquisitely blends the gallant bearing of the great commander with the full-hearted fondness of the mature lover and the hot-bloodedness of the Moor. He never sunk into the jealous husband, or the spiteful negro. The "frank and noble nature" was preserved throughout, deceived but not degraded ; pitiless, yet not vindictive. As he sacrificed his victim, so he sacrificed himself, on the altar of justice, twined with the faded wreaths of annihilated happiness. We have never heard the celebrated "Farewell" so touchingly delivered ; not that the tone was of more than ordinary pathos, but that its melancholy and deliberate calmness bespoke a high-minded confronting of utter desolation. There was a moral grandeur, like, yet beyond, and far more affecting

than, that of the picture of Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. In the manner of his death, the struggle, after the mortal wound, to the bedside of the slain Desdemona, there was full atonement and infinite fondness.

Miss H. Faucit's Desdemona was very happy in the simplicity and earnestness of the passages that exclude emphatic declamation, and was characterised by impressive naturalness. Mrs. Warner elevated Emilia, and led up to her vigorous and effective exertions in the last act by the very intellectual by-play of her preceding scenes. Mr. Warde's Brabantio was enacted with his accustomed judgment; and his reply to the inquiry, in the council scene, whether his daughter was dead, "Ay, to me," fell upon the ear like the knell of a father's hopes. In Cassio, Mr. Anderson made beautifully apparent that sort of reverent and pure regard for the great and lovely qualities of Othello and Desdemona which mark him out for the purposes of Iago, and make him the victim of their success. In his drunken scene the gradations of his intoxication were well defined; and one feels how his heart sinks, as his sword mechanically falls, when Othello pronounces his dismissal.

We are sorry not to have included Mr. Vandenhoff's Iago in these commendations. We know not in what regard a newspaper criticism may be held by a gentleman of his ability and high standing in the profession; but if he thinks it worth attention, we would respectfully yet earnestly request him to reconsider his conception of this character. His execution of it, on his own version, is as complete and effective as he could desire. He delineates a swaggering, fawning, lying, sycophantic knave, at whom the audience laugh. In the most awful crisis of the play, when joining in Othello's vow, he provokes a titter; and in that pathetic scene where he affects to console Desdemona, there is a roar of ridicule at his sympathy. His glaring and almost grimacing trickery leaves Othello without excuse in falling into the snare, where the construction of the play and the consistency of the characters require us to see the impossibility of his not being deceived. No such mannered man could ever have won from all parties the attribute of honest Iago. Now, though Mr. Vandenhoff's conception of the character may perhaps hang together,

taking only the text of his own part, yet surely its tendency to impair the pathos of the play, and put all the other characters out of keeping, should excite a doubt of its correctness. Every person in the theatre sees Iago to be a transparent knave; every person in the play devoutly confides in his honesty. There must be a blunder. An extraordinary power of intellect, the keen observation of a practised man of the world, the destitution of all sympathetic feeling, and a soldier's privileged bluntness of manner,—had Mr. Vandenhoff delineated these with his acknowledged ability of execution, and were the Roderigo of Mr. Vining rather more refined, we should pronounce this tragedy, through all its range of character and in its scenic accessories, as now presented at Covent Garden, one of the most unimpeachable, grand, and impressive performances that has ever been realised, or that can be imagined. The impression on an overflowing audience during its progress, and the outbursts of enthusiasm at its conclusion, are a confirmation of our opinion.

THE TEMPEST.

[*Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 15, 1838.]

ON Saturday night, Shakespeare's *Tempest* was *produced* at this theatre—we use the word advisedly, for to all practical intents and purposes the representation was as much a novelty as if the play had now been *mise en scène* for the first time. Since the theatre was wrecked in the great political tempest that overwhelmed the throne and the altar, Shakespeare's text has only been used in disjointed fragments, intermixed with the alterations of Davenant and the pollutions of Dryden; or as still more obliterated and abused by those who took their medley for the original theme, tampered with their tamperings, and left “confusion worse confounded.” In the period anterior to that deluge of the dramatic world, the words, indeed, of Shakespeare were recited, but the paucity of stage resources could not allow his conceptions to be exhibited. The per-

formance was only a suggestion, not a representation. For the real production of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, we are indebted to the present management of Covent-Garden Theatre.

And it was worthily produced. The highest powers of theatrical art are applied, not merely for some splendid scenic effects, but for the presentment to the senses of the most fanciful vision that was ever dramatised. The scenery is that of the enchanted isle of a poet's and a wanderer's dream. Stupendous cliffs wall it round against the roaring surge. Sometimes the inland valley, sterile and stony, is shut in by rocks, barren like the soil, whose lofty pinnacles seem to pierce the clouds. In "another part of the island" vegetation is "lush and lusty," and rich foliage hangs its green tapestry on rocks whose arched rifts are the ever-open portal of grot or cavern. Strains of sweet music and the voices of unseen choristers are ever and anon upon the air. Spirits come and go, dimly seen, of beautiful or fearful shape; and when the magician tasks their powers for "some vanity of his art," in the masque, the bow of Iris overhangs the scene as she emerges in her variegated drapery from the cloud; the "rich leas" and "turfy mountains" and "bosky acres" of Ceres come with herself from dim remoteness into visibility; nor are town, tower, or villa wanting to grace the advent of the stately Juno, drawn by peacocks in her car, as of old, when poetry taught mythology. The rocky roof in front, under which the lovers sit, reminds us that "this insubstantial pageant faded" is but as a dream within a dream; and the final scene discovers the sea, the sole link between the enchanted isle and the distant world of human reality. There are the waves again, but not, as in the first scene, foaming in tumultuous fury. There is again the Neapolitan fleet in the distance, but no longer obscured by storm and black thunder-clouds. And there is again the royal vessel, now "tight, and yare, and bravely rigged," which before had been, in the grandest of mimic tempests, parted from her companions, and driven out of her course by dimly seen elemental spirits, their undefined and suggestive forms hovering in the air, and working the apparent destruction of the gallant ship and of her noble freight, whose future destiny is thus brought within the sphere of the magician's

power. The view of the ocean, in the commencing and concluding scenes, combines with the artistical execution of the intermediate ones in imparting to them that insular and episodal and visionary character which is the spirit of this drama. The conception was Shakespeare's, the theatrical realisation was reserved for Macready.

The effect of the opening storm scene upon the audience was beyond any thing of the kind we have ever witnessed. From the rising of the curtain to the closing of the scene upon the wreck there was one unbroken peal of enthusiastic applause. To complete the spell upon the senses by sound as well as sight, the charm of the music incidental to the play, from the compositions of Purcell, Linley, and Arne, was prolonged between the acts by selections from Corelli, having been introduced by Weber's overture to "The Ruler of the Spirits."

The uniform excellence of the acting merits Ferdinand's praise of the masque of spirits, and is "harmonious charmingly" with the poetical illusion of the scenery. There were no discrepancies to impair the spell, but many beauties largely to enhance its influence over the senses and the imagination. The power of the desolate and enchanted isle seemed to be alike over the actors and the audience. Miss Horton's Ariel appears a delicate and dainty creature of the element, and the exquisite gracefulness of attitude, as in flight she repeatedly crosses and recrosses the stage, combines the poetry of form and motion. The whole personation was replete with beauties. Amongst them we may mention the quaint twang of tone by which Stephano is made to think it is Trinculo that calls him liar; the breathless rapidity of the lines, "Before you can say *come* and *go*, &c.," dropping into the affectionate archness of the words, "Do you love me, master? No;" and the bending from above, with spread hands and pitying look, like a guardian angel over the sleeping Gonzalo, as she sings the warning against "open-eyed conspiracy."

The Caliban of Mr. G. Bennett presented the extraordinary contrast intended by the poet to the rapidity, grace, and lightness of the tricksy spirit; and the appearance of the shaggy savage as he crawled out of his den was not less portentous than the demonised brutality with which he

growled his maledictions. The at-first-bewildered Ferdinand, and the ever-ingenuous Miranda, were realised in Mr. Anderson and Miss H. Faucit. Very beautiful is the group before the entrance of the cavern, as he kneels to her, led by the music of Ariel, taking her for "the goddess on whom these airs attend," and she regards him with the frank admiration of one who knew no reason to suppress the fact that "nothing natural she ever saw so noble;" while Prospero from behind looks on with the expression of a glad hope, not undashed by the pensiveness of past remembrances and natural apprehension. The revels of the drunken butler and jester—Mr. Bartley and Mr. Harley—were as grand, in their way, as the ethereal sportings of the masquing spirits. Their catch with the drunken monster was the reeling joyousness of such an *outré* conspiracy as could only have been hatched amid the wild dreams of a land whose universality of enchantment spread alike over the grossest and the finest natures. The Neapolitan monarch and his nobles were sustained by Messrs. Ward, Phelps, Diddear, &c., in a dignity with which no company less rich in talent can afford to grace such characters. And Mr. Macready, in the magic robes of Prospero, looked, as he was, the directing genius of the scene, "ruler of the spirits," whether of earth or of the upper element, and master of the human destinies of those who, under his ascendant star, had so strangely populated his isolated and lonely dominion. The mighty repose of a resistless art, and the reflectiveness of a lofty intellect, nurtured in recondite wisdom, trained and disciplined by unmerited calamity, are in him only checkered, rippled on the surface as it were, by unwonted and enforced harshness towards the incorrigible cub of Sycorax, a beaming of fondness upon his delicate spirit Ariel, the natural anxiousness of fond and proud paternity, and some touch of impassioned sternness at the authors of the treachery that drove him from his dukedom to apparently inevitable destruction. By such impressions Mr. Macready insured the poetical identification of the principal character with the spirit of the entire play. The whole might have been deemed the extemporaneous work of his own mind and magic, enacted visibly by forms which for that end he called "from the vasty deep," so fraught and instinct was

the part as he performed it with the imaginative character of the composition. His characteristic truthfulness to the conceptions of Shakespeare often shake the soul with bursts of emotion or continuous torrents of passion ; in Prospero the personation is essentially poetical. When, on his sudden recollection of meditated treason, the masque and masquers abruptly vanish, his delivery of the celebrated lines, "The cloud-capped towers," &c., had all the appearance of the instantaneous suggestion, the fervour, and the sublimity of inspiration.

THE MACREADY MANAGEMENT.

[The following letters appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, under the signature "E. F. G." They are from the pen of Mr. Fox.]

No. I.

THE playgoing public was startled on the morning of Monday last by an announcement in the Covent-Garden bills that Mr. Macready's management would terminate with the present season. Nothing could be more unexpected. There had been an uninterrupted succession of the most crowded houses ever known. Every revival, and every new piece of any importance, had been completely successful. Even royalty, if not aristocracy, had been borne along upon the tide of popularity that set in with such wondrous strength. The enthusiasm was at its height, and Shakespeare and Covent Garden at the acmè of triumph. Every body asked what it could mean. They have not yet been distinctly answered. Rumours are afloat, however, by no means creditable to the proprietors of the theatre, or to the wisdom of the legislature in allowing the continuance of a monopoly by which the best interests of a noble art may be made subordinate to the most sordid cupidity of commercial speculation. On this point we forbear for the present, but it shall not be allowed to pass without comment. Suffice it to say now that Mr. Macready

is not a man to compromise the cause of the National Drama upon any selfish considerations.

The occasion calls, however, for some notice of the peculiarities of the management of Covent-Garden Theatre during the last and present seasons. They are peculiarities which constitute an era in the history of the national drama. Nor will they fail, notwithstanding this ill-timed interruption, to conduce towards its permanent advancement. The taste which has been generated cannot be destroyed. The impression of the step that has been taken may be receded from, but cannot be obliterated. A new conception of the scope and genius of theatrical art has been produced and realised, and though it may be for awhile reduced to an enforced dormancy, not all the evil influences of rapacity and monopoly can prevent its revival. We trace our brief record, therefore, with deep regret, but with no despondency.

As incidental and preliminary, but yet of no slight importance, the fact may be mentioned, that the present management of Covent-Garden Theatre has practically solved the long and hotly discussed problem, whether a theatre can be conducted without offence to decorum or stimuli to licentiousness. The puritan divines and their successors, by whom the stage has been denounced, have always assumed the negative, and made it the foundation of their fiercest invectives. They have often grossly exaggerated, and sometimes, in their censures, only betrayed the filthiness and pruriency of their own imaginations. Still, to a certain extent, there was truth in what they urged. A *saloon*, with all that had become associated with the name, was deemed essential to the prosperity of a large theatre. Privileges were bestowed to secure the presence of those whose absence was desired by all friends of decorum. The most reputable as well as the most disreputable of managers had believed themselves under the necessity of making this gross addition to the attractions of a theatre. The attraction, as it doubtless was to some classes, had become a strong repulsion to better classes. The evil was at once corrected by the present Covent-Garden management. Some temporary loss was sustained in consequence, but it was only temporary, and the example remains to deprive of every fragment of excuse the ma-

nagers who, now or hereafter, may sustain or restore the former and most vicious system.*

A course of honourable, gentlemanly, and generous conduct in the internal arrangements of the theatre was borne testimony to by the company when, at the close of last season, they presented the manager with an elegant testimonial of their feelings, and indicated their appreciation of the strong desire of his soul to raise the profession in public estimation and in itself. It may be that the prejudices against an art can only effectually degrade it by the concurrence of its individual professors. But the task of the individual to sustain his own self-respect, and the respect of others, is rendered incomparably more difficult when he is subjected to the chicanery, caprice, and degrading insolence of the adventurers who have often been enabled to thrust themselves into theatrical managements by the short-sighted cravings of proprietaries, or the patronage of some portion or other of a licentious aristocracy.

The ancient who boasted that he found a city of wood and left a city of marble seems to have been the model of the Covent-Garden management in the *matériel* of the theatre. When Mr. Macready entered on his arduous task, there was scarcely a scene fit to put before an audience that had any conception of pictorial art. Scarcely do the sign-boards of country villages exhibit a more wretched set of daubs. The properties and the company had been imported together from the other side of the river. Instead of Covent Garden at reduced prices, it was really the Surrey at advanced prices. We say nothing at present of scenic incongruities. The theatre is now replenished with real works of art. It has a gallery of paintings worth looking at for their own sake. The Hall of the Doge of Venice, originally produced in *The two Foscari*, is of itself worthy of being made an exhibition. So are the scenes of old Rome in *Coriolanus*. These are works of high art, showing the poet's mind directing the skill of execution. Such things cannot be done to order. They are not the purchase of money, but the production of mind, and of a mind which

“ The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime.”

* The reader will notice that this passage is identical with one in the biographical sketch of Macready.

Mr. Macready will leave Covent-Garden Theatre rich in glorious memorials that he was once its manager.

The contrast is scarcely less if we look at the character of the audiences, except that the transition is spread over a longer period of time by the effect of Mr. Macready's previous engagement as an actor. But the purpose of these papers is confined to what he has achieved as manager. Of his individual merits as a performer, other occasions must be taken to speak. One thing is obvious, that, whether by the attraction of a different class of persons to the theatre, or by the rapid formation of a better taste, the aptitude of the Covent-Garden audiences for genuine and discriminating appreciation has been raised above any thing that we have ever witnessed before or elsewhere. It may be safely questioned, whether any living poet has ever seen a theatrical tribunal to which he would so readily submit his dramatic compositions. Intelligent perception and feeling have taken the place of a craving for coarse excitement. Few events challenge more admiration than this successful effort to render the theatre a public school of poetry and art.

No. II.*

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WE can do little more than enumerate a very few out of the very many illustrations of Shakespeare, alike truthful, poetical, and original, which have recently passed before us: in the *Tempest*, the splendid storm scene of the commencement, and, at the close, the flight of the liberated spirits, bearing the burden of Ariel's song, as they disperse themselves to their different regions. In *Hamlet*, the introduction of the company of actors, whose very appearance intimates their several departments in the profession, the living materials of drama. And in this play, also, the rising of the Ghost, in the closet scene, behind Hamlet and Gertrude, over whom he bends a moment in compassionate regard before presenting himself to the observance of the

* The greater part of this letter coincides verbatim with passages in the biographical sketch of Macready.

excited prince. In *Macbeth*, the mist that overspreads the blasted heath—"So foul and fair a day I have not seen;" the gathering of the thanes in the castle court, on the alarm of Duncan's murder, and their simultaneously out-flashing swords, a lightning presage of war and retribution; the crouching of the witches at distant corners of the cavern, each awaiting the signal of her own familiar:

"1st Witch. Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.
 2d Witch. Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.
 3d Witch. Harper cries, 'tis time, 'tis time."

And the realisation, always before burlesqued, of the fulfilment of the weird prediction, the approach of an army like a moving wood towards Dunsinane. After the old travestie, in which some half-score laurel-boughs pass for oak-branches, in front of painted beech-trees, the effect of this scene was most startling. The painted, combined with the living forms, and before our eyes the throwing down of the leafy screen, transformed Birnam wood into the invading army. The number of beautiful and striking effects belonging to the class on which we are now remarking, that must necessarily be excluded from even the briefest catalogue, disheartens us from proceeding. Yet we cannot omit the contrasted gloom and gorgeousness of *The two Foscari*, where the spirit of Byron would recognise as his own "a palace and a prison on each hand."

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Only by a poet can a poet be interpreted. In the translation of a work of genius from one language into another, a spirit is required akin to that of the author. The rule applies to the practical translation of the written into the acted drama. When the work is done, the many can appreciate, and thus are the intelligence and taste of a nation elevated. Great, and it is to be hoped lasting, has been the benefit of this description bestowed upon the public by Mr. Macready during the brief and now fast-closing period of his managerial supremacy.

No. III.

OF this brief and brilliant epoch in the history of the stage, two characteristic features remain to be noticed.

Of the new pieces produced, with the exception of a few minor compositions, of little consequence whether successful or unsuccessful, all have been such as to reflect honour on the national drama. The most conspicuous have been Sir Lytton Bulwer's two plays, the *Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*. Both are worthy of our first living novelist. With great constructive skill, a nice discrimination of individual character, and the peculiarities of age and country, and a pervading tone of sound moral and patriotic sentiment, they also combine the philosophical and poetical qualities which distinguish the other productions of their author. Each was brought out with the nicest attention to costume, so as to give to the *Richelieu* especially a most attractive richness and variety. The personal portraiture of the Cardinal has taken its rank among the happiest delineations of Mr. Macready's genius. Next in the list of novelties may be mentioned the most successful of modern English operas, Mr. Rooke's *Amilie*. And to the finest of all stage romances, the *Joan of Arc*, has just been added by the same author—Mr. Serle—the equally romantic *Maid of Augsburg*. In their kind, these productions are unrivalled. And in the former, there is a continuous moving panorama of the most magnificent stage effects, with a high degree of dramatic interest. And these, be it remembered, were only the first fruits of an intelligent and high-minded system of management. The full effect on the dramatic poetry of the country has not been allowed time to show itself. But we have reason to know that the stimulus had been felt, not only amongst the constant crowd of aspirants for theatrical honours, but in that higher sphere of talent from which might have been speedily expected the elevation of modern dramatic literature to a level with the highest ground that is occupied in any region of intellectual exertion.

We can merely mention a series of revivals that may almost rank with original productions; such as the *Virginus* and *William Tell* of Mr. Knowles; the adaptation to the modern stage of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tra-*

gedy, under the title of *The Bridal*; Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's *Ion*; and, in addition to what Mr. Macready had previously accomplished for the fame of Lord Byron in his performance of *Sardanapalus* and of *Werner*, the splendid production of *The two Foscari*. In fact, we owe to him the perception and vindication of Lord Byron's dramatic genius. The public, the critics, and the noble bard himself, had all been mistaken. They had fallen into the blunder of supposing a fine reading tragedy which should not also be a fine acting tragedy. Lord Byron himself was probably influenced by the disgusting state of theatrical affairs, and the public acquiesced in the absurdities of theatrical and critical assumption. The fallacy is totally demolished. The dramatic laurel is on Byron's brow,—placed there by the hand of Macready.*

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Impressions deep, extensive, and enduring will be left upon the public mind by Mr. Macready's two seasons of management at Covent Garden. In what way the public can retain the recovery of an agency so valuable for the progress of all that best deserves to be called civilisation, does not at present appear. As an actor he will still be before the public, will still suggest the description of his own most true and beautiful personation :

“ The elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, ‘ This was a man.’ ”

But if his managerial career be indeed concluded, we can only apply a more mournful quotation to the illustrator and restorer of Shakespeare, the *artiste* of all arts that dignify the drama, the pervading spirit of the scenic world, rendering it the visible reflex of poetical intelligence, and say that “ We ne’er shall look upon his like again.”

* Passages are here omitted which will be found in the biographical sketch of Macready.

MR. CHARLES KEAN

[*Morning Chronicle*, Feb. 26, 1838.]

MR. C. KEAN has external requisites for the stage in a very high degree : a symmetrical form, and a countenance not unadapted for expression ; a voice of which, even when it fails, the associated reminiscences of the audience make music ; flexibility of limb, gracefulness of manner, and abundance of physical strength ; he fences to perfection, and treads the stage a master of its arts, as if he were "native here, and to the manner born ;" and by practised skilfulness and intensity of will he realises his purposes with a precision never exceeded.

But in the first and highest mental requisite for a great actor, it seems to us that Mr. C. Kean is deficient. He lacks conception of character. He executes the text of the dramatist as a certain eminent vocalist executes music. "Sir," it was said to the singer, "you express no pathos in that plaintive air." "I sing the notes," replied the warbler, "and if they are not pathetic, the fault is Handel's, and not mine." Mr. C. Kean recites the text ; he colours the tone and gesture, generally, according to the words ; moreover, he adds all the benefit of his own immense resources in the tricks that act upon an audience ; and if the character will not hold together, let Shakespeare see to that. This defect is most glaring in his Richard, who is sometimes so impetuous that not even his dearest interests can make him veil his rage for sarcasm ; and at other times so unimpressible and profoundly dissimulative, that not only the characters of the scene, but even the audience, are duped into taking a feigned emotion for a real one. His Richard is, in fact, two different men—a double Glo'ster. In the Hamlet this want of unity is less apparent. To the superficial, Hamlet himself is inconsistent ; and a little more incongruity, thrown in by the actor for striking stage effect, is readily put up with. But so exquisite are the delineations of the dramatist, that leaving his conception is sure to entangle in inconsistency. Mr. C. Kean departs from it less by direct falsification than by an entire lowering of the refined intellectuality, the spiritualism, of the character. He portrays a very spirited and accomplished Prince of Denmark : "the glass of fashion," with a slight

twang of dandyism in his voice; a dutiful son, a hearty friend, a fervent lover, a rather prosy moraliser; but altogether a young person of great promise, though subject to occasional fits of convulsion, who, if spared, might have added another illustration of the maxim, that

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

But discovery there is none, through Mr. C. Kean’s agency, of all that constitutes the peculiarity of Shakespeare’s Hamlet; of his profoundly philosophical mind, his curious and infinite speculativeness, his elastic and rebounding spirit, his tender and sportive humanities; all are crusted hardly over with commonplace. There is little that is positively offensive. Sometimes “we start, for soul is wanting there;” and sometimes *he* starts, for “soul is wanting there.” The want is pervading. We know the mental qualities of Hamlet, when best appreciated by the actor, require the subtlest refinements of the art to render them palpable. Therefore it is that Hamlet should only be enacted by an artist who is also poet and philosopher. A successful personation of it is the task of genius. A not very offensive one may be achieved by no genius.

Mr. C. Kean entirely misses the fine humour of Hamlet. He deals out quips and cranks, the feathery foam of that deep intellectual sea, with lachrymose solemnity. He makes a pun ponderous, and a lightsome greeting like a grave parting. How low, slow, and solemn is his tone for such expressions as these:

“A little more than kin and less than kind.”

“I am too much i’ th’ sun.”

“We’ll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.”

“For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is.”

“Thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to
beard me in Denmark?”

The last is given as pathetically as if the beard stood in like peril from Claudius with that of Sir Thomas More from *Henry VIII.*, and was fated to escape as narrowly. In the churchyard scene, Mr. C. Kean literally *catechises* the Gravedigger. His manner is that of a Presbyterian clergyman, bringing the quaint functionary to a due sense of his many irreverences. The fate of Cæsar’s dust appears to affect him profoundly.

The ghost scenes are well played by Mr. C. Kean, and are more satisfactory, altogether, than any other portion of his performances. The earnest questioning of the first speech is appropriate and admirable. So is the inward tone of the ejaculatory comments on the Ghost's narrative. They sound like thought just rendered audible. The often overdone comedy of "Well, well, we know; or, we could an' if we would," &c., is judiciously avoided. Not so judicious was it to miss the deep pathos of the "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit," that affecting benediction of the mortal son upon the disembodied parent.

The celebrated soliloquy is recited, for the most part, "with good emphasis and discretion." The actor, however, cannot get through it without some of those tricks which he seems to prize as the crowning triumphs of his art, but which are, in truth, sheer blotches and blemishes. In enumerating "the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay," Hamlet is simply completing his reflective analysis of human life; if there be any diversity of feeling in the tone, it should be nothing beyond a faint and shadowy tinge; the contrasted expressions of scorn, pathos, and weariness are out of keeping. Equally so is the elaborated strikingness of "no traveller returns," which splits in pieces the soliloquy and even the sentence. This rage for effect at the sacrifice of all truth to meaning, feeling, and character, is Mr. C. Kean's besetting sin. The scenes we have most strongly praised are defaced by it. Only in remonstrance with Horatio, who attempts forcibly to prevent his following the Ghost, does Hamlet ask,

"And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?"

Yet the actor throws up his arm towards heaven, and fixes himself in a position like that of a figure on a monument. The remonstrant friends stand quietly by, just taking the sinking arm in time for Hamlet to say, "Unhand me, gentlemen;" and the intense business of the scene halts for the sake of expressing the immortality of the soul by an attitude. Similar perversions, from the same cause, occur repeatedly. At the ejaculation, "My father—methinks I see my father," such an air of supernatural vision is assumed, that when the very unheroic and colloquial reply

comes—to “Where, my lord?”—“In my mind’s eye, Horatio,” one feels that a dead take-in has been practised upon that honest and faithful fellow. It is too bad. The most extraordinary of these doings is in the play scene. The fixed abstraction and unconsciousness of the presence of Ophelia, to whom he had just before made broken-hearted love; the exaggerated flirtation, and premature watching the king; the sliding on the carpet towards him, looking like a tiger,—come to a climax in the leap up, the stamping, jumping, and gyrations, and the whirr of the r in the line, “thus r-r, r, r, r, uns the world away.” “Didst perceive?” he says to Horatio, who might have answered, with a variation of the Doctor in *Macbeth*,

“Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us *see* something;”

or, for that matter, the original may be retained also, for we are made to “hear something,” sure enough.

Mr. C. Kean’s version of the scene with Ophelia after the soliloquy is perfectly original and perfectly preposterous: He plays it as a discarded and dejected lover. He sobs the sarcasms, and turns the taunts into tenderness. The deeply wounding discovery that Ophelia is made a tool of to entrap him; the irritation and bitterness of that discovery on Hamlet’s excitable temperament; the almost certain suspicion of the concealed listeners, and ceaseless reference to them throughout the scene,—all these are utterly lost in the complaints of a despairing lover, very well acted and very ill introduced. A bad listener must the King have been to say, “Love? his affections do not that way tend.” They evidently did tend thither, and with so strong a tide of tendency as if Mr. C. Kean had determined to glorify the wisdom of old Polony by shaming the skill of Shakespeare.

In pointing out mistakes and perversions, it must not be assumed that the performance is nothing but mistake or perversion. There is a large surface on which these blots are cast, and wherein these fantastic figures are wrought. If Mr. C. Kean be faulty in conception, he is able in execution. His limbs and organs do his bidding faithfully and firmly. He realises every purpose with precision and force. His attitudes seem as if cut in marble. Nor can his

lithesomeness of limb and grace of motion be easily surpassed. His scenes of action are generally effective; and when he moves on the railroad of an indisputable reading, it is with the rapidity and power of a steam-engine.

The part of Richard may be thought a fairer test of the actor than that of Hamlet, in which he first appeared; it does not afford a more favourable result. Hamlet is the most refined, intellectual, and complicated of all Shakespeare's creations. Richard needs few of the appliances of a discriminating criticism. Incongruities, indeed, abound in the play, as acted; and the toleration of such a farrago is a national disgrace upon the countrymen of Shakespeare. But the actor's business is defined and simple. The personation of the ambitious, unscrupulous, dissembling, but high-bred and strong-minded villain, is comparatively plain sailing. There have been almost as many tolerable Richards as intolerable Hamlets.

Mr. C. Kean enters with an impetuous rush diagonally across the stage, pulls up with a jerk at the foot-lights, and begins to soliloquise in a measured and meditative tone. Both the rush and the soliloquy want the easy and intellectual dignity of Richard; and of that the whole performance is utterly destitute. But even the commonplace villain of melodrama—and such is Mr. C. Kean's Richard—is not at once precipitate and reflective. As the speech proceeds, the actor's voice rises into loud and savage upbraiding of "dissembling nature," reaching its highest pitch at "lamely and unfashionable," and then dropping at once into a low sarcastic mutter of the next words of the parenthesis, "that dogs bark at me as I halt by them;" thus sacrificing to a paltry clap-trap all unity of sentiment, consistent meaning, and even grammatical construction.

Abrupt change of voice, from its highest to its lowest pitch, is a trick to which Mr. C. Kean has continua recourse. We shall give a few specimens, in which the roman letters indicate the vociferation, and italics the low muttering, or murmuring:

"Down, down to hell, *and say I sent thee thither*" (act scene 2).

"*I can smile, and murder while I smile*" (act 2, scene 1).

"Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry;
But 'twas thy wondrous beauty set me on.

Or now despatch—'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on' (ib.).
 "I'm busy! Thou troublest me! *I'm not i' th' vein*" (act 4,
 scene 3).
 "They can't but say I had the crown ;
I was not a fool as well as villain" (ib.).

The dramatic changes of feeling may often be very rapid, but when a single emotion or purpose is conveyed in a single sentence, these violent contrasts of tone are simply a startling impertinence "to split the ears of the groundlings."

Mr. C. Kean opens the scene with King Henry by saying, "We must confer," in a slow, deep, sepulchral tone of voice, that is quite portentous enough to make it very natural for King Henry to ask, "What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?" but which makes very unnatural the rebuke that directly follows, "Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind." When pervading feeling and character are lost sight of, it is difficult to preserve even the coherence of two speeches in immediate sequence.

The strangest business of this scene is the preparation for the murder. The actor for some time employs himself in coolly sidling up to King Henry. By a very odd twisting of the feet, which must require elaborate study in any but a posture-master, he deliberately and dexterously wriggles his way so as to be ready when his cue comes for the stamp, the attitude, the stab, and the shout of instantaneous and uncontrollable fury—"I'll hear no more; die, prophet, in thy speech;" and then the voice sinks, for the conclusion of the sentence, into a cool and quiet jeer. The transaction resembles a neatly tied parcel of icicles and thunderbolts.

In the next speech about the "aspiring blood of Lancaster," up goes the sword's point towards heaven at the word "mounted," falsifying the description which follows of its shedding purple tears. That can only happen with the point downwards, and Mr. C. Kean wants a change, a contrast, and an attitude.

He woos Lady Anne with so much of obvious sarcasm that the audience generally laugh; and the murders, as we have already noted, are made as obtrusive as possible:

"Was ever woman *by* this humour won?"

Sarcasm is in high favour with Mr. C. Kean. He misplaces it egregiously—

“The conquered Lady Anne is bound in vows;
Fast as the *priest* can make us, we are one”
; (act 2, scene 3).

The sneering emphasis on *priest* implies the looseness of a tie in whose firmness Glo'ster was at that moment, and in that expression, glorifying himself. This was perhaps the solitary instance in which he was certain to mention a priest without a sneer. But the accomplished hypocrite can never keep his own council in Mr. C. Kean's company. He tells Buckingham that he flies to serve himself (act 3, scene 1), at a time when such a tone would have made Buckingham fly to the devil rather than help him to the crown. And so, to lull Ratcliffe's supposed suspicion of foul work with Lady Anne, he asks, with strong emphasis, “Has *my* physician seen her?” and subjoins, “*She'll mend shortly*,” which poor Ratcliffe is compelled by his text to understand simply and sincerely, while the audience are roaring at the joke. The personator of Ratcliffe should have his ears stopped, and wear blinkers, to leave some little credit for his understanding.

Sarcasm is not singular in being misplaced by Mr. Charles Kean. He misplaces earnestness in the avowal of hatred to Lady Anne (act 3, scene 2), which is one of the most true and forcible expressions in his performance, and applauded as such by the audience before the addition of the explanatory ejaculation. He misplaces “detestation” when he adopts its tone (act 4, scene 3) in a melancholy anticipation of the comment of future ages on Glo'ster's misdeeds. He misplaces fear when—in that same scene—on Catesby's entrance, he starts back half across the stage, and stands with both arms extended at right angles like a crucifix. He misplaces pathos in the very plaintive tone of

“Is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?”

He misplaces command in dividing the line,

“Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,”

into two, multiplying the “bustles” by three, and addressing them, not to a stirring groom or ready runner, but to three ranks of moveless soldiers, who dare not for their

lives stir out of their ranks, or in their ranks, on any such injunction. And he misplaces physical sensation, when shivering limbs and chattering teeth convey to us the fact that "tyrant conscience" makes Richard "*freeze with horror.*"

Mr. C. Kean gasps out the dying curse of Richard by instalments of three words at a time. It is an obvious remark, that the structure of sentences must needs be fashioned in conformity with the physical condition of the speaker. The construction of this speech is continuous and flowing. Mortally wounded and disabled for further flight, Richard concentrated *all* his remaining energy for this tremendous malediction, and so "in one wild roar expired." True, this is not Shakespeare's Richard; but while the actor enacts Cibber, he must apply some mind even to the comprehension of Cibber.

Occasionally the passion and talent for making hits, which distinguish the subject of our criticism, coincide with the spirit of the character and the scene. This happens in his intent manner when sounding Buckingham :

"Young Edward lives : so does his brother York :
Now think what I would speak."

Nor can there be a grander burst of the sort than his "Off with his head!—so much for Buckingham!" These and many other passages imply powers that would be indeed valuable under the guidance of intellectual conception and poetical appreciation, or as the instruments of a passionate temperament that may sometimes supply their place in an actor. Unless his notion of acting be thoroughly amended, and his studies regard primarily the attributes of a character, rather than the possibility of crowding into its representation the greatest number of stage effects, Mr. C. Kean, with all his external resemblances to his father, can never occupy his father's proud position; nor can we afford to let the memory of genius be subservient to the perversion of art.

Theatres may provide the public with much amusement and excitement at very little mental expenditure. Nor have we any disposition to slight such provision. But we should be little warranted in judging so meanly of Mr. C. Kean as to treat him like one who would be content to minister to pleasure of this description. We respect the

ambition that aspires to be tried and crowned by the principles of a noble art—an art that includes in its adornments all that is artistical, and derives its essence from the profoundest philosophy of our nature. We anticipate much from his energetic will, and we deal frankly with him and our readers, because, while plain truth gives the best chance for his future success and fame, it is also due to the higher interests of public taste, the just appreciation of our unrivalled bard, and the supremacy which we desire for the national drama of our country.

[*Morning Chronicle*, May 17, 1838.]

MR. C. KEAN dressed Othello in a Venetian cap and Turkish trousers; no unapt emblem of the strange diversities of his performance. The conclusion of the speech to the council, "She loved me for the dangers I had passed," &c., was delivered with force and feeling that would have been very effective had they cohered with the appeal which precedes. But in that, instead of the frank narrative of the veteran, we rather heard the whining of a school-boy who begs off a whipping, or the deprecation of a first offender dreading the House of Correction. The meeting with Desdemona at Cyprus fell short of that "content so absolute" with which a truly passionate nature fills the words. The cashiering of Cassio was improved by omitting the expression, "I'll make thee an example;" an ebullition of anger that ought not to be retained when its occasion—the disturbing of Desdemona—is suppressed; but the amendment was strangely marred by fixing the dropped emotion to the preceding speech, "Cassio, I love thee; but never more be officer of mine." In the third act, Mr. C. Kean commenced with a manner of such strong suspicion as might have spared Iago the insidious pains which his representative did spare himself. The consequence was, that he had to retrograde from intense suspicion to simple, unshaken, and—as Othello deemed it—unshakable confidence. Another awkwardness was that the awful change and attitude adopted at the word "jealousy" came after plain and plentiful indications of that feeling, the half of which must have rendered such an effect impossible.

The celebrated "farewell" of the warrior to his "occupation" was much more like the prayer of a Methodist preacher. After all this, Mr. C. Kean played the scene in which his recall is announced with great propriety. In this scene, as in that with the Ghost in Hamlet, the inward tone of his ejaculatory comments is excellent. Nor was there any of the over-acting, the intermingling of calmness with raving and stamping, which disfigured the preceding scenes. The lines at the commencement of the final scene, "It is the cause," &c., by which Othello justifies himself to himself, were uttered in the tone of pity; and those which accompany the hurried and agitated *coup de grâce* were amongst the calmest in the play. The death was effective; the violence of the blow breaks the dagger, and Othello stands after the fatal stroke till life is extinct, and the mere corpse falls heavily. The performance, like all Mr. C. Kean's, was destitute of unity; there were no traits of character, prominent and sustained; obvious beauties and obvious faults came and went, it was impossible to say why.

POETRY.

A LITTLE child, in bulrush ark,
Came floating on the Nile's broad water ;
That child made Egypt's glory dark,
And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.

A little child inquiring stood
In Israel's temple of its sages ;
That child, by lessons wise and good,
Made pure the temples of past ages.

Mid worst oppressions, if remain
Young hearts to freedom still aspiring ;
Though nursed in Superstition's chain,
If human minds be still inquiring,—

Then, let not priest or tyrant dote
On dreams of long the world commanding ;
The ark of Moses is afloat,
And Christ is in the temple standing.

THE sage his cup of hemlock quaffed,
And calmly drained the fatal draught :
Such pledge did Grecian justice give
To one who taught them how to live.

The Christ, in piety assured,
The anguish of his cross endured :
Such pangs did Jewish bigots try
On him who taught us how to die.

Mid prison-walls, the sage could trust
That men would grow more wise and just ;
From Calvary's mount the Christ could see
The dawn of immortality.

Who know to live, and know to die,
Their souls are safe, their triumph nigh :
Power may oppress, and priestcraft ban ;
Justice and faith are God in man.

GRACIOUS Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee ;

Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
But in spirit true and free.

By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By thy love the heart excited,
Light and love all flow from thee ;

And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice thy praises pealing,
Must thy noblest homage be.

Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
We the present Godhead see :

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship thee.

"MAKE us a god," said man :
Power first the voice obeyed ;
And soon a monstrous form
Its worshipers dismayed ;
Uncouth and huge, by nations rude adored,
With savage rites and sacrifice abhorred.

“ Make us a god,” said man :
 Art next the voice obeyed ;
 Lovely, serene, and grand,
 Uprose the Athenian maid ;
 The perfect statue, Greece, with wreathed brows,
 Adores in festal rites and lyric vows.

“ Make us a god,” said man :
 Religion followed Art,
 And answered, “ Look within ;
 God is in thine own heart—
 His noblest image there, and holiest shrine,
 Silent revere—and be thyself divine.”

WE trust the living Word.
 He spake of Providence above,
 Of boundless power and ceaseless love,
 Caring for man, and beast, and bird—
 We trust the living Word !

We trust mute Nature’s sign.
 Returning days, returning springs,
 All lovely and returning things,
 Point to a Providence divine—
 We trust mute Nature’s sign.

We trust the heart of man.
 In the deep workings of the mind,
 The law and love of God we find,
 And providential order scan—
 We trust the heart of man.

We trust in God the Lord !
 In man’s warm heart his spirit glows :
 His spirit Nature’s meaning shows—
 His spirit spake by Christ the Word—
 We trust the living Lord !

IN the plan divine
All for good combine,
Contrarious seasons one kind will obey :
It was a summer bright
When creation's light
First dawned on chaos and made Eden gay ;
" It was the winter wild
When the heaven-born Child,
All meanly wrapped, in the rude manger lay."

ONCE in the busy streets
Did Wisdom cry aloud ;
And then she perished, mid the scoffs
Of the misguided crowd.

Once in the quiet grove
Did Wisdom's accents charm ;
And then she perished by the blows
Of Conquest's iron arm.

In Palestine and Greece,
Thus Wisdom's voice was hushed ;
Yet Echo oft the sound renewed,
Though Wisdom's sons were crushed.

But ever, in the skies,
In earth, and sea, and air,
Does Wisdom teach the human heart,
And none can crush her there.

Systems and teachers change,
They flourish and decay ;
But ne'er from Nature's truth and love
Shall Wisdom pass away.

PRAISE to the heroes
Who struck for the right,
When freedom and truth
Were defended in fight :
Of blood-shedding hirelings
The deeds are abhorred,
But the patriot smites
With the sword of the Lord.

Praise to the martyrs
Who died for the right,
Nor ever bowed down
At the bidding of might :
Their ashes were cast
All abroad on the wind,
But more widely the blessings
They won for mankind.

Praise to the sages,
The teachers of right,
Whose voice in the darkness
Said, " Let there be light."
The sophist may gain
The renown of an hour,
But wisdom is glory,
While knowledge is power.

Heroes, martyrs, and sages,
True prophets of right !
They foresaw, and they made
Man's futurity bright.
Their fame would ascend,
Though the world sunk in flames :
Be their spirit on all
Who sing praise to their names !

Not for false and fleeting joys,
Pleasure that while tasted cloy; ;
Nor for self-inflicted pain
Borne to purchase heavenly gain,
Did God make man :

But for wisdom, happiness,
Blessed life, and life to bless—
Love, the soul of deity,
And progress through eternity,
Did God make man :

For cultured earth and conquered wave,
Fancy bright and science grave,
Mind and heart with blending powers,
Building more than Eden's bowers,
Did God make man :

And for mutual love and aid,
Never weary nor dismayed,
Strength renewing, as we rise
Upward to unchanging skies,
Did God make man.



THE fair varieties of earth,
The heavens serene and blue above,
The rippling smile of mighty seas—
What is the charm of all, but love.

By love they minister to thought,
Love makes them breathe the poet's song ;
When their Creator best is praised,
'Tis love inspires th' adoring throng.

Knowledge, and power, and will supreme,
Are but celestial tyranny,
Till they are consecrate by love,
The essence of divinity.

For love is strength, and faith, and hope ;
It crowns with bliss our mortal state ;
And, glancing far beyond the grave,
Foresees a life of endless date.

That life is love ; and all of life
Time or eternity can prove ;
Both men and angels, worms and gods,
Exist in universal love.

THE tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling :
And outward weal and woe have been
Still blended in this checkered scene,
And evermore will blended be,
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling :
Along the stream our spirits glide,
Feeling the changes of the tide,
Which ever felt by us must be,
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling :
And sympathy like change will keep,
And sometimes smile, and sometimes weep ;
And smiles and tears will blended be,
Till time become eternity.

The tide of time flows sparkling,
The tide of time flows darkling :
But still the heavens are blue above,
And o'er our hearts the heaven of love
Makes peace and trust unchanging be,
And time become eternity.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness ;
Christians fled in fear and sadness ;
Mary stood the cross beside :

At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified :

But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story,
Mary stood the cross beside.

And when, under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers, like transgression,
Christ again is crucified ;

But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.



CALL them from the dead
For our eyes to see ;
Prophet-bards, whose awful words
Shook the earth, " Thus saith the Lord,"
And made the idols flee—
A glorious company.

Call them from the dead
For our eyes to see :
Sons of wisdom, song, and power,
Giving earth her richest dower,
And making nations free—
A glorious company !

Call them from the dead
 For our eyes to see :
 Forms of beauty, love, and grace,
 "Sunshine in the shady place,"
 That made it life to be—
 A blessed company !

Call them from the dead—
 Vain the call will be ;
 But the hand of Death shall lay,
 Like that of Christ, its healing clay
 On eyes which then shall see
 That glorious company !

TO ELIZA FOX.

DEARIE, the pen is my tool for toil—
 Dearie, the pen is my weapon for fight ;
 I've worked hard with the tool, yet 'tis free from soil,
 And I've wielded the weapon, but aye for the right.

For thee, not in vain be the toil or the strife :
 Truth, Feeling, and Thoughtfulness thence mayst thou
 gather ;
 Let *thy pen* ever show them enshrined in thy life,
 And long hence tell thy love for the pen of thy Father.

TO ELIZA FOX.

THE clock of Time has struck an hour for thee ;
 Thou art "*of age* ;" yet ever be *of youth* :
 Now thine own mistress, worthy mistress be
 Unto thyself—and serve thyself in truth.

No more *a minor*—minor be to none
 Who seek, by rightful means, a noble end :
 A substantive thou art—mayst stand alone ;
 They firmest stand who lean upon a Friend.

Title or heritage, while some may claim,—
 Adult or minor, much the same thy part :
 Thy title?—it is but thy Father's name ;
 Thy heritage—the blessing of his heart.

TO ELIZA FOX.

[With a chain and locket. *April 5, 1841.*]

THE world is full of emblems,
 And Fancy oft will teach
 By symbols, in their silence
 More eloquent than speech :
 Thus, the sword of coming danger
 Is suspended *by a hair* ;
 And the stricken down in battle
 Their hands for *chains* prepare.

These meanings are but mournful—
 Peril, Bondage, both are curses ;
 But there's a power of magic
 Each symbol that reverses :
 For Bondage, it reads Freedom ;
 And for Peril, close impending,
 It substitutes kind Guidance,
 With Freedom sweetly blending.

Love is that power transforming,
 With more than magic art,
 And giving every symbol
 New meaning to the heart :
 The *chain* and *hair* its blessing
 Interprets thus for thee,
 And bids thee ever wear them
 Confidingly and free.

END OF VOL. VI.

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